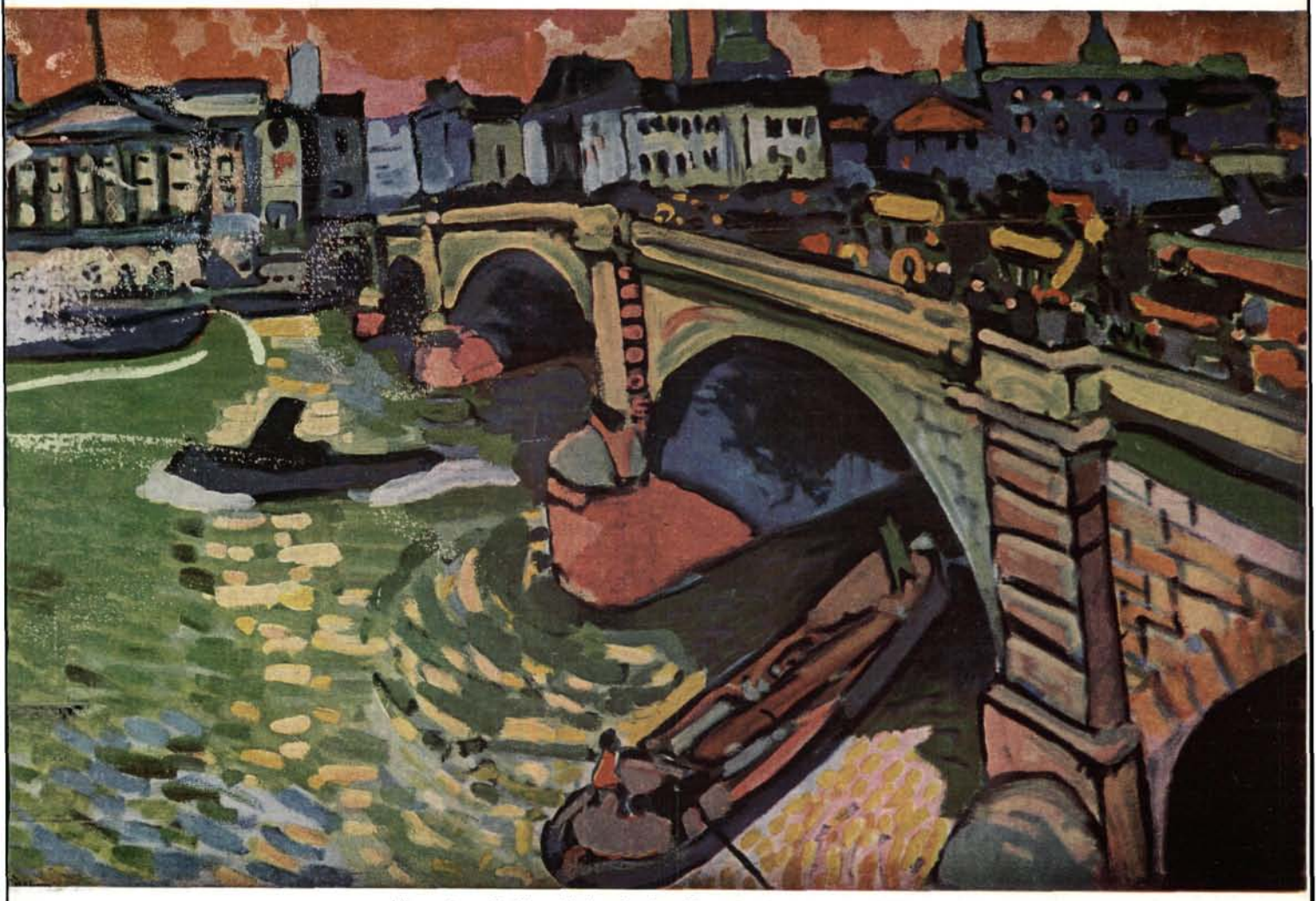
Saturday Review

June 18, 1966 35¢

A. Grove Day reviews "Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain: A Biography," by Justin Kaplan



"London Bridge," by Andre Derain (see page 40)

EDUCATION

SOME CHILDREN THE SCHOOLS HAVE NEVER SERVED
By Robert Coles

THE JOY HAS GONE OUT OF LEARNING
By Abraham H. Lass

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Of the billion people who may starve in 1976,

how many will be White? Black? Yellow? Brown?

The statisticians say that in ten years over a billion—not a million, but a billion—people may be dying of hunger.

And judging from experience, Famine will be color-blind—a true believer in equality. In one way or another, it will affect every single one of us.

Since we know what's coming, is there anything we can do to prevent it?

Most experts agree that the first step is to greatly increase the production of fertilizers and our knowledge of how to use them.

It makes sense. When our farm yield needed boosting during World War II, Olin was able to develop an ammonium phosphate fertilizer—called Ammo-Phos®—that helped produce more wheat, more corn and more beans per acre than was ever thought possible.

Because of an even greater need today, we've recently completed a $45,000,000 expansion program in our Agricultural Division to increase our production of Ammo-Phos and other high analysis fertilizers.

Of course, this isn't the only way to deal with famine. But the fact is that right now Olin fertilizers are helping one acre of American farmland do the work of four and more acres. And there's no reason why this can't be done for farmlands everywhere.

After all, with the peace of the entire world at stake, only the foolish would ignore a threat of international famine. And although we, as a nation, may try to feed the hungry everywhere, the day will come when we just can't.

So doesn't it make much more sense to help the hungry learn to feed themselves—now, before it's too late? **Olin**

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Frankly, I have never been able to understand the appeal that camping seems to have for so many people.

I'll admit there are times when the benefits of contemporary civilization seems questionable, to say the least. Nonetheless, I have never been willing to give up such things as air-conditioning, hot water, screens, daily newspapers, evenly-cooked meals and, most of all, reading in bed with a decent light—just to "rough it" in a tent which I had to transport for miles and then set up myself. Maybe I'm effete, but back when I was sixteen years old I decided that creature comforts were the life for me.

Still, I know that a lot of otherwise intelligent people disagree with me, and from these people I have been hearing good words about a new book by Bill Riviere, *The Complete Guide to Family Camping*.

Having looked at the book, I can testify that it is an excellently organized and eminently practical collection of advice on all aspects of camping—from selecting equipment, through setting it up, to tips on recreation after everything is in order (assuming that it isn't then time to break camp and go home). Especially useful is a section on public and private agencies offering camping assistance, with names and addresses.

In brief, it's the ideal book for the family that is really determined to camp. I recommend it. But if you do buy it and use it and like it, and want to tell me about it, you'll find me out near the paved highway at the motel, the one with the heated swimming pool, gourmet restaurant and indoor plumbing.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Complete Guide to Family Camping ($4.50), by Bill Riviere, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 8131 Forsythe Boulevard, Clayton, Missouri 63105.

Saturday Review

June 18, 1966

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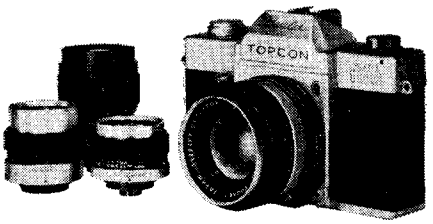

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A full-scale, nationwide telephone network now serves 1,250,000 Federal civil employees in 425 cities. Western Electric built the equipment for it.

Called the Federal Telecommunications System (FTS), its purpose is to help federal agencies serve you more efficiently by making nationwide phoning fast and economical.

Setting it up was no small job. And to make it even tougher, after part of it had been completed, the government asked us to finish the rest of it in one year instead of two.

It took a bit of doing. But Western Electric is part of the Bell System, so there are a couple of points to remember.

Point one: we did not have to go out and build the network from the ground up. It was, basically, already there—the one you use every day—the Bell telephone network.

The Bell companies just set aside certain portions of it, then we made and installed new equipment where necessary. It was here that our experience in making and installing compatible equipment over the years paid off.

Point two: even though the two stages of FTS required equipment of enormous complexity and a shortened installation period, we had the ability to meet the extra demands. Because, day-in and day-out, it's our job to help the Bell telephone companies to meet the public's demands for more and increasingly complex communications equipment.

And we do it because, as part of the Bell System, we are totally at its service. Because we have, since 1882, shared its goal of bringing America the world's finest telephone communications at low cost.

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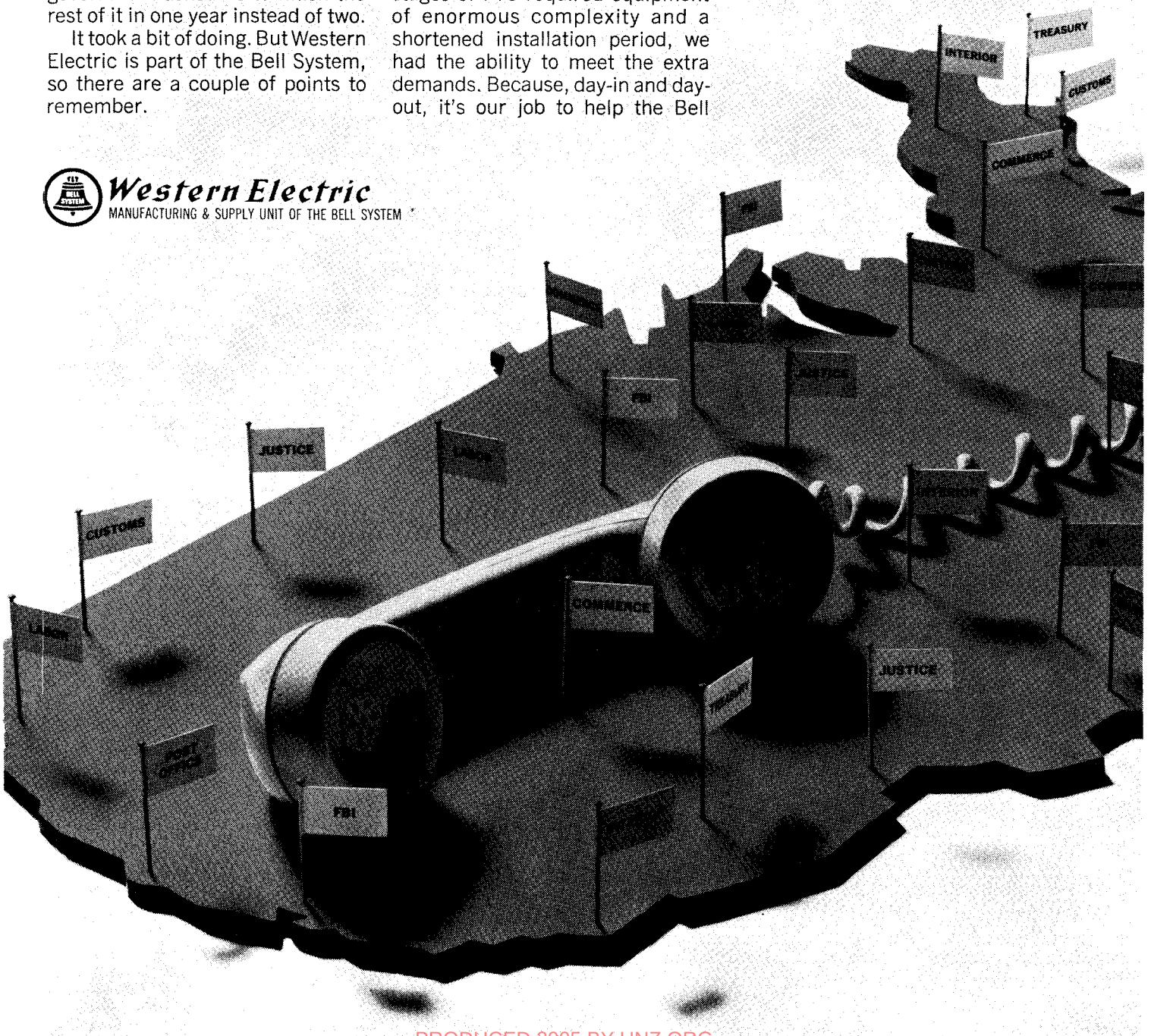

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Edited by Martin Levin

Lyrics From a Lived-in Life

School Days
1902-1910

At Public School
I made no sense,
But learned the art
Of self-defense.

From Kindergarten
to 6 B
I went to P. S.
103.
And what with all
The cons and pros
I left there
With a broken nose.

Continuing
The local war,
I went to P. S.
24.
My tongue as usual
Was glib;
I left there
With a broken rib,

I went to P. S.
165.
The only ones
Who there survive
Are those whom Darwin
Termed the "fittest,"
The students who
The hardest hittest.
I left there
With a souvenir:
A slightly
Cauliflowered ear

I held my end up
If you please,
With several
Pyrrhic victories.
It's give-and-take,
The golden rule
At any New York
Public School.

—Howard Dietz.

The Gypsy Moth Caper

THE United States Department of Agriculture has launched an aerial offensive against gypsy moths again this year, penetrating deep behind moth lines in several Eastern states, including Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and my own state of New Jersey. Strike reports are still being evaluated, and it's too early to tell how much damage was done. But repercussions are expected.

Many residents around where I live got excited last spring, when the agriculture department flew over in a World War I Spad and sprayed the countryside to kill gypsy moths. Some wrote protest letters to newspapers, congressmen, the governor, the agriculture department, and the Spad people. But it was too late. The agriculture department people tried to explain that the poison was okay, and that the spray was designed to kill gypsy moths only. Apparently, to prove this, they sprayed a bunch of little kids waiting for the school bus. Amazingly, the people got even madder. Public relations is a tricky business.

Moth experts say that the program, carried out in cooperation with state departments of agriculture, is necessary because gypsy moths eat holes in the leaves of trees. After last year's spraying, holes were observed in the leaves of trees. One popular theory was that although the spray killed the moths, it had a bad side effect; it ate holes in the leaves of trees. This is probably pure rumor. Just the same, it has the ring of a federal program.

After all the fuss, the agriculture department understandably kept mum about how many gypsy moths it got. But reports—unconfirmed at this writing—trickled in from the provinces. One man found some tiny golden earrings on the ground. Another discovered little red bandanas strewn about. A nature-lover who lives in the deep woods reported that he no longer heard the sound of small guitars at night, and that there weren't any fresh wagon-wheel ruts in his flower bed.

The locations to be sprayed last year were determined by a gypsy moth survey. The Agriculture Department placed traps over a wide area. According to a press release at the time, the traps were little paper cups containing a "sex attractant" to lure the moth. (Editors of rural family newspapers refused to run that story.) The paper-cup traps were tacked to tree branches. They had lids with a small hole in the center. It was difficult to see how a moth, even one burning with lust, could climb inside the cup without considerable effort, twisting and turning this way and that. But that's what makes it all worthwhile, eh, gypsy moth?

After about a month of hanky-panky in the woods, the agriculture department gathered up all the traps and took

Pray, Gypsies

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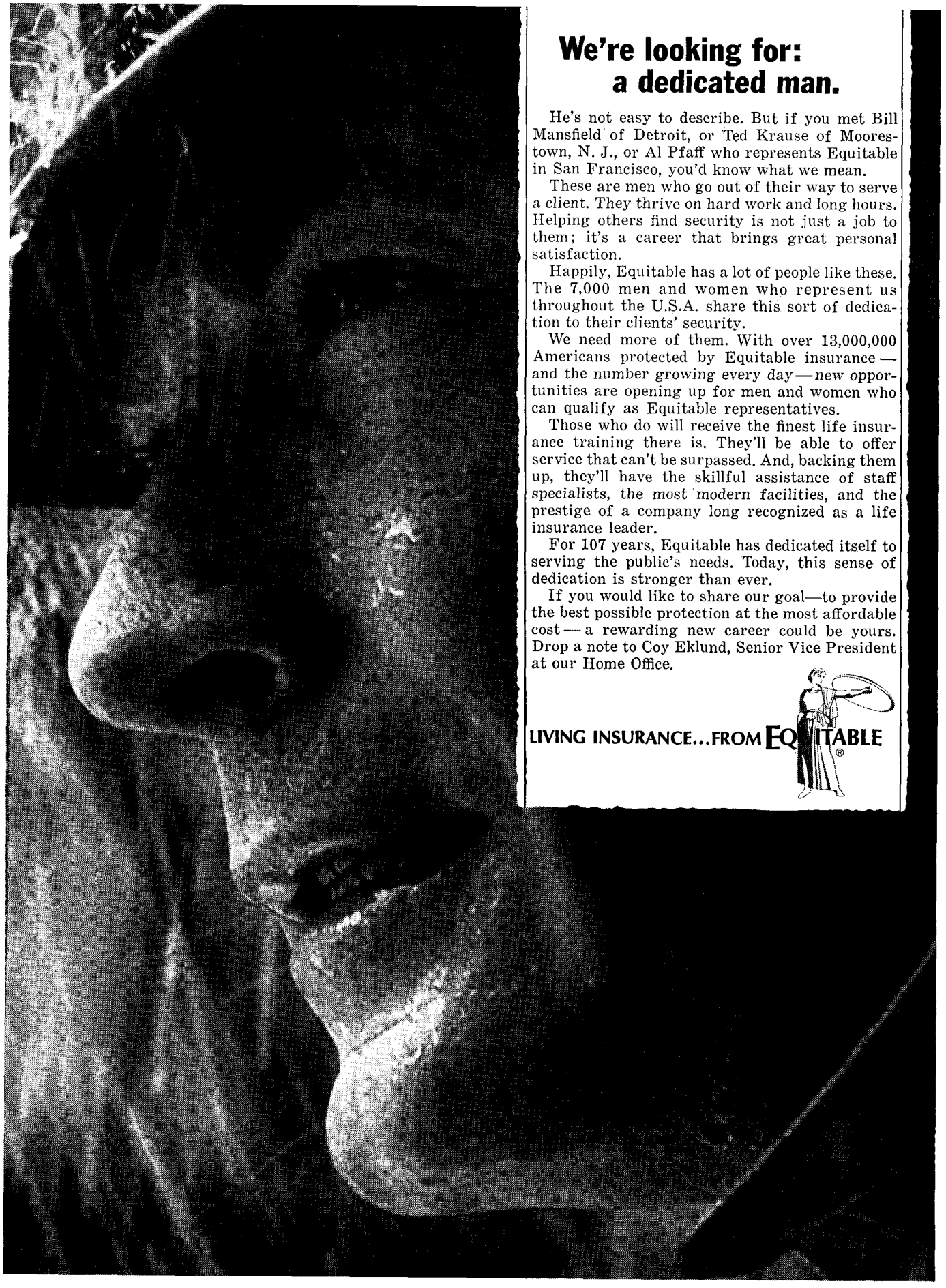

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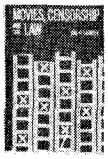
Movies, Censorship, and the Law

Ira H. Carmen



"This is an information-packed but very readable book about the legal aspects of movie censorship in the U. S. . . . . The speculative discussion of where film censorship is going and how it has changed over the years has inferential value to anybody in the business of circulating books." —The Virginia Kirkus Service

In some of the nation's largest cities motion pictures are screened by review boards meeting in secret. Their files are seldom open to inspection, and they often wield a nearly absolute power over what the public is shown. In a series of dramatic interviews with film censors in major cities, Carmen captures the flavor of the struggle between censor and exhibitor.

The book reveals what effect court decisions really have at the grass-roots level. Finally, it offers a challenging analysis of what kind of censorship, if any, is needed in a free society.

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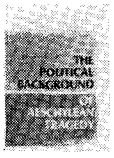
The Political Background of Aeschylean Tragedy

Anthony J. Podlecki



The seven extant plays of Aeschylus were not written in a vacuum, but rather against the background of a momentous period in Greek history, by a dramatist profoundly concerned with the political and military events of his time. This book examines each play against that background. In so doing it casts a searching light on both the period and the dramatist.

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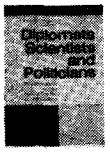
Diplomats, Scientists, and Politicians

The United States and the Nuclear Test Ban Negotiations

Harold Karan Jacobson

Eric Stein



This book is a full account of the negotiations that led to the 1963 Moscow test ban treaty. Based on the public record and on extensive interviews with key actors in the nuclear drama, *Diplomats, Scientists, and Politicians* describes the confusion and controversy, the search for compromise, and the agreements and stalemates that have marked international diplomacy in the cold war. This thorough and penetrating study is a valuable contribution to the cause of peace in the atomic age.

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Told in Letters

Epistolary Fiction Before Richardson

Robert Adams Day

Told in Letters is a study of the English novel before it came of age with Richardson's *Pamela*. Day discusses the origins of the psychological novel in its most primitive form. He describes the achievements of early letter fiction and portrays the Grub Street world that gave birth to popular literature. Finally, he reassesses Richardson in the light of his predecessors' work.

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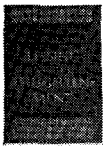
Lessing and the Enlightenment

Henry E. Allison



"... a first-rate bit of intellectual history.... It has many valuable insights, and establishes new interrelations of ideas."—Crane Brinton

Dramatist and critic, philosopher and scholar, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was the central figure of the Enlightenment in Germany. He is known chiefly for his dramatic masterpieces, but he was also one of the most significant religious thinkers of his time. Allison also shows how Lessing's distinction between the letter and spirit of religion—shocking to orthodox and deist alike in his time—has lost none of its relevance in our own. *Lessing and the Enlightenment* is a book for the modern mind.

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Two-Person Game Theory

The Essential Ideas

Anatol Rapoport

"Game theory is an intellectual X-ray. It reveals the skeletal structure of those social systems where decisions interact, and it reveals, therefore, the essential structure of both conflict and cooperation."
—Kenneth E. Boulding

What do games like tic-tac-toe, chess, checkers, and Go have to do with politics, economic struggles, the battle of the sexes, and war? How are they different from games of chance? What decisions are correct when two or more interests conflict? The answers to these and other questions form an important part of the new science of game theory.

Anatol Rapoport's explanations open the door on a new way of seeing how mathematics can be applied to the study of human behavior and decision-making.

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The University of Michigan Press
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them back to the laboratory for a "study" behind closed doors. Suddenly, the spray program was announced. Apparently it was a success, because now, a year later, it is with us again. The old biplane flew low over the woodlots, just at dawn, early last week. None of the newspapers managed to get a picture of it. Witnesses swore that the pilot wore a leather helmet, and a white silk scarf.

The average man has a hard time understanding government agriculture programs. —Dereck Williamson.

Happy Conclusions

(Being a sampling from a hobbyist's collection of endings culled from popular fiction.)

"I'm going," he told her, "but I'll be riding back this way some time. Watch for me."

She watched him ride away, the West in his eyes, on the trail of unfinished business.

"That's something else I can't answer, son. All I can say is that you'll just have to go in that room and see for yourself."

"I love y'u- love y'u- love y'u!" She breathed with exquisite, passionate sweetness. Her dark eyes burned up into his.

"Ellen, I can't lift you up," he said, signifying his crippled arm. "But I can kneel with you! . . ."

She stood there waiting while he crossed the room and cupped his hand and blew out the flame. Then he lifted her in his arms, a soft, clinging bundle. He had to put the gun down to do it right, but he damned well wasn't going to put it up.

She put her arm through his and leaned back. The whitening moon lay softly upon a swelling pulse in her throat. Several hundred yards away an old Mexican with loose sandals began a mournful song of love on his guitar, and there was an understanding born of much living in his voice.

With a smile on her lips and tears on her lashes, she watched him ride away, tall and graceful atop his great black horse, to answer the call of duty and face danger and new adventure.

With arms interlocked at the front gate of the old homestead, Jack and Dorcas watched the glowing sun as it sank from view back of grandmother's grave.

"The SOB kissed me," he said tenderly. You never can tell about women.

"W'at the bloody 'ell we waitin' for?" bellowed Half-Hanged over his shoulder. "To 'orse, me 'earts! To 'orse!"

—F. de Sales Meyers.

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If you eat or sleep away from home, this is the only guidebook to America that tells you:

How good?

"I'm starving."

"How about this place?"

"I don't like the looks of it."

"Okay, why don't *you* pick one then."

"Maybe I could, if you'd slow down."

You know how it goes.

You've been driving for hours.

You're hungry.

So you look for a place that looks all right on the outside.

When you spot one, you stop and take a peek inside.

If it still looks okay, you take a chance. And sometimes it turns out fine. And sometimes it turns out terrible.

If you're tired of taking a chance every time you stop to eat, take along a Mobil Travel Guide on your next trip.

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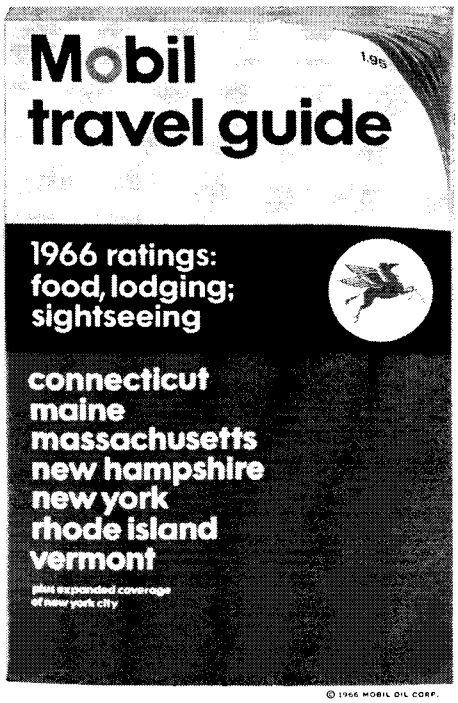

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They never know when one of our Inspectors is going to show up.

When he does, he checks on how clean the kitchen is, how much frozen and how much fresh food is served, if fish and vegetables are stored separately, and the grades of meat and butter used.

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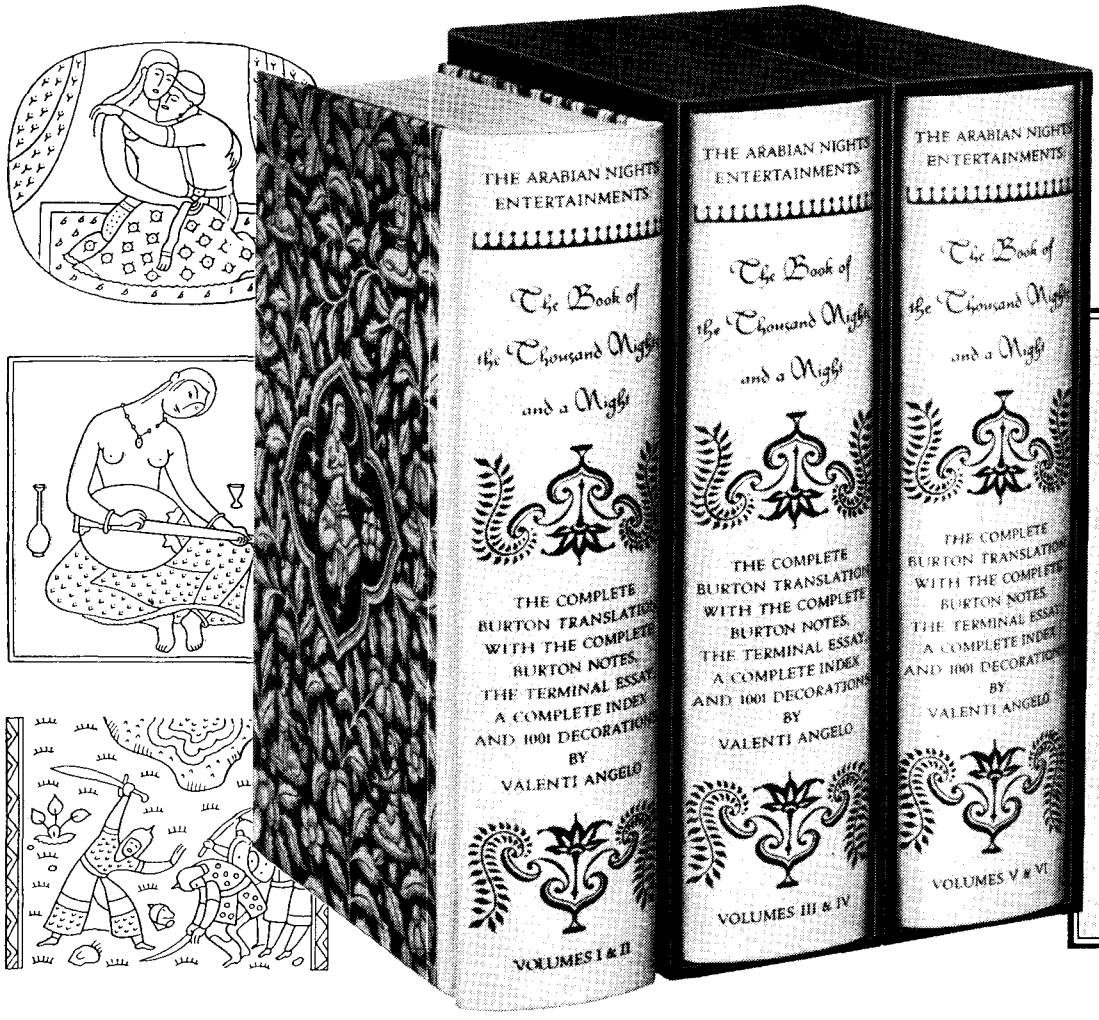
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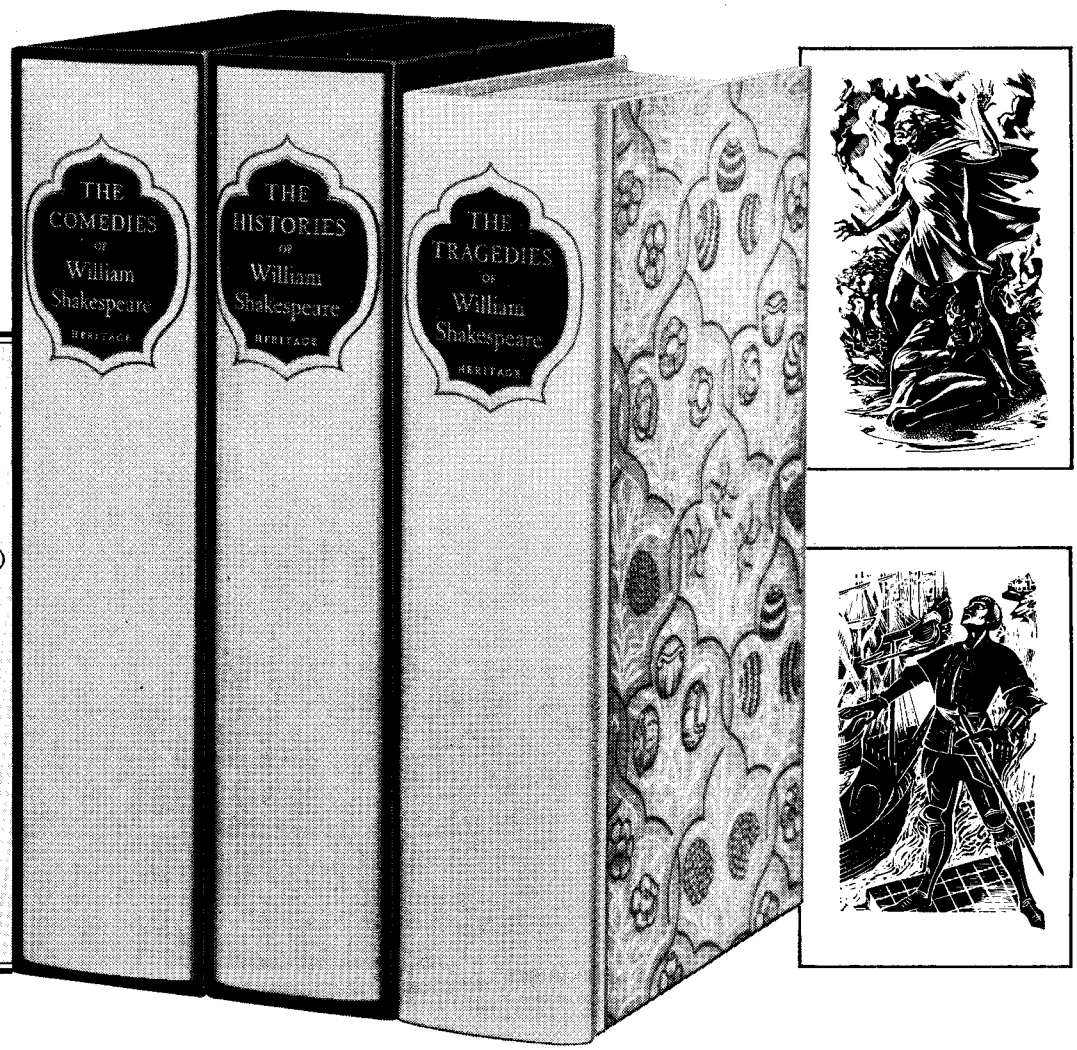

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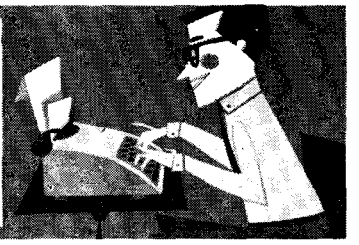
Top of My Head



Send this Id to Camp

THE PREVAILING sex question which is keeping most of our male population awake these nights is "Should a gentleman offer a Tiparillo to a lady?" To which, of course, the simple answer is "Yes, if she came to smoke."

But the sexual question with which I wrestle these nights is more basic, more aberrational; actually more sexegenarian. The question is: "Should a gentleman take the little lady along when he goes out to buy a sportsjacket for himself?"

In search for truth on this question my id has been tortured to its very spleen until I can't tell my biophores from my determinants; and neither of those from my elbow. So lancinated has it become that I finally took my limp id to a doctor and laid it candidly before him on the table. Actually it was on another piece of furniture—a couch. I asked the good doctor why I was so distressed at the thought of taking my wife with me when I shopped for a sportsjacket.

Like all great men of science he gave an answer that was incisive and brought the question into proper perspective:

"Why do *you* think it distresses you?" he answered. Period.

During my second hour he penetrated more deeply. I asked him, "Should a gentleman take the little lady along when he goes shopping for a sportsjacket?"

He replied: "Do *you* think you should?"

Now we were getting somewhere. We were getting to a third and fourth and fifth hour. That's what we were getting to. So we took the usual journey. Back to my childhood. I told him that my father always had bought me shoes one size too large to accommodate my growth. And jackets a size too small, to take care of the rest of the kids in the family. Two younger sisters.

By week's end the doctor had entered my case in his diary as "A crazy, mixed-up id."

The following week he took my adult case history. I confessed under questioning that I had never had much sales resistance. Recently I went into a shop to buy a dark blue tie and came out with a light blue sweater. Once when I went into a doctor's office to have a flock of fleck removed from my eye I emerged with a tonsilectomy.

The next week's visits were devoted to dreams. "Do you have any recurring dreams?" he asked. I said "No, but I'll try." Three days later I returned and told him I had had a recurring dream. He rubbed his hands gleefully. "What did you dream?" he asked.

I told him I dreamed I had gone shopping with my wife to buy a sportsjacket. An olive green, cashmere, three-button, narrow-lapel sportsjacket.

I said to the salesman: "Do you have an olive green, cashmere, three-button, narrow-lapel sportsjacket?"

"Just a minute, dear," my wife said, "Let me." Then to the salesman: "He wants an olive green, cashmere, three-button, narrow-lapel sportsjacket."

"That's what I just said," I told her.

"No you didn't," she replied. "You said, 'Do you have,' and so forth. I said 'You want,' and so forth. See the difference, dear?"

Well the salesman returned with an olive green, cashmere, three-button, narrow-lapel sportsjacket. It fit and I said, "I'll take it."

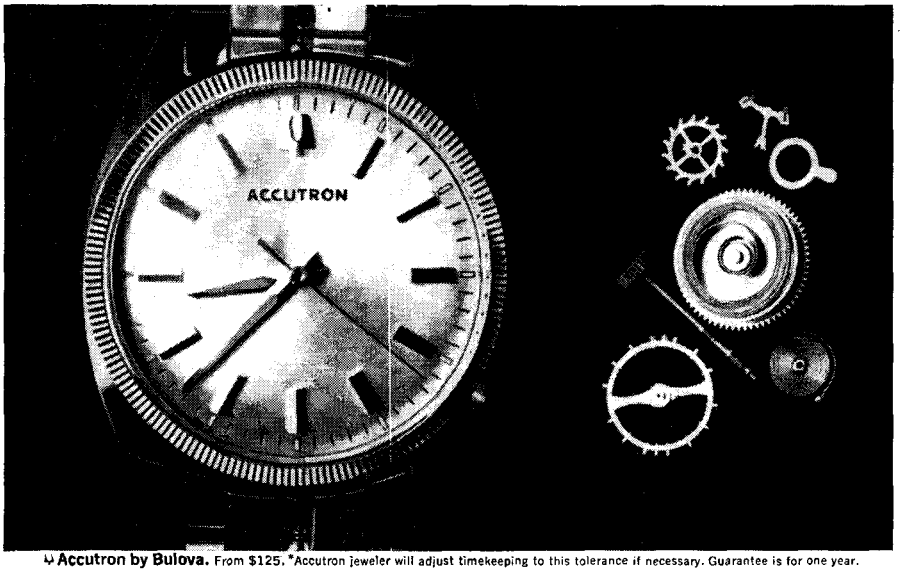
"Just a minute, dear," my wife said. Then to the salesman: "We'd like to see this in some other colors." I remonstrated that this was the color, the style, the very jacket I wanted.

"Well, to make a recurring dream short," I said to the doctor, "I came out of the dream with a beige, linen, two-button jacket because it matched a sweater she was wearing. What do you make of that dream, doctor?"

"Well," he replied, "it's quite obvious. My wife says that dreams are always the opposite. If she dreams she was run over by a car, it means she's going to run over somebody in her car. So according to your dream you can take your wife along. You will not come out with a beige but with the olive green you want. If you don't believe me, ask my wife. She'll tell you."

"Well, my wife has something to tell you, doctor," I said as I got up to leave. "This wasn't a dream. It happened yesterday. She went shopping with me and now hanging in my closet is a beige sportsjacket."

He rose angrily and shouted after me: "Foul! Fake! Charlatan! Miss Amplemeyer, get my psychiatrist on the phone!" —GOODMAN ACE.



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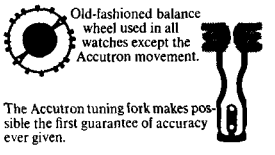
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California:

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California is where Hearst built his 100-million-dollar castle and didn't finish the stairs. And Palm Springs has 3600 swimming pools—and 2½ miles away you can go skiing.

It's where a wax movie star wears the real movie star's $10,000 chinchilla. And the San Francisco cable cars smell of burning pine because they have pine brake blocks and they burn. (And you get out and help turn the car around at the bottom of the hill.)

It's where Universal City and Disneyland and Marineland and the surfers are and we'll tell you how to see all of them.

We'll tell you the difference between the redwoods and sequoias. And why $3 is cheap for insurance if you drive to Tijuana.

And how to spend or save your money eating and sleeping and like so. All of which ought to make our kit worth a dollar, even if you don't go.

It has tips about California even our "professional travellers" (who fly up to 50 times a year) don't know. And for the family on vacation, it's practically a printed tour.

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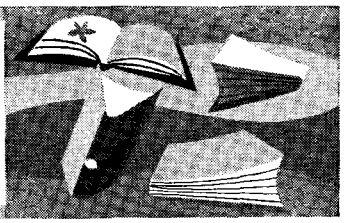
Trade Winds



A very worthwhile organization is the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals. Founded several years ago after wealthy Midwesterner Clifford Prout bequeathed $400,000 for a crusade "to protect people from the sight of naked

horses, cows, dogs, and cats," SINA has as its objective, "Clothe All Animals." Clifford Prout, Jr., and members of his staff have appeared on television and radio from coast to coast, and have garnered headlines and clippings from hundreds of papers. They have received thousands of letters and phone calls at their headquarters, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York. They claim 40,000 members.

Perhaps you will remember SINA's picketing of the White House several years ago, in a vain attempt to force Mrs. Kennedy to put clothes on her horses. SINA appeared in San Francisco once and termed it a "moral disaster area." Prout said, "The moral deterioration triggered by the sight of so many naked animals helps to explain why there is so much juvenile delinquency and crime." He then went to the Children's Zoo at Golden Gate Park and put trousers on Bambi, the pet fawn.

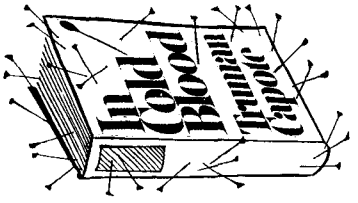
SINA has received much support. The Animals Industries Reference Room of the Michigan State University Library, for instance, sent for the free animal clothing patterns offered by SINA. Condemnation, however, has come from farmers and ranchers, who have indicated that they will fight any such impractical move as to clothe cows and horses.

The latest development in the saga of SINA is a new book by Alan Abel, formerly executive vice president of the organization. Published by Trident Press, the book is called *The Great American Hoax*, and alleges that the Society is some sort of stunt perpetrated by Abel. There is no Clifford Prout, only one "Buck Henry," an unemployed actor.

But I see that SINA is listed in the New York City phone book. I know that Prout has told his story on the *Today* show, on European television, on *CBS News*, in *Time*, in nationwide lectures and appearances. I saw a *Chronicle* photograph of him with a decently dressed Bambi. Now comes Abel's book, which I have read. He must be a very bitter fellow to go to such lengths to undermine the fine work of the Society by labeling it a trick. Trident Press doesn't enhance its reputation by being a party to such action. More power to SINA! say I.

Reading about Truman Capote and *In Cold Blood* has proved to be as interesting as reading the book itself. The June issue of *Esquire* contains an article which points out some serious inaccuracies in Capote's version of the murder case. The New York publication *Books*, a newspaper which purveys news of books, also has dug up some titillating information. One item is that Richard Hickock, one of the killers, told his story in the December 1961 issue of *Male* magazine.

Another is that in August 1954, five years before he was murdered, Herbert W. Clutter was selected by *The New York Times* as a typical Kansas farmer, and a three-page article entitled, "A



Farmer Looks at Farming '54," was written about him. *Books* remarks that Capote makes Perry Smith, the other killer, sound like Holden Caulfield. And on the piano rack the night of the crime was the sheet music for "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

There hasn't been a full-scale biography of Mark Twain in a long, long time. Now Justin Kaplan has beautifully made up for it with his *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain*. [see review, page 31] What a fascinating, strange, exciting personality! Mark Twain held the public in the palm of his hand, yet his private life was a bitter, tragic affair.

One reason for Kaplan's having been

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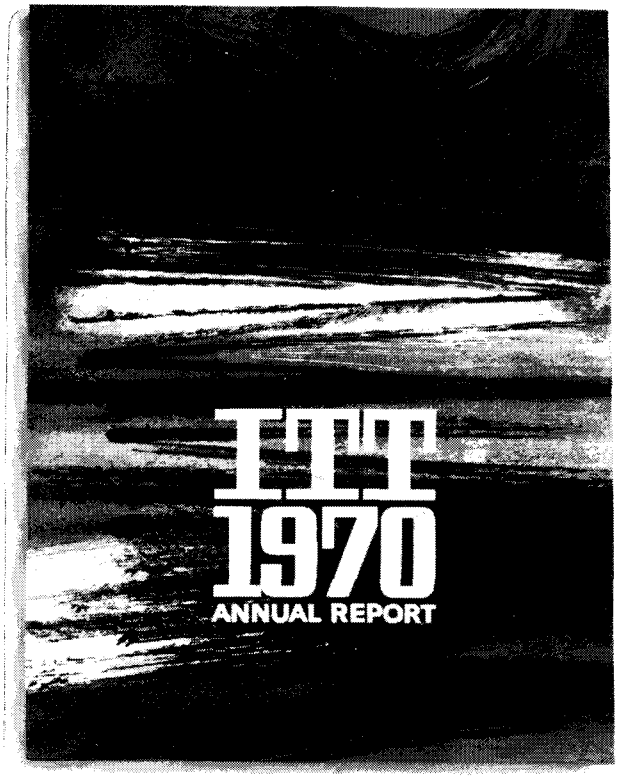

We've got a pretty good idea of how our 1970 annual report will look.

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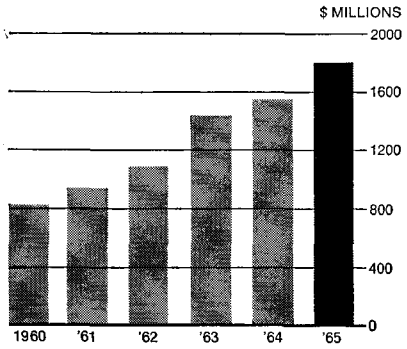
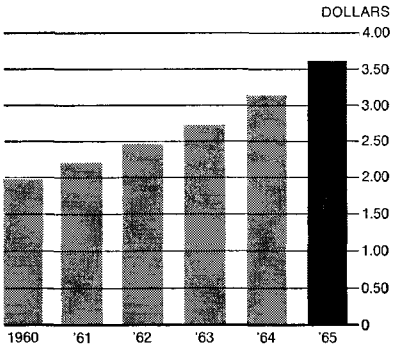
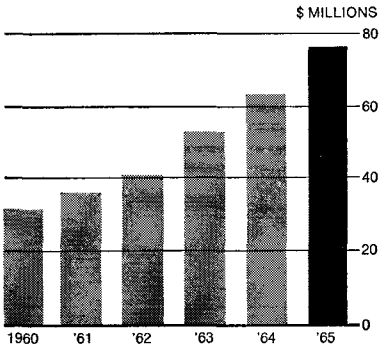
In ITT's annual report for 1965 you will see how well we have succeeded. You will also find the direction in which ITT is headed—as far ahead as 1970. We invite you to send for a copy today. Write to the Director of Stockholder Relations, International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.



Sales and Revenues



Earnings Per Share



Net Income

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—ELIZABETH JANEWAY, front page, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

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"The human situation comes stunningly alive."
—HARRY MARK PETRAKIS, front page, *Chicago Tribune*

In My Father's Court

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able to dig into the subject so thoroughly is that Twain was, in Kaplan's word, a papyrophiliac – a saver of paper. He saved everything – a $1.25 cancelled check to F. A. O. Schwarz toy store, brother Henry's 1880 report card, mustard plasters. Those are some of the hundreds of items that came out of a burlap bag that Kaplan upended one day in the Library of the University of California at Berkeley. Lots of bags and lots of barrels of Twain's letters and other stuff have become available only in the past ten years. It took Justin Kaplan six years to put everything together, and a right smart book is the happy result.

Sharps and Flats: The Weston, Massachusetts, High School ordered the King James version of the *Holy Bible*. McGraw-Hill replied that it was out of print, and cancelled the order.

► Elton C. Fay, Associated Press military writer, retired and was given the Exceptional Service Award by the Air Force, the Public Service Citation by the Navy, and a medal by the Army. This, it seems to me, would call for a new look by civilians at Mr. Fay's prose.

► Things to watch out for: Letters that begin, "I hardly know where to begin . . . ."

► Jim Moran says that there are plenty of books on how to make marriages happy and how to save them. He is currently working on an "anti-marriage" book, which will tell single people what to expect when they get married. Such as, do they realize that when they have a baby, the baby will cost them approximately $88,000 before it gets out of college?

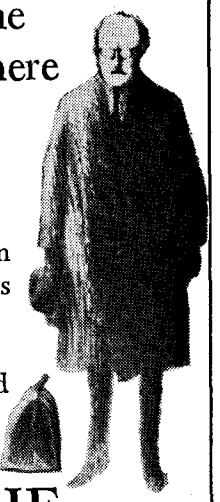
► A mind-expanding drug like LSD is not what we need today. Things are too much out of control already. What we need is a mind-*contracting* pill, something that will sort of pull things together for us. –JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1679)

EDMUND FULLER:
BOOK REVIEW
(Of T. S. Eliot's *To Criticize the Critic*)

The literary man finds himself "constantly irritated by having words perhaps written thirty or forty years ago quoted as if I had uttered them yesterday." Rarely does anyone quoting earlier works offer a clue as to when the statements were made.

Before "The Deputy" there was "The Mission"



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DOUBLEDAY

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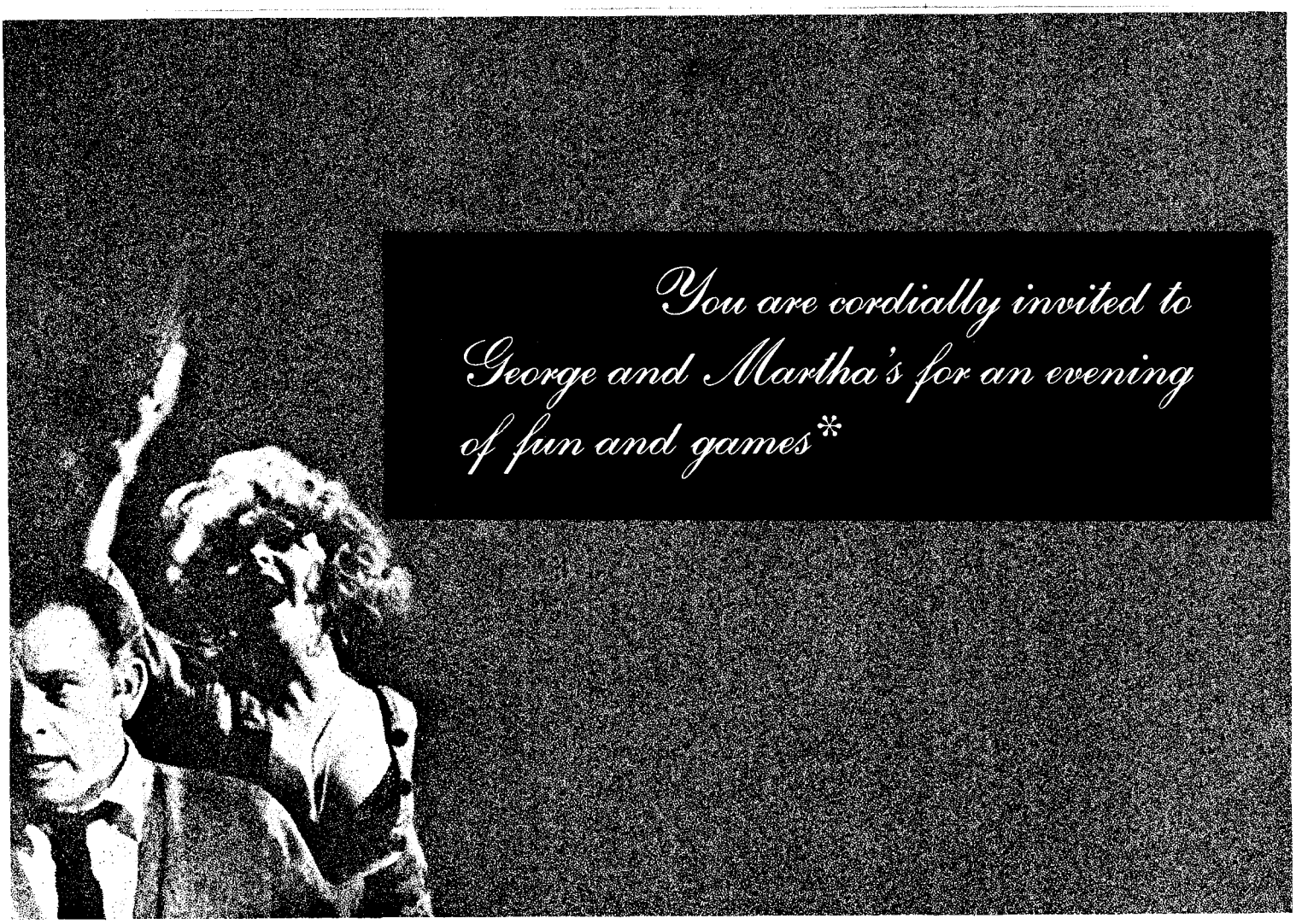

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— J. H. PLUMB

Front page, *Chicago Tribune:* "Supplies personal, hitherto unrevealed facts that illuminate not only the state of Churchill's health but the course of the war as seen — and influenced — by him . . . Lord Moran's eloquent and amazingly forthright chapters will undoubtedly change many a reader's opinions of some war time leaders, but they can only add to Churchill's stature."
— HENRY C. WOLFE

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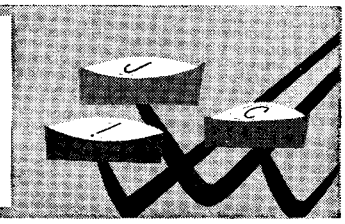
Manner of Speaking



On Lighting Candles. And on Blowing Them Out: Now and then I have visited the first three or four grades of a local school, and I have invariably come away thinking that nothing could match the immediacy with which young readers respond to the power of words and forms. It is the good luck of our school system to take into itself annually one of the best imaginable audiences for poetry. Blessed are the beginners. Theirs is a purity and intensity of illusion all of us can hunger back to.

The books we read at that stage may have been tawdry, but to read was to have happen. Come the hour when we had to be scolded to bed, Horatio Alger's hero had yet to fight his way free of the rich villain's slander of his good name, Tom Swift's submarine was filling with smoke, and Yale was trailing by three runs in the fourth while Frank Merriwell was still struggling to loosen the knots with which the gamblers had tied him to the post in an abandoned warehouse. Who could think of sleep? We read on by flashlight under the covers until our mothers caught on to that trick, too. And as we read, our hearts pounded, our fears drove us, our loyalties burned. There was no distance between us and the page.

Must we lose our marvelous immediacy forever? I can recall only twice in the last twenty years when I put down the book because I was short of breath, my heart pounding with excitement, my senses carried away by the power of the illusion. The first happened as I was rereading *Crime and Punishment* after many years. I came to the scene in which Raskolnikov, in bed and asleep, dreams that a dark figure is standing at the foot of his bed, and in an imperceptible shift from sleep to waking, discovers that the figure is really there. By whatever magic makes us, his terror and mine became one, and I had to let the book sag from me for lack of strength to hold it. Let me cite the second in due tribute to Norman Mailer, about whom I have felt less than whole admiration at times. The book was *The Naked and the Dead*, and the scene was the one in which the squad of GI's is negotiating a narrow ledge across the face of a mountain. Turned back after they have had to leap across a crevice from one narrow foothold to another, they have to make the leap again. One after another the GI's make it across. Then, almost inevitably, one of them misses and plunges away into the abyss. And at that point, as I can still recall with a flush of emotion, I was suffering from such acrophobia that I had an actual sensation of plunging with the doomed man, my nerves cramped with the strain.

And that second time was the last. I have never again experienced such direct physical capture by a piece of writing.

Once marvelous and easy, then rare and marvelous — and when ever again will the power of the word take such possession? There have, of course, been other joys. I still remember the glow with which "Prufrock" first came off the page, and Auden's "In Memory of W. B. Yeats," and Frost's "America is Hard to See."

And so for many other poems. It can still happen. It happens sometimes even at this workaday desk, even among the inanities spilled out of the mailbag. Suddenly, after basketsfull of coyly tickling nonsense, a poem declares itself with that instant lift of recognition, with the joy of hearing a language that seems to awake all its own speaking ghosts.

I suppose that calm of joy is a richer and a better thing than the first physical immediacy of the child's and the adolescent's reading. Yet what a pity it is that we must lose one in order to find another. Or is it possible to keep both, and must I learn that I am one of the unlucky ones in having lost a power of reading that better readers keep through their lives?

If the loss is particular to me, I have no choice but to blame my too many years of reading as a teacher and as an editor. William Dean Howells would have known what I mean. As editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* he paid Mark Twain the compliment of reporting that he was so carried away by one of Twain's books (was it *Huckleberry Finn*?—I hope it was) that he forgot to read it as an editor and let himself be swept along as if he were only a reader. Perhaps the price of learning to watch the page for the sources of the illusion is that the illusion itself must lose immediacy, whereby one admires, if at all, more wisely but with a less physical reaction.

But why must the young be made to lose not only immediacy but awareness as well? A few years back I found myself reading to a bright third grade class a poem called "The Stranger in the Pumpkin." Everyone in that class was able to identify that stranger instantly. I asked for his first name and the class chorused, "Jack." I asked for his last name and the

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class chorused, "O'Lantern." The poem itself is simple enough despite such obscure allusions. Perhaps it is about the school system:

The Stranger in The Pumpkin

The stranger in the pumpkin said:
"It's all dark inside your head!
What a dull one you must be!
Without light, how can you see?
Don't you know that heads
should shine
From deep inside themselves—
like mine?
Well, don't stand there in a pout
With that dark dome sticking out—
It makes me sick to look at it!
Go and get your candle lit!"
—From *The Man Who Sang the Sillies*, J. B. Lippincott Co., copyright 1961.

As it happened, I found myself speaking to some high school students a few days after I had read this poem to their brighter relations back there in the third grade. For the fun of it, I decided to try the same poem on them. But when I asked them to identify the stranger in the pumpkin, they went blank.

"Is that symbolism?" one of them managed to ask in the voice of the higher criticism, with a slightly yokel accent.

And how could I possibly tell them that yes, it is symbolism of a sort, but that, in context, the question is the wrong one? If Gina Lollobrigida happens to walk by, I suggested, they would certainly miss the point if they have to ask, "Is that a girl?"—"If you have to ask that question," to cite Louis Armstrong's famous answer, "you'll never know."

Those high school students were not the best I have met—the best manage to keep their reading eyes alive despite the fog-colored glasses most of their teachers pass out. But neither were they the worst. They were more nearly dead-on-the-average, their souls confused by being told they should recognize signs of life—of their own lives—in Washington Irving, in the tintinnabulation of Poe's everlastingly mindless bells, and in the emotional sarcophagi of *Silas Marner*; their minds confused by the insistence of their parents and teachers that they have *something* ready to say on whatever questions the college entrance exams came up with—"and watch out for symbolism: that question has come up in each of the last three years."

It is the good luck of our school system to take into itself annually one of the best imaginable audiences for poetry. It can only be the system's bad practice that sends out of itself annually a graduating class of semi-literate dolts stripped of the emotional excitement with which they began reading, and unstored by the insights that might lure them on to recognition. —JOHN CIARDI.

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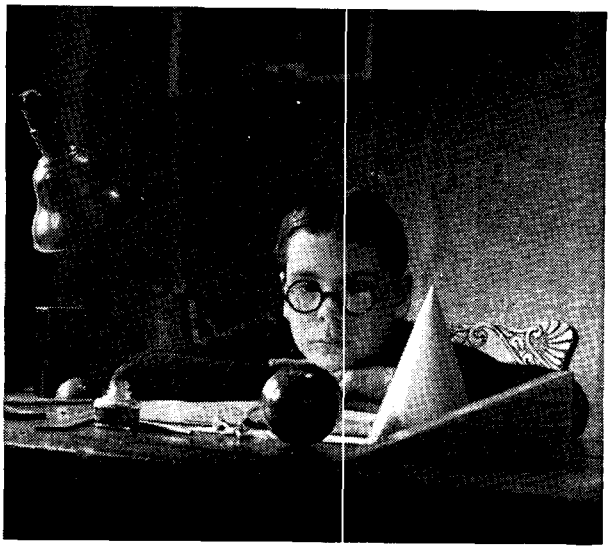
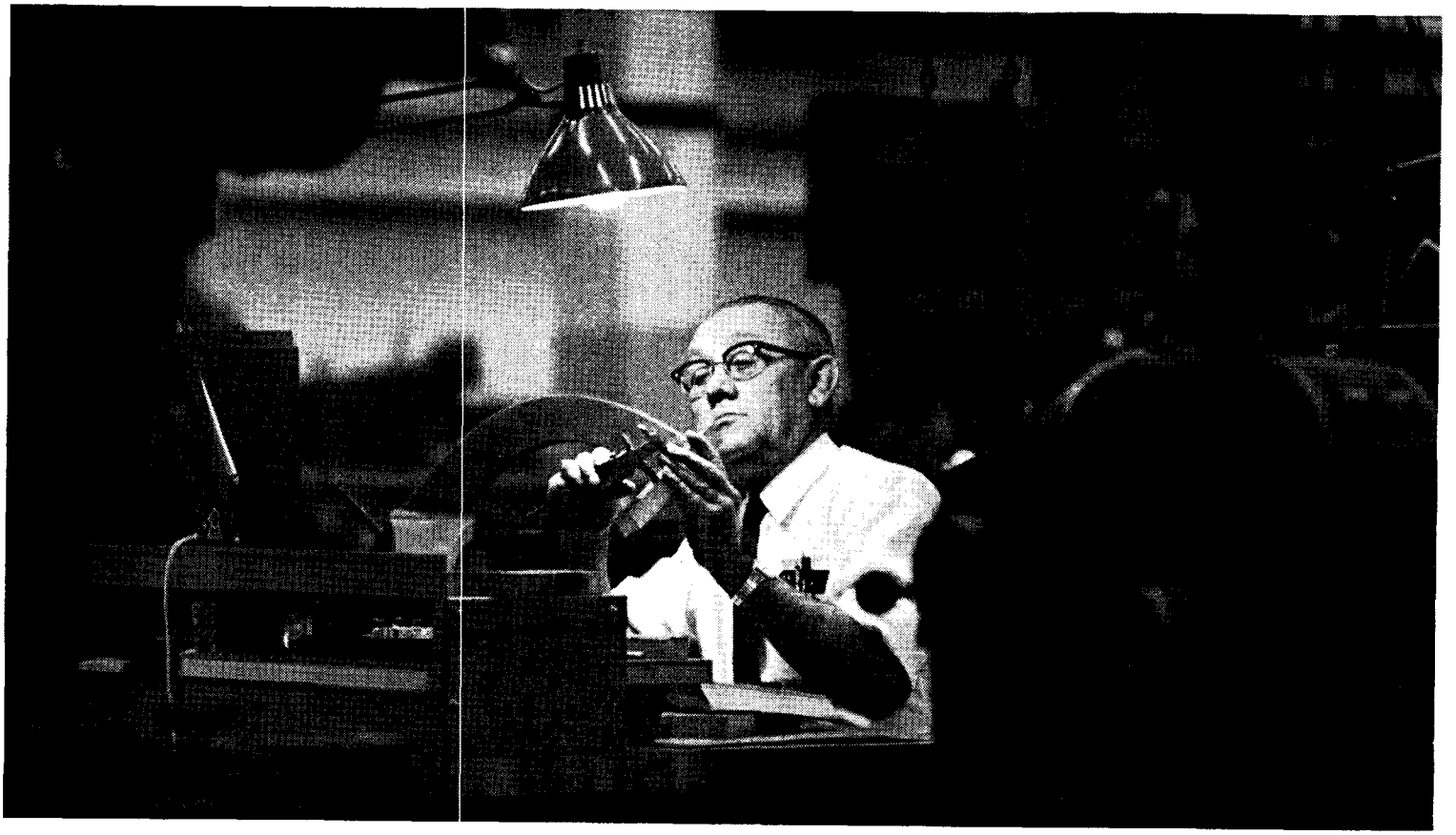


The Hungarian boy with a passion for science... now makes precision tools for General Motors



Louis Simonffy lived in a world of order. A world of laws and theorems and formulas. First as a student of the gymnasium in Miskolc, Hungary . . . later as a mechanical engineer at Budapest . . . and finally as head of his own factory.

Suddenly this orderly world so full of promise came crashing down in the inferno that was World War II. Louis and his wife, Elizabeth, joined the vast army of displaced persons, and for six long years they drifted through the ruptured cities of Europe.

After much difficulty, the Simonffys were able to make their way to the United States, and the pieces started to come together again. First came a job as a drafting clerk, then a better one as a draftsman, and finally, in 1950, a job with General Motors. Today, Louis Simonffy is one of the ablest and most respected toolmakers in the Company.

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Saturday Review
June 18, 1966

The Promise of the Seas' Bounty

How the oceans' enormous riches can contribute to peace and help alleviate world poverty—if they are placed under U.N. administration now.

By CLARK M. EICHELBERGER

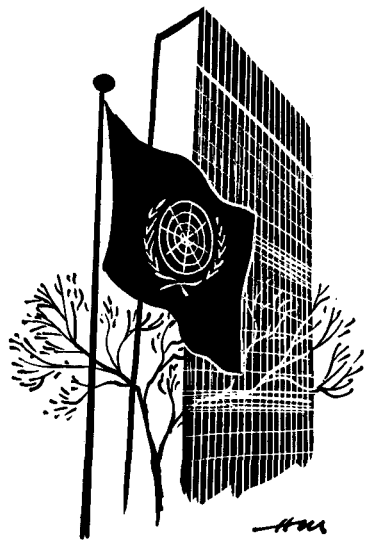
THE LAST GREAT FRONTIER for natural resources on our planet is the sea. It also may be the richest. Indeed, fragmentary exploration to date indicates that the wealth that ultimately can be obtained from the five-sevenths of the earth's surface covered by the sea may be almost beyond comprehension.

We know, for example, as noted oceanographer Roger Revelle stated in *SR* October 3, 1964, that lying on the deep sea floor are "incredibly large quantities of black, potato-shaped nodules" which contain manganese, cobalt, copper, and nickel whose gross recoverable values are estimated at $45 to $100 a ton. We know of nodules in shallow water off Southern California that are thought to contain as much as 60,000,000 tons of phosphatic materials; of titanium-bearing sands believed to occur off Florida, India, Japan, Australia, and elsewhere; of the mining of iron from magnetite-rich sand in shallow waters near Japan (7,000,000 tons of ore were extracted from the floor of Tokyo Bay in just one four-year period); and of diamond-bearing gravels off the southwest coast of Africa that yield about five carats per ton—five times the average in diamond fields inland.

This is only a sampling. But developments to date demonstrate that, unless action is taken soon, the world may face a power struggle for resources of the sea that could equal or exceed the struggle for the resources of Africa and Asia in past centuries. Consequently, almost nine years ago the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, research affiliate of the United Nations Association of the U.S.A., declared, "With respect to the bed of the high seas beyond the continental shelf and outer space, which are outside the jurisdiction of any state, we urge the General Assembly to declare the title of the international community and to establish appropriate administrative arrangements."

In 1961, the U.N. General Assembly, at the suggestion of President Kennedy, took some important steps in this direction in regard to outer space. It declared that "international law, including the charter of the United Nations, applies to outer space and celestial bodies," and that "outer space and celestial bodies are free for exploration and use by all states in conformity with international law and are not subject to national appropriation."

In 1963, the General Assembly further called upon all states "to refrain from placing in orbit around the earth any objects carrying nuclear weapons or any other kinds of weapons of mass destruction, installing such weapons on celestial bodies, or stationing such weapons in outer space in any other manner. . . ." It also adopted a declaration of legal principles for exploration of outer space.



These steps point the way to possible parallel action by the U.N. regarding the sea.

There are compelling reasons for the U.N.'s taking such steps, some of which apply with equal force to the control of man's adventures in outer space. With the population of the world increasing at an explosive rate and with the rapid advance in industrialization, the food supplies and the mineral resources of the sea will be eagerly sought. The majority of nations do not have the technological capability to launch satellites or to gather minerals on the deep sea floor, and many of them cannot compete effectively for the fisheries of the high seas. However, the less advanced should be able to share in these resources as the common property of the world community.

In the absence of clear rights and boundaries, nations will unilaterally attempt to appropriate these areas for their own use. Such claims will reduce the area held in common by the world community and frequently lead to conflicts between nations — as witness the growing number of controversies over fishing rights, and disagreements that have accompanied the appropriation of the atmosphere and the sea for nuclear testing.

Resources such as fish, minerals on the ocean floor and the surface of the ocean, as well as the radio spectrum in outer

Clark M. Eichelberger is chairman of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, research affiliate of the United Nations Association of the U.S.A.

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space, can be exploited simultaneously by more than one firm or nation. But under these conditions, exploitation tends to be accompanied by rapid depletion, economic waste, and conflict.

Since the United Nations is not a full-fledged world government, how can it persuade nations to accept the proposed regime for the sea?

A sanction may be found where self-interest and the common good coincide. There are, for example, some fishery resources now so depleted that it would be to the self-interest of the few nations involved to agree to international control; and in the Antarctic, depletion of at least one species of whale has threatened that species with extinction. As for the untapped mineral resources of the deep sea, nations might prefer a U.N. regime to an anarchy under which they could not be certain of access.

THROUGH cooperation, nations may actually be able to expand resources of the sea as they could not do themselves. Contrary to popular belief, as Christy and Brooks have said, there are regions of the ocean that are virtual deserts. "... regions where the plant nutrients have settled out below the euphotic zone. In such areas, it may be possible to establish artificial upwellings or to improve fertility by other means." Under such circumstances, it would be possible to "herd" fish—the kinds of fish that men prefer to eat. Obviously, no one nation is going to undertake such an effort, but it could be undertaken through the U.N.

The mineral resources of the sea are relatively unknown compared to fishery resources. But the potential wealth in the nodules referred to earlier is well known. At least one boat is being fitted out in the United States to experiment with mining them. Other countries also are interested. However, nations may be reluctant to exploit such mineral resources if they are unsure of title. Further, uncontrolled efforts to extract these resources may disturb conditions in which fish thrive; and might interfere with the Atlantic cables. All are reasons for international ownership and control.

United Nations control also could reduce the danger of pollution. As population grows, man is more and more responsible for, as well as the victim of, the pollution of the atmosphere and water. Unregulated use of the air and the sea will increase the danger of contamination. There is also danger of contamination of the sea by radioactive material, pesticides, and other poisons on land. Contamination of the shared envelope of atmosphere is a matter of concern to all peoples.

Moreover, United Nations' title to operations in the sea could forestall a possible new military race. Without an international agreement, the military of each country may feel compelled on the basis of self-interest to carry defense to any new frontier opened to man. As Navy Commander M. Scott Carpenter said at a recent meeting of aerospace engineers and scientists at Cape Kennedy, "one of the greatest hostile threats to this country might come from beneath the surface of the sea." The Soviet Union, and possibly other countries, may entertain the same fear.

Under the Antarctic Treaty of December 1, 1959, twelve governments, including the United States and the Soviet Union, agreed that Antarctica shall be used for peaceful purposes only. Military personnel or equipment may be used only for scientific research or other peaceful purposes. Thus there is precedent for an agreement, both in this and the U.N. General Assembly action in 1963 calling upon nations to refrain from placing in orbit nuclear weapons or other weapons of mass destruction. (Obviously, this recommendation would not affect the Polaris submarine or present conventional surface military vessels.) Some have suggested, too, that perhaps the U.N. should go a step further and institute a monitoring system to detect and report to the world underseas military activity.

But one of the most challenging reasons for United Nations control and administration of the sea is to provide the U.N. with an independent income. Some member nations now are reluctant to give the U.N. resources adequate even for its immediate, modest program. Despite the authorization of the Security Council for the peacekeeping force in Cyprus, for instance, it is only with the greatest difficulty that, at the end of each three-month period, the Secretary General obtains enough in contributions from individual states to maintain this force. Yet the work of the United Nations must be expanded many-fold if it is to meet the responsibilities that an ever more complex world has thrust upon it, including the great question of disarmament. Nations should not be excused from paying much larger assessments needed to maintain the organization—which to many powers means but a small fraction of their military budgets. However, assessments of the individual members should be greatly augmented by an independent source of income.

For the United Nations to have its own source of income and a vast area to administer would give it the kind of strength and maturity it needs to meet the tremendous problems of the future. Obviously, estimates differ widely as to the income that could be realized from U.N. licensing of resources in the sea and outer space, but the United Nations would gain enormously.

At the same time there would be provided a long-needed source of funds to help underdeveloped areas. Few nations today are in a position individually to exploit resources of the sea, even were

The Seventeenth Report of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, on which this article was based, discusses a number of important recommendations for strengthening world order. They include:

► The United Nations must become truly universal in membership so that all political units may play their parts in a world in which all are bound by law.

► Adjustment must be made between the principle of sovereign equality of states and power.

► The extensive lawmaking process which is now to be found in the United Nations must be expanded so that the General Assembly moves toward becoming a true legislative body in the international sphere.

► Machinery for peacekeeping, peacemaking, and collective security must be augmented.

► Heroic measures must be taken to arrest the growing gap between the developed minority and the undeveloped majority of nations.

► The United Nations' Secretary General must be protected from interference in the great responsibilities and leadership opportunities that have been thrust upon him.

The author wishes publicly to acknowledge the contribution of David B. Brooks and Francis T. Christy, Jr., of the staff of Resources for the Future, who were responsible for much of the material in the study on the resources of the sea, and have been liberally quoted in this article.

The Commission's Seventeenth Report will be the basis of three half-hour programs to be released this fall by National Educational Radio, with assistance from the Johnson Foundation, which also was host to committee members in Racine, Wisconsin, during drafting of the report. Persons interested in obtaining texts of the report should contact the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, 866 United Nations Plaza, New York City, 10017. —C. M. E.

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there U.N. licensing and control. But if the sea were administered as the common property of mankind, all peoples could share it—for part of the licensing fees charged by the U.N. could be used to assist the nations now most in need of help.

How could all this be accomplished?

The Commission recommends that a specialized agency be created, the United Nations Marine Resources Agency: "This agency should control and administer international marine resources. It should hold ownership rights and grant, lease, or use these rights in accordance with the principles of economic efficiency and the well-being of mankind. It should distribute the returns from such exploitation in accordance with the directives issued by the U.N. General Assembly."

The agency should operate with the efficiency of the International Bank. It must inspire the confidence of those economic interests that would be dependent upon it.

As long ago as 1953, it is interesting to note, in an International Law Commission report to the General Assembly, the possibility of a specialized agency was contemplated, although with a much more limited purpose. Envisaged then was the establishment of an international authority within the framework of the U.N. with the power of adopting binding regulations for protecting the fishing resources of the sea against waste or extermination.

The broadcast of the *Internationale* from Luna 10 in early April indicates how brief the time may be before Soviet and American nationals make a landing on the moon. It points up the urgent need of implementing the 1961 resolution of the General Assembly that the celestial bodies are not subject to national appropriation.

The *New York Times*, in an editorial last April 5, suggested that there should be agreement that the moon is the property of all mankind and open for research by scientists of all nations. The editorial concluded, "Exploitation of any economic resources found on the moon could well be made a monopoly of the United Nations, with the profits used to finance the U.N.'s peacekeeping, welfare and economic-development activities. The conquest of the moon should serve to bring men together, not to divide them still further or to provide new grounds for conflict."

This is the spirit in which both the riches of the sea and man's adventure into outer space should be approached. But this spirit can be translated into action for the benefit of all mankind only if we encourage the United Nations to act now, with both the wisdom and foresight that must be applied to the problem.

"This great area covering five-sevenths of the globe contains abundant resources of food and minerals. The sea has been the means of communication by ship. Aggressive war has been waged by surface ships and submarines. Cables have been laid in the sea. Fish have been an important source of food. Man's greed is threatening this source. However, the bed of the sea where great resources are presumed to rest has scarcely been explored. . . .

"Both the sea and outer space involve vast opportunities for weather reporting and communications. Both provide means for transportation and adventure. Both may contribute to our knowledge of how the universe was created. . . .

"In the absence of clear rights and boundaries, nations will unilaterally extend their claims to these shared areas or attempt to appropriate the areas for their own use. Such claims reduce the area held in common by the world and frequently lead to conflicts between nations. The demarcation between areas of national sovereignty and world community rights must be clear. . . .

"No one can estimate now what the income to the United Nations might be from its granting licenses for the exploitation of the resources of the sea and the revenues which should accrue to it from outer space communications. It is estimated, however, that the amount of money to be realized certainly should make an important contribution to the budget of the United Nations. Furthermore, it should help pay for the expanded program of technical assistance to the developing states. In this way nations not technically able to take advantage of explorations and development of the sea and outer space would nevertheless receive some benefit in the form of technical assistance made possible by the exploitation of these common property resources."

—From the Seventeenth Report of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace.

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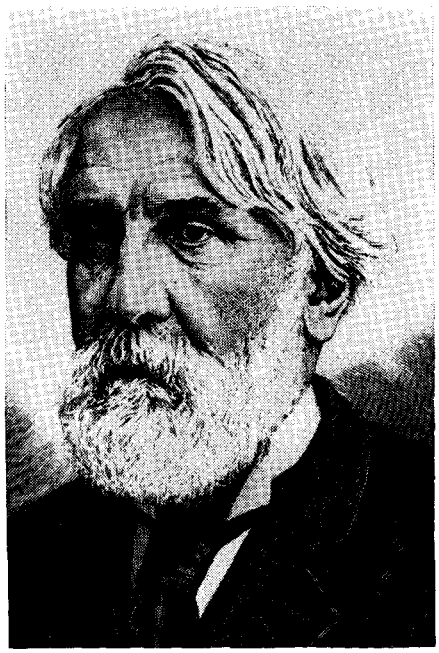
IVAN TURGENEV:

Romantic Humanist

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN



—Bettmann Archive.

Ivan Turgenev—"a worthy compeer of . . . Gustave Flaubert."

OF RUSSIA's three great nineteenth-century novelists, Ivan Turgenev, although the most universally readable, has enjoyed less appreciation than Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. He brought off no single work with the epic power and sweep of *War and Peace*. He did not search the darkest abysses of the human soul and pose eternal questions of morality and philosophy with the passionate urgency of Dostoevsky, especially in *The Brothers Karamazov*. Much of the rare beauty of Turgenev's prose style is almost inevitably lost in translation. This even applies to his titles: *Dvoryanskoe Gnyezdo* sounds rather stiff and unnatural in such renderings as *Noblemen's Nest* and *House of Gentlefolk*.

Yet Turgenev is unmistakably a great novelist, a worthy compeer of his intimate French friend and contemporary, Gustave Flaubert, to whose memory he dedicated one of his numerous short stories with an inscription from Schiller, "Wage du zu irren und zu träumen." ("Dare to go wrong and to dream.") If he never reached the towering peaks of fiction, he remains on a high plateau of uniform excellence. Unlike Tolstoy, he never forsook his art in pursuit of ethical and social ideals. Unlike Dostoevsky, he kept a steady sense of balance and proportion.

He stands out in the rich cultural history of the nineteenth century as a romantic humanist, a great Russian and a great European. Unlike the intensely Russian Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, he lived much of his life abroad and was at home in the cosmopolitan literary society of Paris, where his luncheons with Flaubert, Zola (whom he admired less), the Goncourt brothers, and other prominent literary figures were equally famous for wit, wide-ranging conversation, and gourmet delicacies. Turgenev was fluent in German, French, and English, was admired by Henry James as "the beautiful genius," and conceived an admiration for the United States, although he never carried out his expressed desire to cross the Atlantic. But he prided himself on writing only in Russian, and one of the finest of the random sketches that have gone under the name *Poems in Prose* is a stately tribute to the Russian language:

> In days of doubt, in days of painful meditation about the fate of my fatherland, thou alone are my prop and my support, O great, mighty, just and free Russian language. If it were not for thee, how could one escape falling into despair at the sight of all that goes on at home? But it is impossible to believe that such a language is not bestowed on a great people.

There is significance in the date of this tribute, June 1882. The comparatively liberal Czar Alexander II had been assassinated in the preceding year, and a regime of stern reaction gripped the country. Turgenev, who was himself to die at the age of sixty-five in 1883, after long agony from cancer of the spinal cord, had seen his hope for evolutionary progress in his native land frustrated.

A ROMANTIC but not a sentimentalist in his writing, a humanist in the breadth of his international contacts, Turgenev was that rarest of Russian intellectual types, a liberal. Tolstoy paid little attention to the social ferment of his time, and Dostoevsky, after being sent to Siberia for belonging to a study group concerned with new ideas, vehemently rejected Western liberalism and turned into a passionate champion of Orthodoxy and old Russian beliefs. But Turgenev followed trends among the younger generation with a mixture of sympathy and skepticism.

His masterpiece, *Fathers and Children* (a more accurate translation than the more familiar *Fathers and Sons*), reflects the nihilist mood of some of the Russian students of the Sixties, a mood of questioning all accepted values and substituting a rather crude materialism for the somewhat affected niceties of upper-class social life. He received much unmerited abuse from the young rebels who professed to regard Bazarov, the hero, as a caricature; but tolerance has seldom been a Russian virtue.

Turgenev returned to a social theme in a later novel, *Virgin Soil*. At this time – in the Seventies – there was a movement among the educated youth to "go to the people," to go into peasant villages for the double purpose of spreading literary and elementary health measures, and distributing revolutionary propaganda. The peasants viewed these strange city folk with suspicion, and handed over a good many of them to the police.

The two principal characters in *Virgin Soil* are Nezhdanov, a nobleman's illegitimate son and a radical young intellectual, and Marianne, a girl whom he meets in the country mansion where he is employed as a tutor. They are drawn together by similarity of ideas, by a common impulse to work for the overthrow of a corrupt social order. Finally they run away, with childlike naïveté, dreaming of going to the people with the gospel of social revolution. Poor Nezhdanov experiences a pitiful fiasco. The peasants cannot understand his high-flown phrases and he cannot stomach the strong vodka which he gulps down in an effort to fraternize with them. His love for Marianne is paralyzed by a sense of frustration. He commits suicide, leaving Marianne to the care of a mutual friend, Solomin.

The latter, a common-sense, self-educated peasant who has become a factory manager, is one of the practical figures whom Turgenev sometimes presents along with his Hamlet-like intellectuals, his Rudins and Nezhdanovs, who don't know what they want and won't be

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happy until they get it. He urges Marianne to find satisfaction in practical social tasks, to teach peasant children and mothers the elements of health and sanitation and literacy.

In this advice one can sense the prompting of Turgenev's clear head. But his warm heart is reflected in this outburst of the enthusiastic Marianne:

> If I am unhappy, it is not with my own unhappiness. It sometimes seems to me that I suffer on behalf of all the oppressed, the poor, the wretched in Russia. No, I do not suffer, but I am indignant for their sake, so indignant that I am ready to lay down my life for them. I am unhappy because I am a young lady, a parasite, because I do not know how to do anything whatever.

And in one of the "Poems in Prose" there is a vision of an idealistic young woman, setting out on the dark, forbidding career of an underground revolutionary as one voice hisses, "A Fool," and another voice answers: "A Saint."

Although Turgenev's contact with England was slight, British rational liberalism was congenial to his temper. On a visit to Oxford, where he received an honorary degree, the Russian novelist was fascinated by a debate among the students on the subject: "Resolved, that the Communards of Paris deserve the sympathy of the English people." He was fascinated by the spectacle of cool argument on a subject that in Russia would have probably caused the mobilization of the whole police force; also by the fact that the students, after hearing all the arguments on both sides, overwhelmingly voted down the proposition. "There will be no revolution in England," was Turgenev's prophetic conclusion.

TURGENEV is an author for all seasons. But he is best read in youth. It is doubtful whether any novelist excels him in the gift of creating an atmosphere of romanticism that does not degenerate into sentimentality. Many factors enter into this gift: his sense of nature and landscape, his love of music, his rare ability to understand and communicate the moods of youth.

He is especially happy in his feminine characters. Liza in *Noblemen's Nest*, Natalya in *Rudin*, Elena in *On the Eve*, Gemma in *Torrents of Spring* are a rare galaxy, a true dream of fair women. Stronger, often, and more constant than his male characters, these Turgenev heroines are singularly free of worldly sophistication and are capable of the most intense, single-minded devotion to an individual or to an ideal. Yet they are far removed from the wooden heroines of Walter Scott or from such creations of Thackeray as Amelia Sedley in *Vanity Fair* or Laura in *Pendennis*. They are warm, flesh-and-blood human beings without a trace of priggishness or prudishness.

Perhaps it was the absence of social and commercial pressures, the leisurely pace of life in a Russia that had scarcely entered the Industrial Age, that made for the existence of such characters. The "Turgenev girl," one suspects, was a casualty of the Russian Revolution.

The only way adequately to appreciate Turgenev's romantic spell is to read and reread his novels. But one may recall two episodes of rare beauty. There is the night garden scene in *Noblemen's Nest* in which Lavretsky wins a confession of love from Liza, perhaps the most appealing of his heroines. Unable to sleep from happiness and excitement, Lavretsky wakes up Liza's old German music teacher, Lemm, who realizes what has happened and sits down to play like a man inspired. The beauty is more poignant because tragedy is in the wings. Lavretsky's faithless wife, whom he believed to be dead, returns. Divorce, under the canons of the Orthodox Church, is impossible. Liza buries her broken love in a convent; Lavretsky learns to live with renunciation.

There is another glowing scene in *On the Eve*. Here the strong, almost dour personality of the dedicated Bulgarian nationalist, Insarov, is set against that of some amiable Russian triflers. When Elena, the heroine of the novel, learns that Insarov is about to leave Russia, she goes to him and tells him that she loves him—a far greater breach of convention at that time than it would be now.

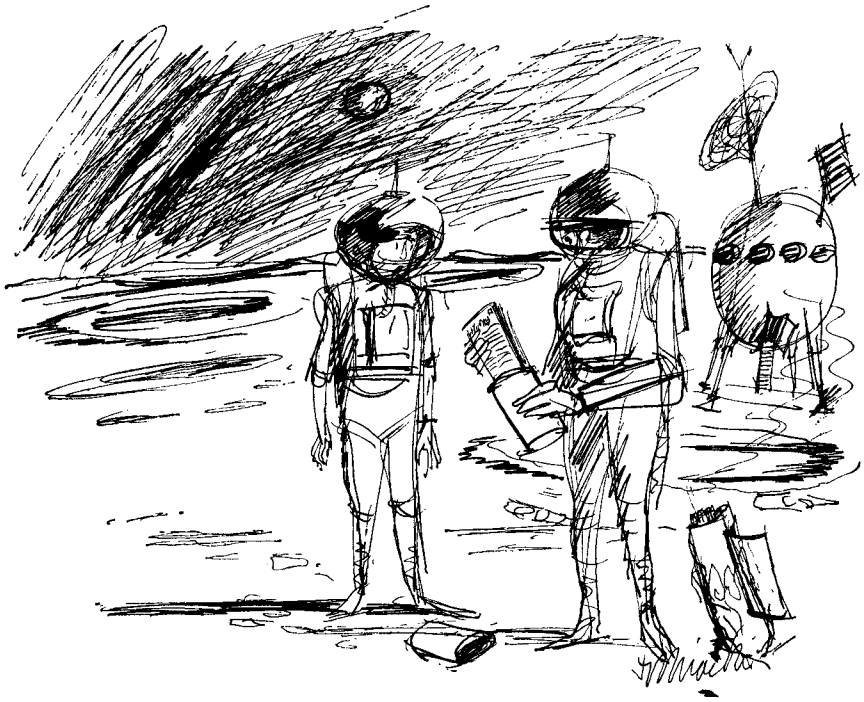
Insarov, deeply in love with Elena, but earnest and serious, feels obliged to warn her of one obstacle after another to their marriage: the disapproval of her parents, the necessity to leave Russia, commitment to the hard and dangerous life of a rebel against Turkish rule in his native Bulgaria. But to every testing question Elena quietly responds "I know"—until the climax is reached as Insarov cries: "Long live my wife, before men and before God."

THERE IS an episode in Mary McCarthy's *The Group* in which the woman makes the advance but which is otherwise as complete a contrast to the spirit of the relation between Insarov and Elena as could well be imagined. There, Dick's parting message to Dottie is, "Get yourself a pessary—a female contraceptive, a plug." And he follows this with assurances of prospective infidelity. Other times, other values, other morals. Love is indeed a many-sided thing.

In this novel also there is no happy ending. Insarov dies of tuberculosis in Venice "on the eve" of his return to Bulgaria; Elena disappears. The death occurs against this vivid and characteristic descriptive passage:

> The mildness and softness of spring become Venice, as the brilliant summer sun becomes magnificent Genoa, as the gold and purple of autumn become the grand old city—Rome. . . . The huge masses of the palaces and churches stand light and splendid, like the beautiful dream of a young god; there is something fabulous, something enchantingly strange in the green-grey gleam and the silken play of hues of the dumb water in the canals, in the

(*Continued on page* 52)



"I don't know. Getting the 'Times' every morning makes me even more homesick."

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Saturday Review

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The Other War

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For the past five months, SR's editor has served as chairman of a Task Force on Air Pollution appointed by Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York City. The following editorial is drawn from that experience:*

THE American people are involved in a war far more deadly than the war in Vietnam, but very few of them seem aware of it; even fewer of them are doing anything about it. The war is being waged against the environment. Land, air, and water are the basics of that environment. All these basics are now under unremitting attack.

Consider the assault on the land. Americans are possessed of an incredible delusion. They believe they have a limitless supply of food. They have seen so many pictures of storage bins overflowing with grain that it hasn't occurred to them that their abundance may now be shrinking and that they may be headed for a food shortage. Each year for the past two decades more than a million acres have been taken out of cultivation in order to find space for spreading cities. Another million acres each year have been covered by broad cement ribbons of new superhighways. Meanwhile, millions more Americans have to be fed each year and our foreign commitments are growing.

Even without respect to food supplies, the gouging-out of forests and farmlands has already inflicted grave damage. Whether on broad new highways carved out of the countryside or on speedways cutting through the hearts of the cities, automotive vehicles are spewing into the atmosphere each year hundreds of thousands of tons of gases and chemical wastes that are hostile to the delicate lung tissue of human beings and other animals, and that devitalize or destroy the crops on which life depends. Under the Federal Clean Air Act, all new automobiles in the U.S. will have to be equipped with special pollution-control devices by 1968. This is all to the good. Unfortunately, the bulk of the car population will be unaffected unless the states pass effective legislation to bring all cars, trucks, and buses under control. Another serious difficulty is that the new federal legislation calls for a device that is directed against hydrocarbons but that actually will have the effect of increasing the highly dangerous oxides of nitrogen in automobile exhausts.

It makes little difference how much progress may be made in other areas of attack on pollution; unless there is effective control over gasoline and diesel engines, the larger fight against pollution will fail. No American city has been more vigorous and effective than Los Angeles in reducing poisons and filth caused by incineration, open burning, and heating furnaces. But the growth of the freeways and of automotive traffic has been cancelling out the gains produced by the tamed chimneys.

New York has 1,500,000 gasoline and diesel engines pumping lead, polynuclear hydrocarbons, benzopyrene, nitric oxides, and carbon monoxide into its air each day. This incredible noxious spew is added to all the other poisons produced by incinerators, public and private; by power-generating stations; by the heating furnaces of thousands of apartment houses and office buildings, and by manufacturing establishments.

New York City has begun to mount a counter-attack. The Mayor's Task Force on Air Pollution has completed an agreement with Consolidated Edison, the city's supplier of electrical power, to start shutting down its antiquated stations, now located within the city, and build power-generating stations at remote areas outside the city, then to carry the power into New York over transmission lines. These new plants would be equipped with air-pollution control devices and would be located in sparsely populated areas. Moreover, with the urging and backing of the city, Consolidated Edison has received from the Federal Power Commission an additional allocation of 20 billion cubic feet of natural gas to be used instead of soft coal and fuel oil at some of its power plants inside the city. The power-generating station just south of the United Nations already has been converted to smoke-free natural gas, and U.N. delegates may use their terrace this summer without having to cope with heavy soot fallout.

New York City has also just enacted legislation aimed at reducing the amount of the highly noxious sulfur oxides, produced by the burning of coal and fuel oil. And the city intends to install pollution-control devices on the city-operated incinerators, which account for a considerable portion of the dirt and poisons in the air.

Perhaps the most important single recommendation of the Mayor's Task Force on Air Pollution in New York is directed to the creation of an Environmental Control Board, with authority to combat air pollution, water pollution, noise, and congestion. Mayor John V. Lindsay has accepted the Task Force report as the basis for the anti-pollution program of his administration.

Basically, however, the fight to control environmental dangers is a national and even a world one. The human race may not be tied together politically or philosophically or culturally, but the one thing that all the world's people have in common is a finite amount of land, an air envelope that is rapidly filling up with filth and poisons, and an uneven water supply that is largely unprotected against infection by sewage and noxious wastes.

The human intelligence that created industrial civilization now has the assignment of making that civilization compatible with man's basic needs. If this is not done, the verdict on man is likely to be that he is first of all an anti-environmental predator and a producer of garbage and poisons, and only secondarily a creator of fine works, great deeds, and beauty. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TV as Mass Media

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, in his article, "Man Is More than a Statistic" [*SR*, May 21], fails to mention the reasons TV is willing to accept [researchers'] findings of low taste. Simply, it is easier to supply for a mediocrity. Less simply, the ego is relieved when the public bears the weight of personal inabilities. If TV could be driven—as the movies were—by fear of annihilation, we would see how soon would be found a new level of mass intelligence!

ISRAEL BARAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

WHAT WORRIES ME is a problem Mr. Krutch makes only passing reference to. Give me American television for a generation and I'll make of Americans anything you want. I will distort news or delete it, rewrite history, and show your values triumphant and loved in real-life situations, and others' values defeated and despised. Shall we value violence, sophistication, and avoidance of emotional involvement? These indeed seem to be the present values of many younger people who have not experienced an authentic life.

TUCKER T. COON.

Oxford, O.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH stated that ancient Greek audiences had no choice but to attend the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The names of some 150 Greek tragedians are preserved (see M. I. Finley's *The World of Odysseus*); this meant a considerable choice of plays. Also, the Athenian dramatic festivals were competitive events at which prizes were awarded, and since the plays of the great three generally, though not invariably, prevailed, there is some evidence for regarding them as genuinely popular.

P. D. NEWTON.

Downsview, Ont., Canada.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH poses the question, "Does advertising make you buy?" Speaking for myself, but no doubt expressing the opinion of many kindred souls, I can say that . . . I would buy the product advertised [in a TV commercial] only if: 1) I happen to have used it anyway, or 2) nothing comparable is available, in which case it would most assuredly not take an elaborate, coy, big-name star's recommendation to inform me.

MRS. ALBERT A. RAYLE.

Altanta, Ga.

THE ANSWER to the TV problem is, of course, home video tape recordings, which ensure immortality and allow at least some small chance of avoiding Nielsen.

K. D. RASHID, M.D.

Oakland, Calif.

Fresh Air from China

THANK YOU for presenting the highly significant article, "Eyewitness in Red China," by Hugo Portisch [*SR*, Apr. 30]. It is the first totally objective account I have read in more than two years. Our own propaganda has become so stuffy and sterile that reading Portisch is like breathing mountain fresh air.

GIRARD T. BRYANT,
Dean of Instruction,
Metropolitan Junior College.

Kansas City, Mo.

"Yes, dammit! I was a good boy today. Now give me my vodka Martini!"

U.N. Peacekeeping

I READ WITH INTEREST, but vast disappointment, Arthur Cox's article, "What Does 'UN Peacekeeping' Mean?" in your May 14 issue. What is needed is a permanent, professionally trained, individually recruited U.N. force responsible only to the U.N. and ready to act. Dr. Jerome Wiesner and his Committee on Arms Control and Disarmament urged such a force of 1,000 to 2,000 men at the White House Conference on International Cooperation. If tomorrow's Dominican Republic and Vietnam find no U.N. force available, young men in all nations will have every right to be angry!

SANDFORD Z. PERSONS,
Legislative Director,
United World Federalists.

Washington, D.C.

APROPOS of Arthur Cox's excellent article on United Nations peacekeeping: Disarmament, as well as peacekeeping, depends on developing more reliable means for the peaceful resolution of conflict—fact finding, mediation, and (in obstinate cases) arbitration or legal decision, whenever direct negotiations fail. Nations are no more likely to accept general and complete disarmament without first being assured that their disputes can be justly settled and their vital interests protected than the pistol-packing men on the American frontier accepted personal disarmament without first establishing laws and courts on which they could rely.

Reliable machinery for conflict resolution is the most basic requisite if the U.N. is to keep peace—and the most neglected in the perennial debate on requirements for human survival.

DOROTHY HUTCHINSON,
International Chairman,
Womens International League for Peace and Freedom.

Jenkintown, Pa.

Opinion Polls

THE EDITORIAL by Elmo Roper on "Government by Public Opinion Polls" [*SR*, May 28] was excellent. It brings to mind a fable by James Thurber from his *Fables for Our Time* entitled "The Owl Who Was God." The animals thought the owl was very wise because he could see at night and he could answer all questions (according to the secretary bird who queried him). Accordingly, they made him their leader with the cry "He's God." They followed him in everything he did until he led them down a concrete highway and they were all hit by a truck, some of them being injured, but most of them being killed. According to James Thurber, the moral is that you can fool too many of the people too much of the time.

MRS. SOL KLASS.

Maplewood, N.J.

ELMO ROPER'S comments omit the most essential point: If our intervention in the domestic affairs of South Vietnam is disapproved by a substantial segment of South Vietnam opinion, there is no percentage of domestic approval here that can justify or

(*Continued on page* 53)

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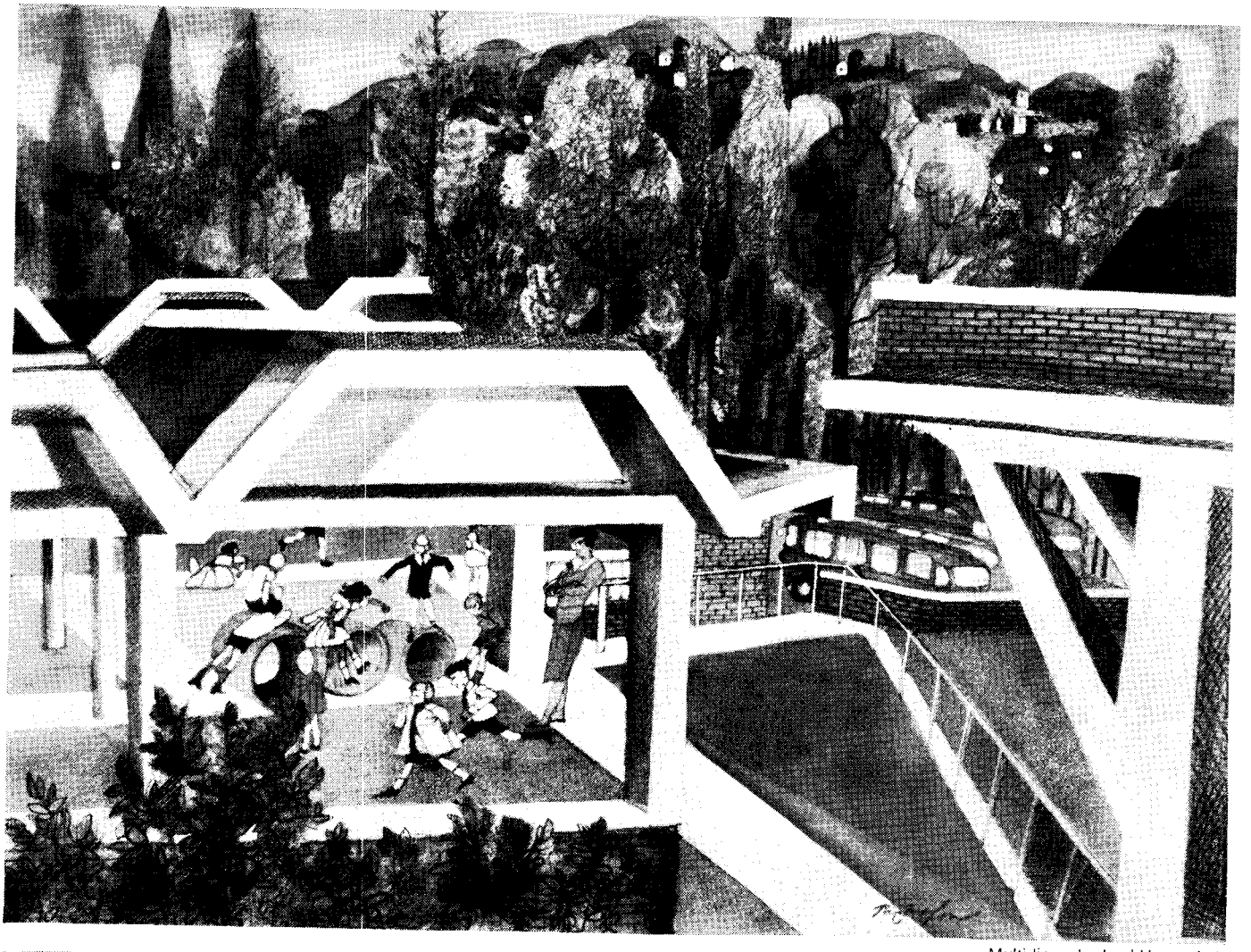

Multi-lingual school, Varese, Italy

Giovanni! Jean! Johann!

Johnny the schoolboy is much the same the world over. More than ever before, so is his school. Exchanging ideas and techniques – as well as students and teachers – the schools of many nations are contributing greatly to international understanding.

Rand McNally is part of this current of international good will. We serve American education directly through publishing textbooks and manufacturing textbooks and encyclopedias for other publishers. We also publish the accurate, up-to-date maps, atlases, and globes that help provide the basic knowledge of other lands upon which international understanding must rest.

When Johnny goes abroad to study on his foundation grant, the chances are Rand McNally will have helped him at some point in his scholastic career.

RAND McNALLY
Publishers, printers, mapmakers
Chicago, New York, San Francisco

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LITERARY HORIZONS

One of the Roaming Kind

JACK BOLLING, the hero of *The Moviegoer*, Walker Percy's first novel and winner of a National Book Award in 1962, is a man in his thirtieth year, profitably employed in his family's investment firm in New Orleans and living in a socially acceptable fashion. He is, however, plagued by a feeling that the average man is "sunk in the everydayness of his own life." "For some time now," he reports, "the impression has been growing upon me that everyone is dead." He spends much time at the movies because he finds it easier to come to terms with the stylized life of the screen than with what passes as real life on the street.

Bill Barrett, the subject of Percy's second novel, *The Last Gentleman* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95), is to outward appearances worse off than Bolling. Descended from a prominent Alabama family, he attends Princeton as his ancestors had done, but in the autumn of his junior year he feels hopelessly alienated from his contemporaries, and suddenly walks out. "This is no place for me for another half hour," he says to himself, "let alone two years." He suffers periodically from amnesia and often has an acute sense of *déjà vu*. Dutifully he tries psychiatry, but five years and $18,000—he has had a small inheritance—fail to help him. (Later on he says, "I had an analyst for five years and he was very good, but he didn't know anything I didn't know." Eventually he gets a job as what is known as "maintenance engineer" on the night shift at Macy's. He is really a kind of janitor, but Percy usually refers to him as "the engineer."

When the story opens, Bill has just spent all of his savings on an expensive and powerful telescope, which enables him to satisfy his great curiosity about people without involving him in their affairs. It is supposed to do for him more or less what the moving pictures do for Jack Bolling. The telescope, however, leads to his meeting with the Vaught family, and this begins a series of extravagant adventures.

It is suggested more than once in *The Moviegoer* that Jack Bolling is a man born out of his time, unable either to accept the values of his contemporaries or to apply the values of an earlier era. In *The Last Gentleman* Percy is even more explicit about the loss of certainty: "It was an honorable and violent family, but gradually the violence had been deflected and turned inwards. The great grandfather knew what was what and said so and acted accordingly, and did not care what anyone thought. The next generation, the grandfather, seemed to know what was what but he was not really so sure. He was brave but he gave much thought to the business of being brave. . . . The father was a brave man too and he said he didn't care what others thought. But he did care. More than anything else, he wished to live with honor and to be thought well of by other men. So living for him was a strain." Eventually, as we learn from several poignant glimpses of the past, the father committed suicide. "As for the present young man," Percy continues, "the last of the line, he did not know what to think. So he became a watcher and a listener and a wanderer."

The Vaughts, though also Southerners, are a different variety from the Barretts. Mr. Vaught has "the knack of getting onto the rhythm of things, of knowing when to buy and sell," and he is rich. His wife is a professional Confederate, and of course a segregationist and anti-Semite. The older Vaughts are perfectly at home in what Percy thinks of as the New South, the South that has taken over most of the evils of the North without losing any of its own vices. The children are a different matter, and Percy examines their various kinds of rebellion. Kitty, with whom Bill Barrett thinks he is in love, is the closest to conformity.

Bill is astonished by what he finds: "The South he came home to was different from the South he had left. It was happy, victorious, Christian, rich, patriotic, and Republican." He had been rather comfortable with Northerners because they all seemed homeless, but now he is homeless among people who are perfectly at home. "The engineer was the only white man in the entire South who did not know all there was to know about Negroes." At the sime time he disconcerts the Negroes he encounters: "He actually looked at them." He longs to be like his noisy, impervious, ostentatiously happy contemporaries, and he knows he can never make it.

Watching several fraternity brothers on a spree, Bill thinks, "Oh, why ain't I like them?" "Why do they feel so good and I feel so bad?" he asks Sutter Vaught, a disqualified doctor and the most openly rebellious of the tribe. Sutter replies, "The question is whether they feel as good as you think, and if they do, then the question is whether it is necessarily worse to feel bad than good under the circumstances." Sutter continues to try to encourage skepticism in Bill, leaving a

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journal for him to read. In the modern world, Sutter argues, lewdness is the only way that is left of making contact with reality, and he devotes himself wholeheartedly to the pursuit of women. He wants to say, "Look, Barrett, your trouble is due not to a disorder of your organism but to the human condition." But he is sure Bill will misunderstand him.

After a talk on the telephone with Kitty, Bill seems ready to accept her and all that goes with her—a job in her father's automobile agency, the country club, an expensive house in a good neighborhood, etc. He says to Sutter, "I have lived a rather abnormal and solitary life and have tended to get things backwards. . . . I think I see for the first time the possibility of a happy, useful life." But in the end it appears—I can't be sure—that Bill chooses Sutter's way rather than Kitty's.

The Last Gentleman is less tightly constructed than *The Moviegoer*, making room for some episodes that are extraneous but amusing (for instance, the misadventures of a Northern journalist who poses as a Negro); but it has the same kind of wit and the same power to shake the reader out of his assumptions. If the circumstances in which the two young men are involved are quite different, the men themselves are a good deal alike. Both are detached from societies in which they find themselves, and yet both have a lively interest in human behavior and a sharper than normal insight into men and women. This is a kind of character congenial to Percy, for through such a person's eyes he can present his own sardonic view of the human comedy. I am not sure who the last gentleman is, but it may be Bill Barrett's father, who committed suicide.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1193

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1193 will be found in the next issue.

FZ FUDVXD NIW DIPWUVGPX

FCWQD IVX NWUL VX ZW

TWZRPU FUDVXD CQD JUVDVJ.

—I. R. NPTTX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1192

Except in street cars one should never be unnecessarily rude to a lady.

—O. HENRY.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Career-Building

I MUST TAKE VIOLENT EXCEPTION to the first sentence of the otherwise excellent article by David Dempsey, "Career-Building at Radcliffe" [*SR*, May 14]:" . . . no college or university, to my knowledge, offers as a part of its regular academic curriculum courses for the student who wants to pursue a career in [publishing]."

Simmons College, across the river from Radcliffe, has offered just such a program for the last thirty years, and it was the first college to offer such a program. One of its professional schools, the School of Publication, offers a four-year program to prepare young women for the publishing field. . . . But the program is not limited to book publishing alone; its graduates are employed on the staffs of . . . magazines . . . from Boston to Seattle. Graduates of a program in publishing arts offered jointly by the School of Publication of Simmons College and the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, are employed as book designers and typographical designers. . . .

R. F. BOSWORTH,
Director.

Boston, Mass.

PUBLISHERS ARE WELL AWARE of the lack of trained or experienced personnel. . . . At a recent committee meeting attended by a half dozen of the larger publishers, held at the American Book Publishers Council, it was decided that we should make our needs known to college students. . . . David Dempsey's discussion of the subject is, indeed, a timely one from the publishers' point of view.

JOHN KELLY,
John Wiley & Sons, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

Comb, Not Marsh

I THINK GRANVILLE HICKS (Letters to the Book Review Editor, *SR*, May 28) will find, on checking, that the associate professor of music at Brandeis whom he quotes is Caldwell Tit*comb* not Tit*marsh*. Dr. Titcomb has been a mainstay of the music department for many years.

PHYLLIS M. ROSEN.

Bronx, N.Y.

Pius XII

GUENTER LEWY'S REVIEW of Saul Friedländer's *Pius XII and The Third Reich* [*SR*, May 21] invites comment. . . .

It is his contention that Pius XII had a predilection for Germany because he had once been papal nuncio there; or that he was not anxious to weaken Nazi Germany by criticizing its policies because he feared Communist Russia more. This is pure conjecture and does not square with the character and stature of the Pontiff who, it is well known, depleted his own modest fortune to aid Italian Jews by sanctioning escape routes for them and by other means.

It is even more ridiculous for Friedländer to declare that Wladislaw Raczkiewicz, President of the Polish government in exile, implored the Pope to issue an unequivocal denunciation of Nazi violence in order to strengthen the willingness of the Poles to resist the Germans and *to help the Jews*. . . . The Poles, in their time, were even greater pogromists than the Russians and would have run neck and neck with the Germans had they had access to Hitler's gas chambers in their day! . . .

What about the nations who aided this slaughter, actively or passively? And what about the great civilized countries whose acquiescence and indifference spurred on the slaughter of those six million?

No, it won't do for Friedländer any more than it did for Rolf Hochhuth in his *Deputy* to point the accusing finger at the Pope. In any case, it remains a moot question how much good he could have done, even if he had raised his voice, excommunicated Hitler and broke the Concordat between the Vatican and Germany.

In the final judgment of the twelfth Pius one must weigh his failure to protest against a complete knowledge of the responsibilities of his office, both political and spiritual.

LOU GREENSPAN.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Anne More's Father-in-Law

IN PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS [*SR*, May 28] Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) is cited as John Donne's (1573-1631) father-in-law. Would that the gentle Sir Thomas had been! The *ungentle* Sir *George* More, the father of Anne More Donne, welcomed his unwanted young son-in-law into the family by arranging to have him thrown into the Fleet prison. Sir Thomas would have extended a warmer welcome.

JOSEPH R. HILYARD.

Holyoke, Mass.

Not Puppets?

REGARDING THE REVIEW of *Viet-Nam Witness 1953-66* [*SR*, May 28], Bernard Fall assures us that the Vietcong are not puppets of North Vietnam. To prove this he quotes a "high-ranking spokesman" of the Vietcong as saying that the Vietcong are not puppets of North Vietnam. It is then implied that all intelligent people should know that Vietcong spokesmen are more trustworthy than American officials.

Attempting to pass off this type of silly nonreasoning as scholarship is an insult to your readers. Little wonder that the American public has no respect for "intellectuals."

TSGT ROBERT L. CLEVE.

Sepulneda, Calif.

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He Was His Own Best Character

Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain: A Biography, *by Justin Kaplan (Simon & Schuster. 424 pp. $7.95), reveals the profound duality in the nature of the ironical writer who longed to be a millionaire. A. Grove Day, senior professor of English at the University of Hawaii, edited "Mark Twain's Letters from Hawaii."*

By A. GROVE DAY

MARK TWAIN is still news. Although he published his first book, *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County,* ninety-nine years ago, the most recent annual bibliography of the Modern Language Association of America lists forty-seven scholarly books and articles about him. The titles of works by Samuel Langhorne Clemens in *Books in Print* take up nearly three tall columns of fine type. Yet to this day we do not know enough about his life.

Justin Kaplan has read all the books and articles, all the letters and notes. He has sifted the biographical grains and blown away the chaff of legends and lies. He has listened to all the theories but has swallowed none. Six years ago he set aside an editorial career to devote all his time to this biography. The result, *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain,* supersedes previous accounts of its subject's later years. Well documented and fascinatingly written, it is the book that Dixon Wecter, had he lived, could have composed.

"Mark Twain" was the greatest literary creation of the author Samuel Clemens. Back in 1920 Van Wyck Brooks, in *The Ordeal of Mark Twain,* a pioneer effort at psychiatric criticism, propounded the theory that Clemens was "wounded" by his society and restrained from becoming the American Voltaire or Jonathan Swift by the efforts of his womenfolk and his New England friends to "comb him all to hell" and force him into the mold of gentility. (This one-sentence attempt to boil down an interpretation that has aroused a volume of discussion is, of course, quite unfair to Brooks and his supporters.) The myth has spread widely, but the present book does much to controvert it.

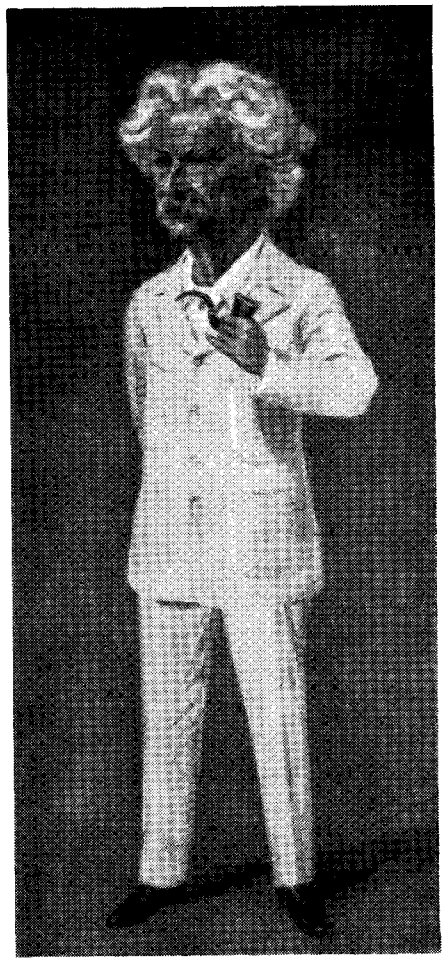
The Clemens womenfolk were, most of the time, afraid of the master of the bustling household. During her final sickness, Mrs. Clemens, exhausted by hostess fatigue and travel, suffered most of all from proximity to her volcanic husband, whom her doctors kept away from her. And not even William Dean Howells could smother Mark Twain in full eruption. If Clemens, "probably the most richly endowed natural talent in American literature," suffered a trauma, the wound was self-inflicted.

Mr. Kaplan's objective and discriminating book reads like a good novel. And the plot emerges early. The conflict is the battle between "Mark Twain"—ex-printer, ex-pilot, ex-miner, Wild West comedian, the greatest platform lecturer of his generation, the innocent abroad, the exploder of sham—and the success-hunting Samuel Clemens, victim of the "Gilded Age" that he himself named and satirized.

Nowhere does Mr. Kaplan use the word "schizophrenia," but his book examines almost clinically the growing gap between the man and his mask. The tragedy of this beloved author lay in his inability to reconcile his Calvinistic conscience with his desire to make a million dollars. That this was also the tragedy of thousands of other Americans in the era of the robber barons accounts partly for the popularity of his works.

Books like *The Innocents Abroad* and *Huckleberry Finn* were by-products of genius, merely one aspect of the compulsion to cut a figure in the world, which aroused this naturally lazy man to spurts of demonic activity. And in his writing, employing his "usable past," again and again he revealed the doubleness of his own nature.

Mark Twain—the very pseudonym shouts out the duality of the man who chose it—filled his books with images of split personality. His twins, his doubles, his claimants, his murdered "conscience," his prince and his pauper, his invented companion "Mr. Brown," his dream-selves, his Yankee mechanic transforming King Arthur's court with modern machinery, his mysterious strangers, are omnipresent when one begins to read with awareness of this theme. Impostors like the Duke and the Dauphin were drawn from life because Clemens knew himself, a country boy from Missouri, to be an impostor in the great world of glitter and gentility. Much of Mark Twain's humor is satirical and ironic—the humor of pity and disdain for himself as a member of "the damned human race."



"Below the Mark"—Spy's caricature of Mark Twain in *Vanity Fair.*

Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain opens just a century ago, in 1866, when Sam had recently assumed his famed *nom de plume* and was heading for New York after a four-month reporting assignment in the Hawaiian Islands. Thirty-one years old, he was putting behind him the frontier he was destined to celebrate and symbolize. He was far from attaining the success he felt he owed to his mother and sister, both widowed, and his bankrupt, foolish elder brother. The admiration and affection he craved were hard to come by. Sam had been in a San Francisco jail, and one night earlier in that year had put a pistol to his head.

He was already a "double creature." He wanted to be "in," but he also wanted the privilege of ridiculing those who were. Easily hurt, often depressed, he was capable of great rage and greater remorse. He could be infantile; his future wife was to nickname him "Youth" and "Little Man." To Sam Clemens, everybody was either an angel or a devil, and often the devils were ex-angels.

He was foredoomed by his infatuation with the inventions and mechanisms that were transforming agrarian, post-bellum America. Even fourteen years earlier, visiting Manhattan as a wandering young printer, Sam had reported on a primitive typesetting machine whose patent rights

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would bring fabulous sums—a foreshadowing of his fatal involvement with the inventor James W. Paige, whose elaborate attempts to rival the Linotype were to cost Clemens nearly $200,000 and bring bankruptcy to his publishing enterprise.

In 1867 Sam was, as ever, looking for an easy way to get rich. Publication of *The Jumping Frog* and lecturing to half-empty houses might be roads to fortune, if properly pursued, but self-doubts and depression came again. Arrested for brawling in the streets of New York, he tasted another night in jail before embarking on the *Quaker City* luxury cruise, to chronicle his adventures with a shipload of pious, well-to-do "pilgrims" and to lampoon the vaunted culture of Europe and the Near East. Clemens, graduate *cum laude* of the Western school of hard knocks, was probably the least innocent of all those who made the voyage to the Holy Land. And in his first important book, as Bret Harte noted in his review of *The Innocents Abroad*, "The irascible pilgrim, 'Mark Twain,' is a very eccentric creation of Mr. Clemens's." The creation assumed a power that finally was to dominate Samuel L. Clemens, part-time author and full-time climber.

Sam's itch to travel, seeking "peace only in excitement," was merely another outlet for his corroding Puritan sense of guilt and self-contempt. All his long life he was never to find Eden or the heavenly "St. Petersburg" of Tom Sawyer, the great good place where everybody was a blameless youngster again. But he kept on looking.

Marriage, he thought, might be an answer to his quest. The romantic story of how Clemens fell in love with a portrait and won the hand of Olivia Langdon, the Elmira coal heiress, has been told many times. And at first the reformed Westerner did try to fit into the role of genteel paterfamilias of the East. This great middle-class group was to be his chosen audience; he was going to give them what they wanted and to outshine them in their own strongholds. "With a certain willing suspension of identity," as Mr. Kaplan puts it, he embraced the "sivilization" that Huck Finn would light out from. "Mother" Fairbanks was replaced by Sam's angelic "Livy," to hear his promises, confessions, and apologies.

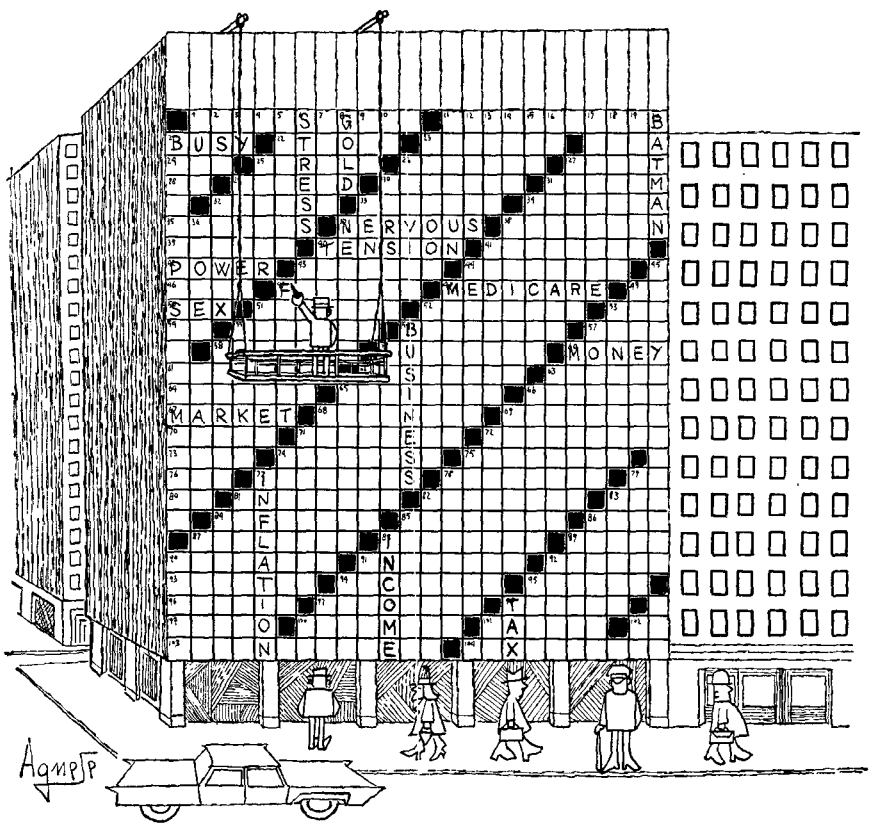
Deliberately, Clemens tied himself to that nineteenth-century creature, the beautiful invalid wife, who suffered from nervous prostration for almost sixty years. But his promises to reform were soon forgotten. Far from being dominated by his angel, he soon backslid; a few years after their wedding Livy herself was drinking beer before going to bed. Although he was chummy with two ministers, Henry Ward Beecher and Joe Twitchell, Sam never became a Christian, and Livy eventually became an unbeliever.

She reigned, but she did not rule. Nevertheless, within five years of their marriage, Sam Clemens the Bohemian and vagabond had undergone a thorough transformation. He embraced upper-middle-class values. . . . Clemens began to find himself as a writer by joining the social order instead of freeing himself from it; only later, when the mature artist came in conflict with the Victorian gentleman of property, did Clemens realize he had been scarred by his concessions. The journalist Walter Whitman became the poet Walt, but Sam became Samuel L. Clemens. He had known Whitman's open road long enough, and what he wanted was home.

The subscription book, the lyceum platform, dramas for the stage, investments in a hundred scatterbrained, get-rich-quick schemes were all paths to the wealth he needed to support his exhibitionism. Writing was done in improvised spurts, and revision was a boring chore that could just as well be done by others; as Howells recalled, "His proof sheets came back each a veritable 'mush of concession.'" The builder of the monstrous mansion in East Hartford, most affluent of American cities of the time, needed money to support his vainglorious household, where he was free to do almost no writing at all. "It is hard to think of another writer," Mr. Kaplan declares, "so obsessed in his life and work by the lure, the rustle and chink and heft of money. . . . He was notoriously reticent about depicting mature sexual and emotional relationships, but he did write a kind of pornography of the dollar."

The final forty years of Sam Clemens's life form a chronicle of dollar-hunting. The story is there, almost in double-entry ledger form. He was his own Colonel Sellers. In *The Gilded Age, Huckleberry Finn,* and "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" the idyllic village of Tom Sawyer is just as tainted as the wicked cities of Washington and New York. Panics, threats to Livy's inheritance, the fatal embarkation on a publishing career using the name and services of his overburdened nephew Charles L. Webster, the Paige fiasco, family expenses for a frail wife and three growing but far from healthy daughters (Clemens once remarked that two such highstrung people as he and Livy should probably never have had children)—all these brought strain and sorrow and a growing mood of pessimism. The summer of 1883, when after eight years of sporadic writing he finished *Huckleberry Finn,* was the high point of his creative literary life. Thereafter Mr. Clemens was the victim of the world-celebrated Mark Twain, from whom he could never escape.

Clemens was proud to know Ulysses S. Grant—"another twice-born man"—and to give his widow a check for $200,000 against her eventual royalties of nearly half a million dollars on the general's autobiography. "I am fright-



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ened at the proportions of my prosperity," he once said in this period. "It seems that whatever I touch turns to gold." But all his income from writing and lecturing went down the drain of keeping up appearances.

Inventions fascinated him. He tended to "humanize machines and mechanize people." Improving the speed of typesetting, the ex-printer believed with truth, would be the main hope for the survival of democracy through mass education. All his life he sought improvements that would lighten the burden of labor. He was probably the first author to deliver a typewritten manuscript. He owned the first private telephone in Hartford, and he dictated part of one of his books into a phonograph.

Clemens milked the publishing house to finance his dream machine with its 18,000 separate parts. He turned out his *Connecticut Yankee* as if the author were one of the inventions of Hank Morgan, his gadgeteering hero. Sam was determined to finish that book the day Paige perfected the miraculous typesetter. But after nine years no Paige model had been put on the market. Samuel L. Clemens, future millionaire in his dreams, was always short of cash. He apologized at Christmas in 1888 for being able to send back home only five dollars each for presents for his mother, his brother Orion, and his sister-in-law Mollie. "The machine," he admitted, "still has its grip on our purse."

The crash came in 1894. And the bankrupt Clemens, who had once attacked the corrupt men of the Gilded Age, was glad to accept the aid and friendship of H. H. Rogers, popularly excoriated as one of the arch-villains of the Standard Oil trust.

The sad last years are briefly and poignantly narrated by Mr. Kaplan: the potboiler books; the deaths of Susy, Livy, and epileptic Jean; the faith in "mind cure" and disillusion with other panaceas; the dozens of unfinished manuscripts whose tenor was, in the words of Bernard De Voto: "Do not blame me, for it was not my fault." The later Mark Twain, the report of whose literary death was not really exaggerated, became the shock-haired sage, commentator on everything, the darling of the newsmen, the aphoristic cynic in the white broadcloth suit or scarlet Oxford doctoral robe. The adulation he had sought came, not too late to be relished. He could almost completely forget Sam Clemens. In R. L. Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he found a falsity, for he believed that "the two persons in a man are wholly unknown to each other." Again, he wrote: "Every man is a moon and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody."

His finances, under the advice of Rogers, began to improve. Clemens, who had once said, "There are two times when a man should not speculate: when he can afford it, and when he can't," dabbled once more in dreams—investing in a carpet-weaving machine, plugging osteopathy and a health food. He drank Scotch with Andrew Carnegie and made a speech defending the Rockefellers. He lived on Fifth Avenue and summered at Tuxedo Park, and mingled with moguls at Palm Beach and Bermuda. When he died in 1910, viewing the return of Halley's Comet which had presided over his birth in 1835, his last words concerned "the laws of mentality" and dual personality.

Thus Clemens died, but Mark Twain is still with us. A happy ending is in sight: at last he is on the way to winning his goal and becoming a millionaire. On the death in 1963 of his only surviving daughter, Clara Clemens Samossoud, the Mark Twain Estate totaled $867,565.

"Mark Twain was his own biographer," as Mr. Kaplan says. Perceptively read, even most of his fiction is autobiographical. But Mark was not always accurate. "When I was younger," he once told Albert Bigelow Paine, "I could remember anything, whether it happened or not, but I am getting old, and soon I shall remember only the latter."

Where Do We Go from Vietnam?

***Lyndon B. Johnson and the World**, by Philip L. Geyelin (Praeger. 309 pp. $5.95), discussed last week by SR's Washington correspondent Henry Brandon, raises questions about the President's handling of the Vietnamese and other issues. J. H. Plumb here considers their implications from a historian's perspective.*

By J. H. PLUMB

POLITICS are like a great mountain chain: the abundant foothills, the numerous alps, the rarer peaks and, rarest of all, the great Himalayan giants that make the peaks and alps seem but foothills. Opportunity to climb a Himalayan giant comes to few statesmen: one must be born in a great country; even then the struggle for power will be so sharp and harsh that luck will be needed to become a President or a Prime Minister, as much luck, perhaps, as skill in climbing. True, the political ability for such a local success need not be of the highest order: think of Coolidge or Bonar Law, the forgotten Presidents and Prime Ministers of America and England. Also, even if the statesman's quality is of the highest, the opportunity to move into world statesmanship of enduring significance may never come. Events are needed. What would have been Franklin D. Roosevelt's role in history without the Depression or Winston Churchill's without World War II? Or, for that matter, Kennedy's without Cuba? Significant, of course, and perhaps more than significant, but events are needed to give a statesman the moral authority to speak to the multifarious millions who inhabit this world.

The event, however, is for the statesman but the opportunity to project a vision, to bring mankind to a sense of its ultimate necessities. The politicians who become statesmen of the highest class are men who in the last resort combine conviction, courage, with a will of steel be they Stalin or Gandhi. The best of them know instinctively how to pluck the future from their enemy's grasp.

Vietnam gave Johnson his chance to impress himself on the world as a statesman of the highest class. Has he failed, and is it possible even to judge his performance in the turmoil and horror of this Vietnamese war? It is difficult, but I believe Philip Geyelin has done it in the best book about the President yet written, the most carefully analytic, the wisest and the coolest. And Geyelin's indictment makes grievous reading, grievous because Johnson obviously had many of the qualities of a Himalayan climber: He is tough, resourceful, deeply moved by a sense of human needs—by poverty, sickness, the tragic plight of mankind's millions. He is huge in personality, a man built, one might think, on the scale of eternity. But there he is, well below the summit, frost-bitten, snow-blind, lost; clawing feverishly along a route that ends in a precipice. And now even the mountain is crumbling beneath him.

NO ONE, of course, pretends that the Vietnamese situation was easy: it was getting much worse before Kennedy died. But such situations require not mere response to events as they occur, with an eye cocked on the consensus, but bleak, realistic, intellectual analysis of how the future can be won even though it may mean losing the present. A plebiscite in England would probably have kept the British in India, and certainly the bulk of the Establishment, too, were against withdrawal. But there was no other course, if political complications of

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a monstrous order were to be avoided, complications which would have created more agonizing horrors than the religious massacres that followed Indian Independence. And for that withdrawal the public had been prepared if not consulted. But, even now, there seems no preparation by Johnson for what must inevitably come: sooner or later America must get out of Vietnam, win or lose, and what then will be the meaning of this bloody drain of men and treasure? China will still be there, still Communist, and much stronger. And China will have to be lived with.

But it's not only the discussion of Vietnam that makes this book worth reading, for it also lays bare the complexity of the President, and his essential weakness. What becomes apparent is Johnson's distrust of intellectual capacity. What a loss America has had in the great exodus from Washington of those outstanding intellectuals whom Kennedy grouped around him. Fortunately, they seem to be re-forming in New York and Boston, ready doubtless for 1968, when, maybe, conviction and courage in a President will once more be combined with high intelligence. This book spells out the need and, after reading it, one could wish it could be sooner.

Geyelin's book also raises larger issues. How long can the West go on putting supreme power in the hands of self-taught, amateur politicians? Kennedy had had some training in political and economic theory, and so has Wilson; but this is unusual. The dominant figures of the West since the war—Truman, Eisenhower, Churchill, Macmillan, de Gaulle, Adenauer—were totally devoid of strict intellectual training in politics and economics, as is Johnson. But look to the other side—Stalin, Khrushchev, Kosygin, Mao, Chou En-lai, Ho Chi Minh. In the practical arts of day-to-day politics they may not be so adept, and their blunders many, but who is winning and who is losing? All these were, or are, men rigorously trained in political theory as well as in political tactics. Such men are professionals in the strictest sense. They have scarcely ever missed a major strategic opportunity, whereas the West's golden chance to exploit the rift between Russia and China seems to have been lost for the sake of General Ky.

In a short review, it is hard to be fair; time and time again Geyelin stresses the great qualities which Johnson possesses and which, at times, even operate in the world of foreign affairs. Maybe the President will cut his losses, change his route, and find his way to the summit. If not, America will suffer deeply, both within and without. Reading this book would be salutary not only for the President, but for the nation. It points the way with inexorable logic.

A View Toward Change

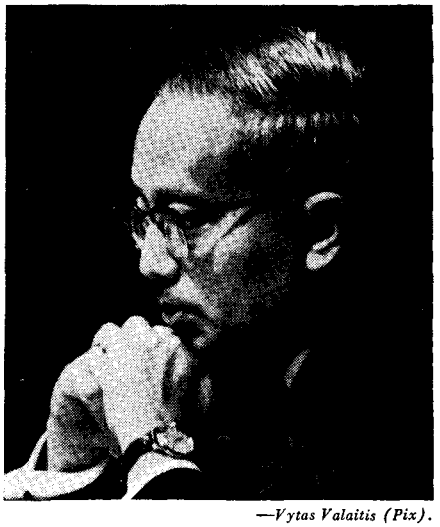
U Thant: The Search for Peace, *by June Bingham (Knopf. 300 pp. $5.95), sees the present Secretary General as a dynamic, pragmatic diplomat whose "view of man is based on Buddhist precepts." K. K. L. Kuliang is a political sociologist and Asian expert.*

By K. K. L. KULIANG

SEVERAL brilliant biographies on the life and work of Dag Hammarskjöld have appeared since his untimely death in September 1961.

But June Bingham's excellent book on U Thant is the first to appear in any language. Surprisingly enough, Hammarskjöld is reported to have remarked to Ralph Bunche about the Burmese diplomat: "There's a man who would make a good Secretary General."

Mrs. Bingham's credentials for her undertaking are impressive. As wife of Congressman Jonathan B. Bingham, who has been deputy director of the Point Four Program and American Ambassador to the U.N., she became acquainted with Burma and some of its political leaders, and has had ample opportunity to watch Thant at work and to observe diplomatic activities at the U.N. These unique experiences are reinforced by research and interviews. [see *SR* May 28]. The result is more than a biography: it is an intensely human portrayal, not only of Thant as a world leader but also of Burma's traditions and recent political history. There is a keen sense of balance in the author's treatment of Thant's family and educational background, his political ideas and methods of work, and his important role in both Burmese politics and at the U.N.



—Vytas Valaitis (Pix).

U Thant—"a catalyst."

Behind Thant's serene and warm exterior is a dynamic diplomat with a pragmatic mind. Formerly a schoolteacher and journalist, he was for many years Burma's top administrator – most importantly as secretary to the Prime Minister and secretary to the Economic and Social Board. He had traveled extensively before he became Burma's Permanent Representative to the U.N. in 1957. According to Mrs. Bingham, Thant's "view of man is based on Buddhist precepts, that there is more evil in man than good, but that with change being a universal law there is always a chance for improvement."

Like Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, Thant likes to describe the world community—in this case the U.N.—as "a common soul in this vast body." For that reason he takes pride in playing the role of a catalyst in such events as the signing of the Partial Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty and the settlement of the West New Guinea dispute. Said he: "Patriotism, national pride, or ideological conviction can and must take new and more creative forms."

With the inclusion of more than sixty Afro-Asian members in the U.N., the General Assembly has been elevated to a position of vast importance. At present, 85 per cent of the daily operation of the Secretariat concerns social, economic, and educational endeavors in the developing areas. Thant has stated in unequivocal terms that he cannot remain neutral in this gigantic struggle. He is considerably distressed that $120 billion is spent annually on military items by Communist and Western powers. While giving support to socioeconomic improvement in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, the Secretary General remains uninvolved in the Cold War confrontations because both sides are in his judgment "guilty of vast oversimplification."

One can read Mrs. Bingham's sympathetic but objective biography of U Thant with steady pleasure. Though not written in an academic manner, it draws upon most of the important works on Burma by such well-known scholars as Richard Butwell, John F. Cady, J. S. Furnivall, Mi Mi Khaing, Hugh Tinker, Frank Trager, and Shway Yoe (Sir James Scott). Moreover, the author shows a great deal of human understanding of the traditionally tranquil Burmese way of life and the zigzagging path of the country's political history since the nineteenth century.

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Stars at Night But No Electric Light

A Giant Step, *by Clyde T. Ellis (Random House. 267 pp. $5), records the struggles of the REA and the NRECA to bring electric power to America's rural population. Theodore C. Sorensen, SR editor-at-large and former special counsel to the President, is author of "Kennedy."*

By THEODORE C. SORENSEN

ONE OF my clearest childhood recollections is of my father addressing the dedication of an early Nebraska rural electrification project (REA). He illustrated his point with a story his children found only fairly funny—the tale, herein abbreviated for the sake of more sophisticated readers, of the farmer berated by his wife for purchasing a pair of overalls some twelve inches too long. In the dark of the night, upset by their quarrel, the wife found the overalls and her scissors and snipped off a foot from each pant-leg. So did the farmer. So did his mother-in-law, hoping to restore peace. In the morning all discovered that their good intentions had been ruined by a lack of cooperation—and cooperation, concluded my father, who had helped found Nebraska's unique public power system, was the theme of REA.

It is also the theme of this book. The struggles of American public power development in general, and of the Rural Electrification Administration and its programs in particular, are here related with understandable pride and prejudice by one of their foremost champions, Clyde Ellis, general manager of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association (NRECA) since its founding in 1942, and for the previous four years a young Congressman from Arkansas. Ellis provides a readable, personalized, "inside" account of the battles lost as well as those that were won in the process of this nation's taking "a giant step."

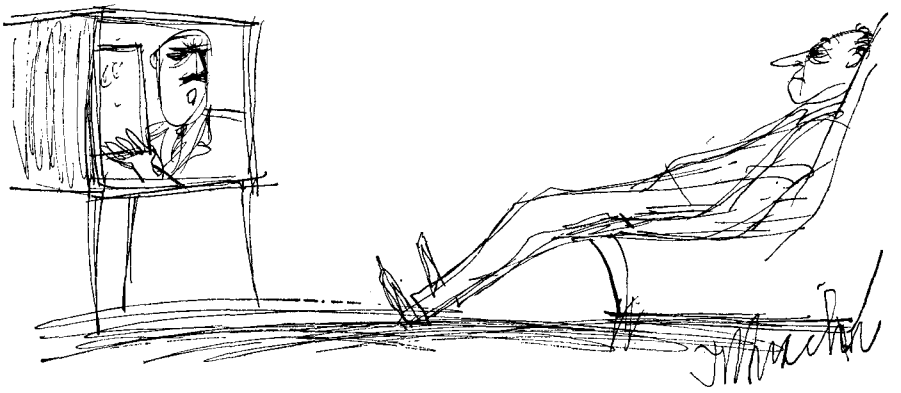
That the electrification of American farms was a giant step is no longer denied by the private power companies who, with few exceptions, openly fought the REA and the NRECA every inch of the way. Rural America in 1934 had many of the attributes of an undeveloped nation. Nine out of ten farms had no electricity. Days were spent in needless drudgery, nights in near-darkness. Franklin Roosevelt, George Norris, Sam Rayburn, and a host of others—including Congressman Lyndon Johnson—fashioned in the REA the instrument by which federal credit and leadership, working through local cooperatives and power districts, could revolutionize life on the farm. Today, with power lines serving the most remote and humble farm family in America, nations that despaired of ever developing their own countryside now look to the REA experience as a model.

Indeed, the steps taken since 1961 to "export" the REA pattern form one of the most interesting and important parts of this book. In Latin America, in Vietnam, and elsewhere in Asia and the developing world, REA and NRECA specialists have been at work, establishing cooperatives, building projects, and demonstrating American idealism, compassion, and talent in a way no ambassador or Voice of America broadcast could match. Ellis recalls his role in helping initiate these efforts, and his many visits to these areas. The pride he expresses can be shared by all his fellow citizens.

These fascinating episodes in American history—particularly the birth-pangs suffered by REA at the outset and its buffeting under Ezra Taft Benson—are here set forth in a low-key, dry, and often colorless fashion that relies on the facts themselves to provide the drama. Indeed, the book in many ways is like Clyde Ellis himself—modest for a man who has worked with five Presidents; uncompromising but soft-spoken; dedicated but easygoing; more intent upon proving a point than upon leavening his message with humor or human interest. Thus a potentially hilarious tale of how Ellis and President Truman included identical paragraphs in their speeches at a dam dedication, and a potentially moving account of a poverty-stricken Latin American farmhand offering his child for sale to Ellis's group of touring AID advisers, lack the elaboration which a professional writer might have offered.

Clyde Ellis makes no pretense of being a professional writer. Nor does he pretend to live up to the stereotype of the typical high-powered lobbyist who dispenses vast funds or ugly threats. Nor, finally, does he pretend to be the naïve idealist who wants his crusade untarnished by political considerations, pressure tactics, and the use of such devices as the filibuster or the unauthorized disclosure of government memoranda. Ellis is, as this book makes clear, unabashedly a single-interest lobbyist. That is both the book's strength and its weakness. Some will complain that he overstates his case and oversimplifies the problems, that he magnifies both the virtues of REA's friends and the vices of REA's enemies. But others will profit from his firsthand insight into the operations of political, public relations, and, especially, legislative campaigns. It is to his credit that he recounts those efforts which ended in defeat as well as his successes.

IT IS further to his credit that this book looks ahead as well as back. In many ways the original goals of REA have been all but fulfilled. The farms are electrified, the Agency is secure, the cooperatives are flourishing. But Ellis and his associates are not resting on their accomplishments. As long as farms in other parts of the world need help with their electrification programs, as long as poverty continues to scar large parts of rural America, as long as the need for more sources of credit and electric power in the future concern NRECA members, and as long as the great potential of electric power pooling and interconnections in the country lies largely untapped, Clyde Ellis will not be satisfied. Neither, may I add, will I.



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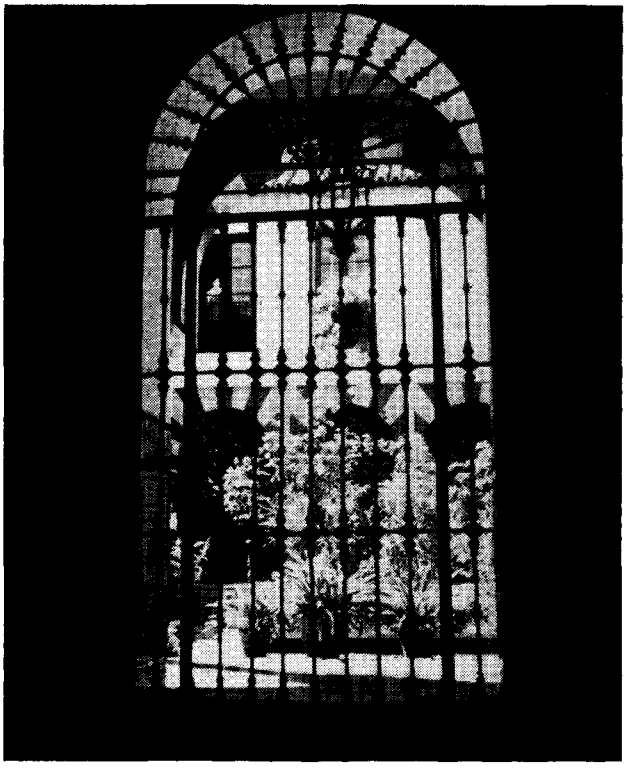
Victims of a Pious Cruelty

The Spanish Inquisition, *by Henry Kamen (New American Library. 339 pp. $5.95), and* ***A History of the Jews in Christian Spain, Vol. II,*** *by Yitzhak Baer (Jewish Publication Society of America. 537 pp. $6), analyze the expulsion and autos-da-fé of 1492 that ended 700 years of ostensible philo-Semitism in Spain. Abram L. Sachar, president of Brandeis University, wrote "A History of the Jews."*

By ABRAM L. SACHAR

THE JEWISH era in Spain lasted for more than seven centuries, from 711 A.D., when the first Jews came along with the Moorish conquerors, until 1492, when the edict of expulsion scattered 300,000 souls to the ends of the earth. The settlement in Spain, therefore, covered a period twice as long as has passed since the discovery of America. It is usually identified as the Golden Age. There had never been a period in Jewish history when there was such security and when leadership could reach into the highest echelons of community life. There were Jewish grand viziers, treasurers, ambassadors. The noblest Spanish families intermarried, and Jewish blood flowed in their veins. Indeed, Torquemada was himself of Jewish descent as were St. Teresa of Avila, Luis Vives the humanist, and Diego Laínez, second General of the Society of Jesus. At the time of the institution of the Inquisition, seven of Spain's leading prelates and the royal treasurer, as well as hundreds of members of the nobility, were of *converso* or converted families. The miracle of affluence and security was all the greater because in virtually all the rest of Christian Europe every form of discrimination and persecution was practiced, and Jews were confined to filthy ghettos. When Shylock cried out, "You spit upon my Jewish gaberdine," it was no figure of speech. Jews wore the ghetto badge and ate the bread of affliction. Spain was the oasis in the medieval Sahara of bigotry.

Yet it was here that the total expulsion came, the greatest tragedy in Jewish history since the annihilation of national life in Palestine, fifteen centuries earlier. And it is this tragic denouement that has deepened contemporary pessimism



—Rochelle Girson.

Patio near the birthplace of Maimonides, in Córdoba's *judería*—an "oasis in the medieval Sahara of bigotry."

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about the fate of even the most securely placed Jewish settlements. Who can ever be sure? Nazi Germany was really no accident; it was merely repeating the lessons of Spain. In our own day no Jewish community was apparently better anchored than in South Africa. Now it seems doomed, and the oldest families are grateful to the tenacious Zionists who had preached so fervently that Israel was really "a homeland in reserve." Even the Jews of the powerful settlement in the Argentine are sending their children abroad.

How long will it be, ask the disillusioned realists, before the bell tolls in the United States? The confident assertion that life in America has no parallel in history, and that the Jewish settlement is now too deeply rooted, is met by reference to the historic process. "Remember Spain. Seven hundred years and then the Inquisition, the *autos-da-fé* in the great squares of the Spanish cities, the expulsion in an edict signed by their Catholic majesties with only ninety days to get out, taking along nothing."

This is the mournful conclusion, implied rather than stated, that emerges from the two volumes under review. Dr. Kamen is a revisionist. He brings vast research to bear on his thesis that the Inquisition was not simply the vile creation of Catholic bigots whose sadism has been so luridly described and kept alive by the Protestant theologians and historians. These special pleaders, according to Kamen, have consistently treated the Inquisition as if it were an independent, never varying, monolithic institution foisted on the Spanish people by fanatics such as Torquemada for the sole purpose of combating the tender growth of the Reformation in Spain. In truth, Kamen insists, the Inquisition rose out of the envy and the greed of the newly emergent Spanish middle class and the nobility, those who wanted the place and the position that had been earned or won by the Jews. Anti-Semitism, rooted in envy, came first; the Holy Office followed. The Inquisition answered the popular cry for elimination of the Jews and Jewish influence.

BAER'S volume, completing a work which has gone to the foundations of Jewish life in Spain, details the magnificent contributions of the Jews, their cultural enrichment, their economic contribution. But, as in Kamen's study, the point is made that their very productivity was their undoing. They could not escape hatred when poverty prodded the despair of the Spaniards; nor could they escape when affluence made the highest groups, zealous for Spanish "honor," begrudge the success of their Jewish neighbors. It was not only the ignorant who gloried in the Inquisition's tortures and who screamed their delight when the flames consumed "the Jewish swine." The most educated applauded too what Machiavelli called "the pious cruelty" of the Expulsion.

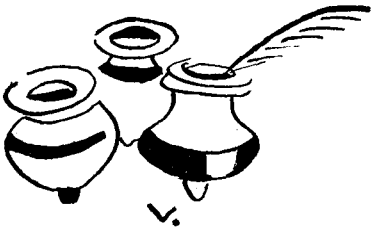
These volumes, well documented, opening out new sources, are immensely saddening in their implication. They strengthen the resolve of many Jewish leaders of today never to take kindly sentiments or protestations of amity and good will too seriously. They insist that Jews must rely more and more on inner strength, on their own resources, on self-help. For after the catastrophe that followed an idyl of seven centuries in Spain there can be no permanent safety for a historic group, in bad times and in good, that again and again brings into play the dormant envies which Adam, falling from grace, brought with him from Eden.

Converts in the Vatican

Popes from the Ghetto: A View of Medieval Christendom, *by Joachim Prinz (Horizon. 256 pp. $6.50), finds in its exploration of Vatican history that three popes—Anaclet II, Gregory VI, and Gregory VII—were descended from an erstwhile-Jewish banking family, the Pierleoni. Albert H. Friedlander is on the staff of Columbia University.*

By ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER

THE HISTORY of early and medieval Christianity is rarely presented with an emphasis upon Jewish sources and from a Jewish point of view. Newark Rabbi Joachim Prinz, past president of the American Jewish Congress, and a competent writer in the field of Jewish history, here gives us a highly partisan but always readable account of the Pierleoni family and its impact upon Church history. The Pierleoni, a leading Jewish banking family of Rome, converted to Christianity at the time of Pope Leo IX in 1030 A.D. Together with such other Roman families as the Frangipani, the Pierleoni came to exert an enormous influence on Church politics on the side of the Reform movement within the papacy. One member of the family, Peter Pierleoni, ruled in Rome from 1130 until his death in 1138 as Pope Anaclet II (Church history considers him the anti-pope to Innocent II). Earlier, the family had given their fullest support to Pope Gregory VI and to the great Hildebrand, who, as Gregory VII, forced the Emperor Henry to come barefoot to Canossa. It is Rabbi Prinz's contention that both of these popes were also members of the Pierleoni family and thus of Jewish descent.



The evidence presented by the author in support of his contention, particularly in the case of Gregory VII, is less than conclusive. But there is certainly enough material on hand to justify a serious exploration of this picturesque byway of Church history. And it is quite true that Peter Pierleoni, Anaclet II, a man of the utmost probity and decency, was dubbed "the apocalyptic beast upon the throne" (a play upon his family name "lion") by St. Bernard of Clairvaux and was constantly attacked by his enemies on the basis of his undoubted Jewish background. Nevertheless, it must be argued that the main thesis of this book is self-defeating: once the Pierleoni had converted *en masse*, they remained loyal Christians completely divorced from their Jewish background. If Anaclet II was attacked as "that Jew on the throne of Peter" by his contemporary foes, the turning of this charge into a compliment in modern times can be a dangerous assertion. Rabbi Prinz rightly insists in his work that Anaclet's Jewish ancestry should only be viewed as an interesting fact of history. But in the enthusiasm of the book that fact comes to be overstated.

The history of the Pierleoni family is handled with skill and discernment, although it would have been worthwhile to include an account of Anaclet's brother Jordan Pierleoni, who became the head of the Roman republic when Rome declared its independence in 1144. Early documents relating to the conversion of the Jews and to the relationship between the Church and the Jewish community are quoted and give insights of particular value for the current ecumenical climate. The ancient and modern landmarks of Rome—castles, towers, and synagogues—are woven into the story with intimate knowledge and sensitivity by the author. In its study of medieval Christendom, *Popes from the Ghetto* gives us another view of an area that is of particular concern to a Church presently engaged in reassessing its Jewish heritage.

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Approaches to Endings

***Alpha and Omega,** by Isaac Rosenfeld (Viking. 279 pp. $5.95), contains short stories whose themes are divided between the "underground man" who despises himself and the abstract man who acts out the author's political despair. Emile Capouya's critiques of contemporary fiction appear frequently in* Saturday Review.

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THE FIRST story in Isaac Rosenfeld's collection is called "The Hand That Fed Me." It is told in a series of letters, and in one letter the following passage occurs:

> But one more thing. On your card you have written, "From Ellen. Do you remember me?" A pretty little disingenuous note! I assure you, your card was sent in the deepest conviction that I had not once ceased to think of you. I'm sure of it. If you thought I'd forgotten you, you wouldn't have dared send a card. What, a man should receive a card from a certain Ellen and wonder who she is? Any time you'd leave yourself open!

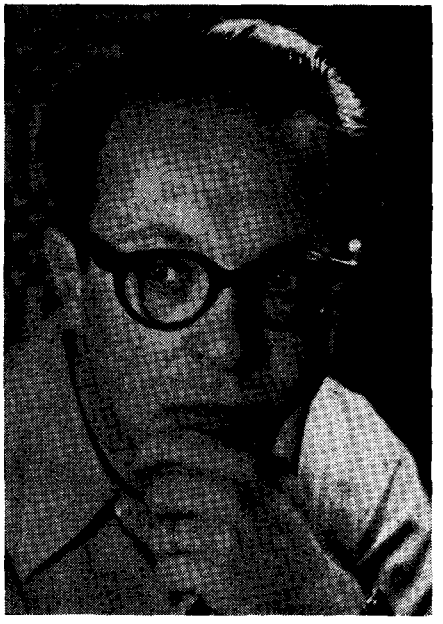
It is clear that the writer of the letter despises himself. He is like Dostoevsky's underground man, except that, a hundred years later, he cannot regard his situation as a horrible novelty.

Here is another passage, the first paragraph of the story "Alpha and Omega"; a postman presents himself:

> They call me Little Giant. In the morning, when my work begins, the bag is heavy. I pull it onto my shoulder with a groan. All day it grows lighter and lighter; my head rises of its own accord. I take longer, quicker steps, my strength, courage, and good humor return to me. Late in the afternoon, when the burden is gone, I am a new man. But it is late in the afternoon, the day's work is done, and tomorrow begins a new day.

The speaker is not really speaking at all. He is being spoken, as it were, by the author, for he is an abstraction.

Isaac Rosenfeld's characters seem to fall mainly into one of two classes. The underground man speaks, in a variant of colloquial English, and we suffer with him through his recital of his peculiarities—as Baudelaire says, feeding our



Isaac Rosenfeld—a vision of the ultimate defeat of the human race.

pleasant remorse as beggars feed their fleas. Or else abstract man is presented to us, in language that is often a kind of strangled poetry, and we learn from him "how it is."

The two best stories in the collection —and I think they would be remarkable in any company—are "The Colony" and "The New Egypt." In both of these it is abstract man who acts and suffers, carrying the burden of Rosenfeld's political despair. In both, the language of the narrative is an invented English that, while easy enough to read, is strangely official, remote, and unechoing. What it most resembles is a translation of Kafka. At the same time it is lighted by flashes of curious poetry ("my head rises of its own accord").

"THE Colony" was first published in 1945. It is about a nationalist leader, vaguely East Indian, Nehru-esque, whose movement and party are tolerated by the colonial government up to the point where their opposition threatens to become effective. The population is poverty-stricken and weaponless; at a mass-meeting the leader announces a policy of radical noncooperation with the colonial government, passive resistance, nonviolence, absolute boycott. Immediately, the movement is crushed and its chiefs imprisoned. After a long period of solitary confinement in an "experimental camp," the leader is allowed to see a group of his former colleagues, prisoners like himself. He has been refusing food, and so, apparently, have they. Scarcely able to stand, they crowd around him, full of love and admiration. Then the leader is presented to a second group of his imprisoned followers. They look well fed; they have not been abused. The mere sight of him stirs them to fury and they fall upon him. The leader begins to understand the nature of the "experiment."

The story seems endlessly suggestive as a political parable—for example, it tells us something about Big Labor's endorsement of the war against Vietnam. But it is nevertheless historically specific, dating from a period in which we had not yet become accustomed to the spectacle of dark-skinned men armed with automatic weapons. Rosenfeld's vision is of the ultimate defeat of the human race. That may come about, of course, but it no longer appears that it will be effected by landing-parties dispatched from Western strongholds.

"THE New Egypt" was written in 1946. Its central idea is that our necrophiliac society, and the industrial landscape that captures all the grace and gaiety of Karnak, is thoroughly Egyptoid in inspiration. The notion no longer seems as original as it once did, perhaps because it strikes us as more gallingly accurate than it appeared to be a generation ago. In any case, Rosenfeld's legend of a time when men are immortal and enslaved is a gloss on Thoreau's comment on the Egyptian pyramids—"built for some ambitious booby whom it would have been cheaper and manlier to drown in the Nile." Well, Rosenfeld suggests, that is not what men do with their ambitious boobies. Instead they labor under taskmasters, on a diet of garlic and encouraged with the whip. It would be pleasant to be able to suggest that this tale, too, suffers somewhat from historical provincialism, hailing as it does from the dark ages before the dawn of automation, with its promise to bring about the New Jerusalem and in general make everything nice. Is it superstition only that warns us against basing our criticism of Rosenfeld on so flattering an estimate of our future?

Isaac Rosenfeld died in 1956. A teacher and critic as well as the author of stories and one novel, he appears to have inspired during his lifetime affectionate admiration such as few literary men are accorded. It seems strange that his strength as a writer should lie in dealing with the public thing. Most of his contemporaries, and himself much of the time, confine themselves to the personal subjects they believe they can control. "The Colony" and "The New Egypt" suggest what we may be missing because of that common resolution.

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Two Tickets to Tomorrow

"The Railway Police" and "The Last Trolley Ride," *by Hortense Calisher (Little, Brown. 248 pp. $5), both short novels, concern, respectively, the rebellion of a bald woman and a streetcar named Fate. Joan Joffe Hall teaches English at the University of Connecticut.*

By JOAN JOFFE HALL

SOMEWHERE between one of her earlier novels, *Textures of Life,* and *Journal from Ellipsia,* published last year, Hortense Calisher moved from a stylized view of the actual world to fantasy, from the very terrestrial, even mundane, love of a young couple into outer space. In these two new short novels, *The Railway Police* and *The Last Trolley Ride,* this planet is turned into a backdrop for very strange, occasionally otherworldly, events. Both are highly idiosyncratic narratives, the one of a bald lady who decides to proclaim her baldness, the other of an elderly man named Jim who has a friend named Jim and who tells the story of youthful love and a mythical trolley line.

It's hard to avoid comparisons: *The Railway Police* is the better of the two. There's something too archly coy about *The Last Trolley Ride.* The convolutions of the sentences, the fake suspense about who is telling the story and about what finally did happen, falsify, it seems to me, the essential simplicity of the story itself. Jim and his friend return to a small town after World War I and court the Pardee girls, who live neglected on the outskirts of town, selling fritters. On the remarkable day when the trolley line, a folly from its inception, is retired, everyone goes on a picnicky last ride. When the return ride is temporarily stalled, Jim and Emily sneak off into the bushes, but the friend and Lottie stay on the trolley. It later turns out that plump and sexy Lottie is frigid, that the mate has to starve her to get his sex, that she leaves him after conceiving the child whom Jim and Emily bring up with their own. The trolley itself is a symbol of fate, of the past, of a simpler life; and also of an unruly universe, the universe of folly (its inventor has a miniature replica of the system, which functions perfectly—in his basement). All this is clear enough, except that Hortense Calisher for some reason feels obliged to jazz things up, to obscure the narrative line, to turn the characters and events into enigmas, to make the inventor fabulously rich and cultivated; in short, to create mystery where there is none.

Miss Calisher's style is, at its best, witty and ripe with insights; words melt in her mouth like the Pardee girls' fritters. But she has such an appetite for language, for seasoning in every sentence, that at its worst her style can become opaque, no medium for discovery and elucidation, a risky idiom for narrating events, dangerous for long fiction. Perhaps the brevity of *The Railway Police* is crucial to its success.

There's plenty of suspect mystery and initial obscurity in *The Railway Police,* but the story is finally compelling. A social worker of thirty-nine who wears wigs because she is absolutely bald decides, after seeing a vagrant thrown off a train by the railway police, to announce her baldness, to give up her pretense of hair, to obliterate all evidence of her place in the world, her home and job, to become a vagrant. She begins by leaving her girdle and stockings in the train lavatory and ends by monkishly carrying a bowl and watching from under a viaduct as the sun comes up. In one wonderful scene she throws all eighteen of her wigs off their wig blocks in what she believes is a gesture of farewell, but comes to acknowledge as a salute—hello wig blocks, the essence of the human head.

The intricacies, the subtleties, the cerebrations of Miss Calisher's style work better here, partly because the woman, who narrates the story, is herself involuted and complicated (as Grandfather Jim is not), and partly be-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

AIN'T SHE SWEET?

Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Mo., asks you to identify these poetic ladies from her unpoetic descriptions. Just give the name of each; take an extra bow if you also know the title of the work she adorns. Introductions on page 52.

1. She sang through her nose and spoke French with a London accent. (Chaucer)
2. How come her beaux were all so complimentary? Overwhelmed by her saintliness, beauty, and intelligence? (Shakespeare)
3. Not many walked that way, and she had the springs pretty much to herself. (Wordsworth)
4. The susurration of her skirts was not necessarily due to a taffeta petticoat. (Herrick)
5. She was passing fair, this one. (Browning)
6. Believe it or not, she had every virtue and every grace—in addition to that gorgeous figure. (Landor)
7. This maid of sixteen, above average in height and dignified of mien, is invited out, a certain somber creature having departed. (Tennyson)
8. She had not come to pay a ghostly call, but that's what her lover thought when he asked who was knocking at his door. (Poe)
9. A figurative kiss is what he wanted, surely, and not a lipstick outline on the rim of that winecup. (Jonson)
10. Probably because she needed some material for a hair-brooch, she waved her deadly bodkin and demanded the return of what had been swiped. (Pope)
11. Would she have had that midnight feast if she had been living in, say, a college dorm? (Keats)
12. Clutching his ring, she swooned prettily at the feet of one she had thought a truthful James of lower rank. (Scott)

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cause the story is no idyl, but tense and metaphysical. A kind of metaphysics of baldness: the heroine's baldness, her deformity, is her humanity, and the story asks us to consider what it means to be human.

Outside in Tangier: The English crowd showing the flag and their neuroses in Margaret Lane's novel are beastly to one another. Like some Americans in search of *le drugstore* for *les hamburgers*, these made-in-England types carry the baggage of their cold pasts in the hot climate of Tangier. It is not Morocco that does the reader violence in *A Smell of Burning* (Knopf, $4.95) but the prevalence of persons who behave like their hyphenated last names. Gerald Askew-Martin, indeed.

The noonday sun turns them slightly mad; but they were a bit balmy to begin with. Consuelo, for example, dreams of running off with a cad: "They might even, when she had brought him around, do a trip together; go south in the Mercedes, following the coast or crossing the High Atlas, venture a little way into the Sahara, make love in the naked sand like characters in a novel, behold the fiery sunrise on the desert, and perhaps camels."

The locale is a disreputable but authentic section of the international city. An English writer *manqué* holes up here, believing that he has only a year to live. Instead of buckling down to pen and paper, he seems to devote most of his time to the furnishings and atmosphere of his drawing room. Relatives, young and old, plus that aforementioned cad, pop into the story, presumably for obligatory party scenes.

The Arabs have a peculiar fascination for these English ladies and gentlemen from Gloucestershire and the provinces —but from afar. They really would rather see them as colorful characters than close up, except, of course, as members of the servant class.

The author, in private life married to the Earl of Huntingdon, looks far more attractive (on the jacket) than her unsavory and rather petulant creations. And the discovery of pasts rather than present or place causes *A Smell of Burning* to reel backward for the reader.

In the Tangier that is somehow the special province of Paul Bowles there is a feeling of being inside another world. Lady Huntingdon's characters are on the outside looking in. They never left home.

—Herbert Mitgang.

Prisoners in Love: It may be true, as the dust jacket asserts, that Edward Hyams's two other major novels, *The Unpossessed* and *A Perfect Stranger*, were highly acclaimed. But that similar tributes will be paid to this new effort, entitled *The Last Poor Man* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), seems unlikely. For, despite the fact that there are good threads in the novel, the weaving is poor, and the texture curiously uneven and unfinished.

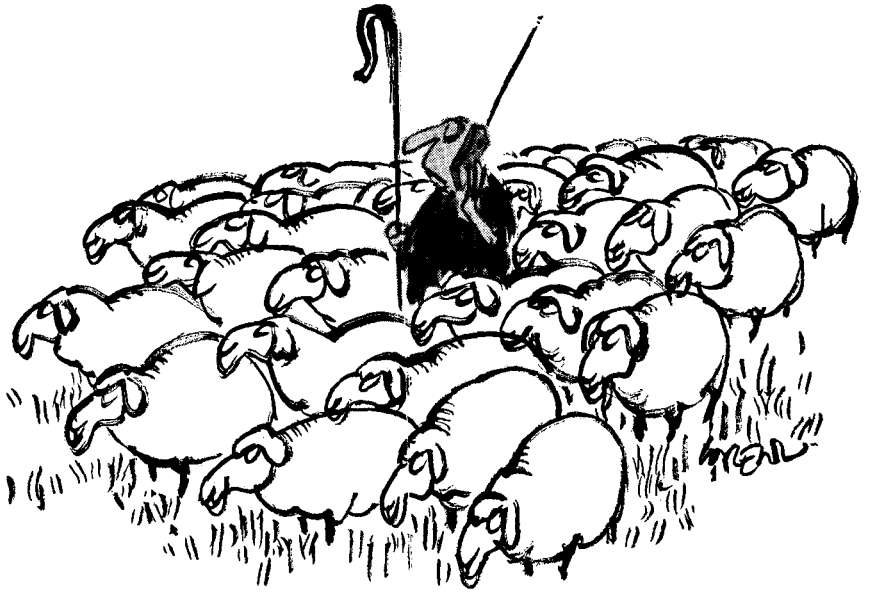
The plot has many promising ingredients. Paul Tapper, a journalist who is a captive in an impossible marriage, falls in love with a sensual young woman who is a similar kind of prisoner. Both are involved—largely, one gathers, because of geographic propinquity—with an obsessed Greek tycoon whose monomania centers on the construction of a community in the rural countryside of Kent.

That project is obstructed by a dull and illiterate peasant who stubbornly refuses to sell his freehold to make way for the future. Exactly what this clod, named Arthur Sowbin, is supposed to symbolize, never comes through clearly; but if he isn't a symbol, he seems to serve little dramatic purpose, since he assuredly is not a human being. The Greek's mistress supplies a moment of titillation by diving naked into a swimming pool, but, like Sowbin, her function in the novel is obscure. And, as though this mixture of characters and situations were not enough, other complexities are confusingly folded in: an allegation of homosexuality in high places in the Establishment is one of them, and the growing of hemp for use in illicit narcotics is another.

But the result of all this is thin gruel. Tapper is a totally unbelievable character, whose confusions and superficialities cut off any possibility of sympathy for him. His wife, as shrews go in novels these days, is a bland and ineffective woman. The love scenes, which mercifully are free of clinical detail, are described in the romantic clichés of pulp. And the prose is larded with Frenchisms in italic display: smirking becomes *minauderie*; a couple becomes *le couple*; maternalism is *de haut en bas*.

Indeed, only one memorable vignette survives the stilted language. Paul's wife conducts a cooking class on television; at one point he and she sit together and watch her on the TV screen as she explains the merits of using a double-boiler, rather than a frying pan, for scrambling eggs. The conceit is intriguing, but the scene is very short. The rest of the novel, it seems, is very long.

—Walter Guzzardi, Jr.



The Cover

London Bridge, 1906, by André Derain. The Museum of Modern Art, Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Zadok.

Early in our century a group of French artists much influenced by the post-impressionists were dubbed *les fauves*, "the wild beasts." Critics found their work deplorably undisciplined. Today the fauves are extravagantly admired for their unorthodox color surprises, for the power of their simplified forms, for the daring of their weighted outlines. Typical is Derain's *London Bridge*. Less interested in the landscape than in a bold design, Derain here used broad areas of searing color to make his canvas vibrate. More decorative and in many cases more brutal than the post-impressionists, the fauves insisted on startling the eye rather than involving the emotions. For all their bombast, they still retained an almost archaistic composure. —K. K.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

DIE RICH DIE HAPPY. By James Munro. Knopf. $4.95.

I FEAR THE GREEKS. By Aaron Marc Stein. Doubleday. $3.50.

FERAMONTOV. By Desmond Cory. Walker. $3.95.

THE FOX VALLEY MURDERS. By John Holbrook Vance. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.

TIME OF TEMPTATION. By Pierre Audemars. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

AMERICAN STRATEGY: A New Perspective. By Urs Schwarz. Doubleday. $4.50.

EXPANDING LIBERTIES: Freedom's Gains in Postwar America. By Milton R. Konvitz. Viking. $8.95.

FLYING SAUCERS—SERIOUS BUSINESS. By Frank Edwards. Lyle Stuart. $5.95.

LABOR IN A CHANGING AMERICA. Edited by William Haber. Basic Books. $5.95.

Education

AMERICA'S SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES: Partners in Conflict. Edited by David W. Beggs, III, and R. Bruce McQuigg. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.95.

Fiction

CZAR. By Thomas Wiseman. Simon & Schuster. $6.50.

THE GREEN MAN. By Henry Treece. Putnam. $4.95.

THE GREEN SHADE. By Robin Maugham. New American Library. $4.95.

THE OPOPONAX. By Monique Wittig. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

PLANTATION BOY. By José Lins do Rêgo. Knopf. $6.95.

THE ROOM UPSTAIRS. By Monica Dickens. Doubleday. $4.50.

SURGEON, U.S.A. By Frank G. Slaughter. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE TROUBLE TWISTERS. Three Stories by Poul Anderson. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH. By Zoé Oldenbourg. Pantheon. $6.95. (Reissue.)

History

BANKERS AND CATTLEMEN. By Gene M. Gressley. Knopf. $6.95.

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN ITALY: Before Rome. By David H. Trump. Praeger. $7.50.

THE CRUSADES. By Zoé Oldenbourg. Pantheon. $6.95.

THE MISTRESSES: Domestic Scandals of Nineteenth-Century Monarchs. By Betty Kelen. Random House. $5.95.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES. By J. R. Lander. Putnam. $5.95.

International Affairs

CHINA: Empire of the 700 Million. By Harry Hamm. Doubleday. $5.95.

COMMUNICATION AND DEVELOPMENT: A Study of Two Indian Villages. By Y. V. Lakshmana Rao. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.50.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLACK CONTINENT: Latin America—Land of Reformers and Rebels. By Herbert Wendt. Doubleday. $6.95.

Literary Criticism

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. By Michael Millgate. Random House. $6.

Miscellany

THE BLUE BOOK OF THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY. Western Islands. Paperback, $1.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE. By Nandor Fodor. University Books. $17.50.

THE EXACTING EAR: The Story of Listener-Sponsored Radio, and an Anthology of Programs from KPFA, KPFK and WBAI. Edited by Eleanor McKinney. Pantheon. $5.95.

LAST LECTURES. By José Raoul Capablanca. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

RESCUE AT SEA. By John M. Waters, Jr., Captain U.S.C.G. Van Nostrand. $5.95.

Personal History

COMBAT AND COMMAND. By Sholto Douglas. Simon & Schuster. $12.95.

THE GREAT PATTILLO. By Joseph E. Garland. Little, Brown. $6.50.

HIROHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN. By Leonard Mosley. Prentice-Hall. $7.95.

I COULDN'T SMOKE THE GRASS ON MY FATHER'S LAWN. By Michael Chaplin. Putnam. $4.95.

KHRUSHCHEV: A Career. By Edward Crankshaw. Viking. $7.50.

LOOK EAST, LOOK WEST: The Socialist Adventure in Yugoslavia. By David Tornquist. Macmillan. $5.95.

THE PARNELL TRAGEDY. By Jules Abels. Macmillan. $7.95.

STALIN. Edited by T. H. Rigby. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

TIGER FOR BREAKFAST: The Story of Boris of Kathmandu. By Michel Peissel. Dutton. $5.95.

WARSAW IN EXILE. By Stefan Korbonski. Praeger. $8.75.

Poetry

ANTIWORLDS. Poetry by Andrei Voznesensky. Basic Books. $4.95.

EVENTS AND CELEBRATIONS. By R. G. Vliet. Viking. $5.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CONCEPT OF PRAYER. By D. Z. Phillips. Schocken. $4.95.

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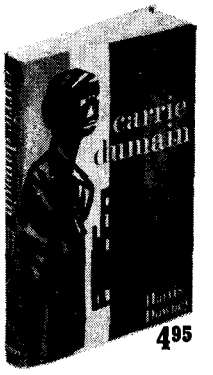

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Spring in Normandy

ROUEN.

THE DAY was cheerless but the season was spring. We rolled out of Paris in pursuit of the Seine, in search of apple blossoms, early flowers, and old memories of valiant days in Normandy. The Seine is a restless wiggler, and there is, in truth, no road that really follows it. We caught it on a curve at Rouen, a city of well more than a quarter of a million citizens which runs over both banks of the river, churns with industry, and reeks with historic import.

It had its beginnings with the Romans, and its early importance when Rollo the Forerunner swept down from the Viking lands to sign a treaty with Charles the Simple (no relation to Charles de Gaulle), then King of France, and agreed to become first Duke of Normandy. It fell onto hard but historic times during the Hundred Years' War and saw the trial and the death of Joan of Arc. Its times were even harder during the last war, for it suffered a great fire in 1940 and a severe bombing before the landings in 1944. It was raided seventy-five times from March until August, and when liberation finally came it could count 6,200 buildings in ruins, some 10,000 buildings hit, the old quarter destroyed, and the cathedral wounded by four bombs.

By the time we arrived in Rouen it was plain that the clouds of the early morning had belonged to Paris. The sun streamed up the Valley of the Seine, and it beamed on Rouen, which, despite trouble it had known, looked neat, trim, prosperous, industrialized in places that need not distract the traveler, medieval and cobbled in others. Most of the great cathedral was reconstructed after a fire in 1200, but two of the doorways and the first three stories of the St. Romain tower still remain of the original edifice built in the time of William the Conqueror. Most famous, and the most engaging piece of architecture, is the fifteenth-century Tower of Butter, which was built with special tax funds levied on any butter-eating Norman who wished to secure special dispensation to eat butter during Lent.

The old, cobbled Rue St. Romain runs alongside the cathedral, its half-timbered houses measuring their pedigrees far back in the fourteenth century. All of them are still occupied, one housing a merchant of *Oiseaux Exotiques*, another the creaky Hôtel de la Cathédrale, which has retained its old, ivy-hung, flagstone-decked courtyard, rimmed now with modern rooms built after the bombing that produced the Liberation. Walkers along the cobbled alley of the Rue St. Romain can find a plaque on the wall of the archbishop's palace, where in February in the year 1431 the ecclesiastical court met to debate the fate of Joan of Arc. Twenty-six years later, in the nearby church, she was reinstated, quite posthumously.

At street's end is the handsome St. Maclou Church. It was heavily hit just before the Normandy landings, in the bombings designed to cut off German reinforcements which would be hurried to back up Wehrmacht troops holding the beaches along Fortress Europa. Surrounded by old buildings and an assortment of some of Rouen's sixty-two antique shops, St. Maclou is supposed to get its name from some Irish derivation or even from the Scottish "MacLeod," an indication of the inevitable intertwining of Britain and the coastal French.

One of the most popular byways both for the traveler and the Rouenais is the Rue de la Grosse Horloge, which runs from the front of the cathedral to the Place du Vieux-Marché. The street, always crowded, but especially jammed in the early evening, passes under the arch of The Great Clock and runs alongside The Belfry. Until the sixteenth century the clock and the Belfry were all together, but in 1526 the city had the clock moved to put it on better view. It has only one hand, but it still bongs out the hours, gives the signs of the moon, and reminds the Rouenais of the week. The Belfry in its current state dates from the fourteenth century, but it is not the original. The first one perished under an edict Charles VI issued in 1382 as a punishment. The bells had tolled to signal the beginning of a riot, which was not popular with the king.

Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in the Place du Vieux-Marché, which makes that square a great center for tour buses and for sightseeing pilgrims in search of history. There is little of magnitude to mark such an epochal event. A statue of her by Maxime Réal del Sarte is extraordinarily simple. The exact spot where she was burned is covered with beige tiles and bordered in granite. It bears no sign, is affixed with no tablet. There is nothing there but a marker left by the city which says "*Gaz*" (gas).

A popular place of tourist assembly is

(*Continued on page 47*)

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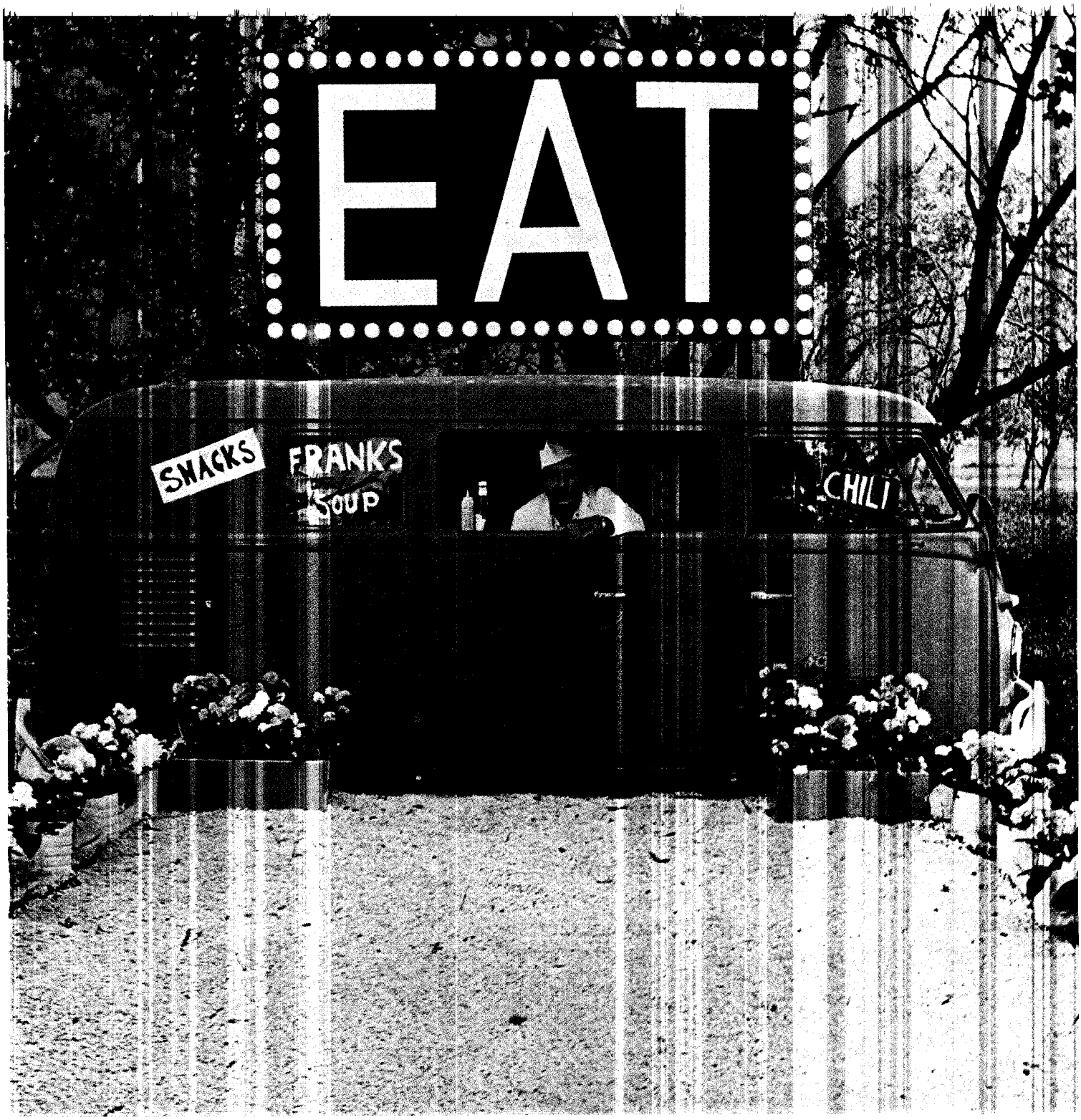

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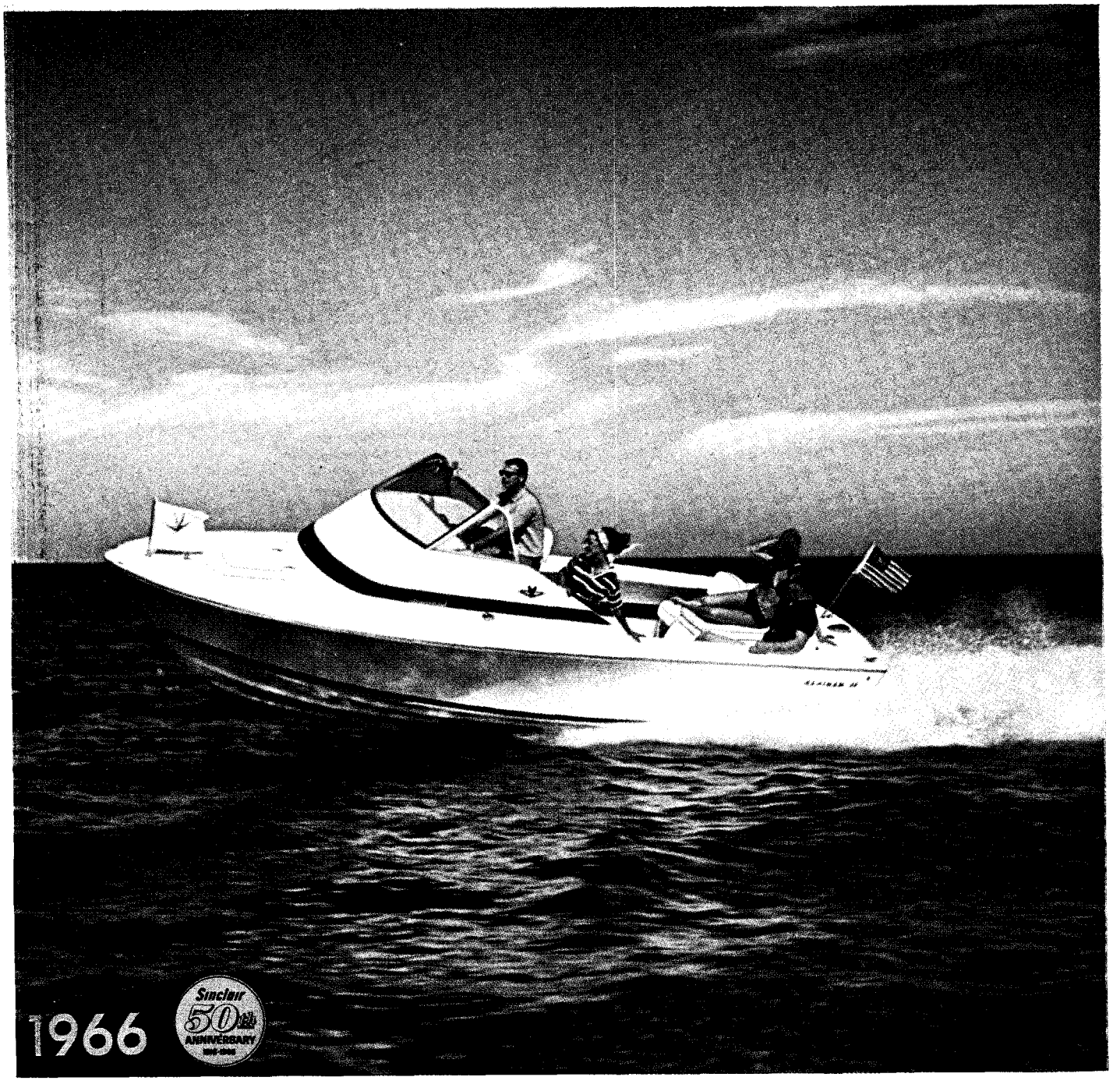

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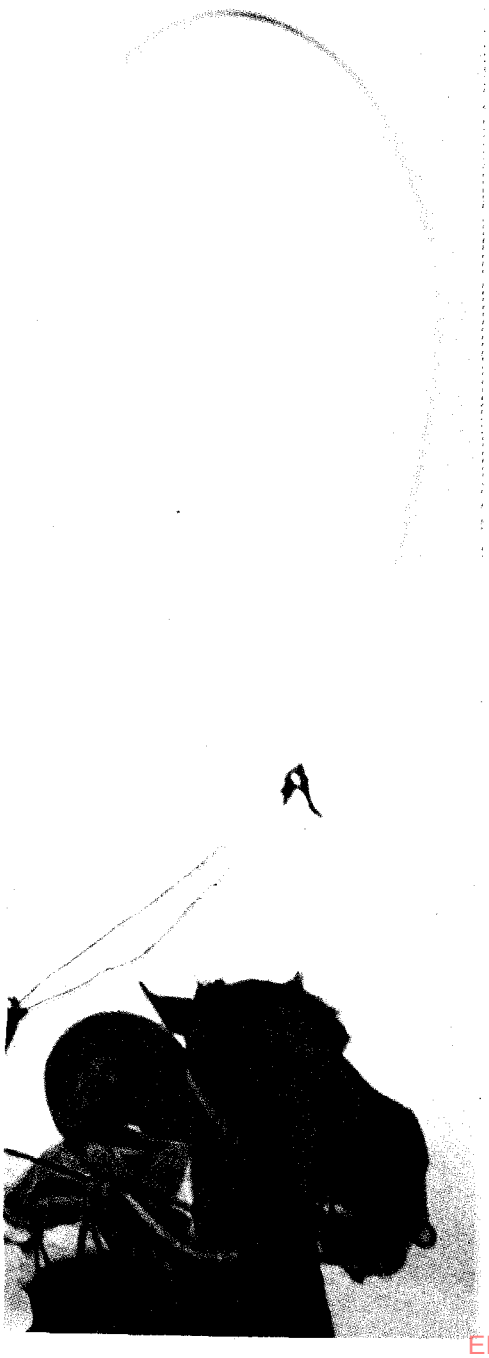

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(*Continued from page 42*)
the restaurant called La Couronne just opposite the statue of Joan on the Place du Vieux-Marché. It deserves a site on the old market place, for it offers all sorts of documents that testify to its beginnings in the fourteenth century. Its half-timbered building is handsomely decorated with old Norman furnishings and its single star, testifying that it is, in the consideration of the *Michelin* eaters, a "good restaurant"—a promising sign for the duckling *pâté* and the fried mutton feet, both local dishes, that follow.

All Normandy is heavy on seafood and heavy on butter and cream, and La Couronne obliges with *écrevisse à la nage*, or "swimming shrimp" cooked in stock; *filet de sole Normande*—with mushrooms, shrimp, mussels, and butter and egg sauce; and *Barbue au cidre*, a brill poached in apple cider and coated with cream and Calvados sauce. Here at the beginning of Normandy is as good a place as any to be introduced to the cider that flows from its apple fields; and, as well, to *Calvados*, that great apple brandy so romantically immortalized by Erich Remarque in *Arch of Triumph*. It is also a good place to get one's introduction to Normandy's many cheeses, notably *Neufchatel*, which is salty, creamy and rich; *Livarot*, which twangs the nostrils; and the two of world-wide fame, *Camembert* and *Pont L'Evêque*, both of which emanate from Norman towns of these names.

There would seem little doubt that La Couronne, presuming its kitchen was as practiced as it is now, was a popular place in their times for Flaubert, whose father was a surgeon in the hospital on the nearby Rue de Crosne (which becomes the Rue Flaubert); for Gide, who later lived for five years on the same street; and for Corneille, who lived on the adjoining one. In addition to such neighboring notoriety, such a current luminary as Salvador Dali himself, I was assured, had dined only the day before at La Couronne.

As for Rouen's hotels, two are classed as "top class," at least by *Michelin*, and they are the Angleterre and the Poste. I didn't have an opportunity, I regret to say, to look at the Angleterre, but I did inspect with some care the premises of the Hôtel de la Poste and found it to have lost none of the dust and antiquity saved during a lifetime which began back in 1910. The ladies of Rouen, not exactly a chic lot, were busy at the bridge tables just off the center of the lobby on the afternoon I put in. The skylight cast a pale light over the foyer, and the 1910 furnishings vied to do as much for their period as a mural of the city in 1525 on a wall above was doing for the sixteenth century. The waiters were still clearing up the remnants of lunch served, for the healthy impost of $5 each, to American tourists just off a ship at Le Havre. The rooms are being redone, or at least repainted, and a newly refurbished one for two will relieve the wanderer of $18, morning coffee and rolls and service included. Had I been prepared to stay overnight I certainly would have opted for the Hôtel de la Cathédrale in the antique part of town, where a new room with private plumbing, two beds, and breakfast was pegged at exactly half the price of the Poste.

Before leaving town I did stop in for a look at the first Palais de Justice and at l' Eglise St. Patrice, the latter for the double reason that it is said to be fitted with exquisite stained glass and the fact that it bears a name often used in the family. Alas, St. Patrice was closed even to fathers of namesakes, but the Palais de Justice, built on a ghetto street still called the Rue des Juifs, could be admired from the outside. Bombed by the advancing Americans and burned by the retreating Germans, whose telephone exchange was in the back of the building, it is now at last under extensive repair. As a civil monument it had to wait its turn, and the first twelve years after the war were occupied in repairing the cathedral.

The upper stories are a maze of towers, gables, and buttresses, many of them now being replaced by artful stone masons intent on restoring the lacy patterns and intricate carvings that make it such an unusual relic. Only a few weeks before, workmen at the Palais had come upon Roman pottery and oyster shells left over from some Roman dinner party in the day when Rouen was the Roman city of Rotomagus. The Latin writers later made it Rodomum, and the corrupters who came after turned it into Rouen. It was a provincial capital under Caesar and the emperors, a bishopric later, and the capital of Normandy when Rollo the Forerunner founded his line of dukes. That later Duke, William the Conqueror, died here twenty-one years after the conquest of England. One of his descendants, Richard the Lion-Hearted, willed his lion's heart to the city, and it is properly buried now in the cathedral.

FULL of history and of lunch, we headed westward toward the sea, en route to Honfleur, where rooms had been engaged at La Ferme Saint-Siméon, the old inn of the painters. It had apparently turned elegant, for I had found it on the pages of the *Relais de Campagne*, an association of the best inns of Europe. The listing had described it as an old Norman house with a splendid view of the estuary of the Seine. Its dining room promised *mâtelote Honfleurais*, whatever that might be, and *poulet Saint-Siméon*. With dreams of all that, and the wheel in capable hands, I surrendered much later than I had wanted to the somniferous effects of fried mutton feet and *Barbue au cidre*, and was quietly unconscious as we invaded the land of apple blossoms and applejack.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Magic Morning in Massachusetts

SOMETIMES, on gray-veiled mornings in Massachusetts, our father rented a rowboat and took us clamming. It was enchanting to be the only ones astir as the dark comfort of night gave way to the opaque mist which shrouded the house and pressed small silver drops of moisture against the window panes. One felt a little shiver of apprehension at the thought of venturing out into that world where our footsteps echoed as we walked, and all the old familiar things were strange and hidden. But there was a warm hand to take, the reassurance of a familiar voice, the glimpse of my younger brother's red sweater gleaming through the shimmering fog; and there was the sudden intimation that our world was perhaps not bounded by this bit of cove and the rocks and earth jutting into it; that the bright sunlight which so clearly defined each recognized border must yet give way to a limitless horizon lying beyond the beautiful, mysterious mist.

"Here we are!" Father exclaimed. The sign which loomed up on the grass to our left read, "*Nothing To Do With Boats.*" (The man who lived next door to Mr. Hodgkins's float had put it up in a final fit of exasperation. Who could tell how many times, and at what inconvenient hours, the summer visitors had trod down his velvety grass to clang his brass knocker and demand to rent a boat?)

Mr. Hodgkins was unmoved by the sign, and the summer visitors. He maintained a supreme indifference to the boat rental business, even though his winter's livelihood depended on the number of rowboats taken out by the hour during the warmer months. Much of the time he didn't even bother to stay in his little shack on the float, but simply walked off, leaving all the oars in the boats, their bow ropes fastened to the painters by one careless loop. We admired Mr. Hodgkins greatly; probably because he was so elusive that when we actually did see him conducting his business, he had an air of being an extremely important man. Father would send us down to the float with some money and the verbal message, "I took the *Daisy Anne* out for three hours this morning."

"Ai-yuh," was Mr. Hodgkins's sole acknowledgment of this supreme act of honesty. He accepted the money some-

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what disdainfully, not bothering to look at the amount.

The little waves went slap-slap against the side of the float as it heaved gently up and down in rhythm with the water. The boats had at one time been painted blue and yellow, each with a beautiful combination of girls' names on the stern: *Amanda Jane, Annie G., Hettie May.* Frederic, the older brother, wondered once if Mr. Hodgkins had *loved* all those girls. I pictured his seamed brown face, his pale blue eyes, grizzled white hair, and lean, bent body. It seemed impossible. Mr. Hodgkins had not bothered to repaint his boats once his business was firmly established. The paint was dulled and streaked now, some of the names barely legible, but a trip across the channel in any one of them was a rare summer treat for us.

The boys always started an argument over which boat was the best, and which one we should take. Of course Mr. Hodgkins was never there at that hour of the morning, and Father quietly made the decision by putting the pails and shovels into the boat that he had picked, and telling us to climb aboard. When Frederic became old enough, he was allowed to unfasten the rope, give the boat a shove, and make the daring leap from float to boat across the rapidly-widening gap of water. It was a thrilling, heart-stopping moment. Once the leap was accomplished, he had to be careful to land exactly in the center of the boat and even so, it rocked deliciously for a minute or two until he was settled down.

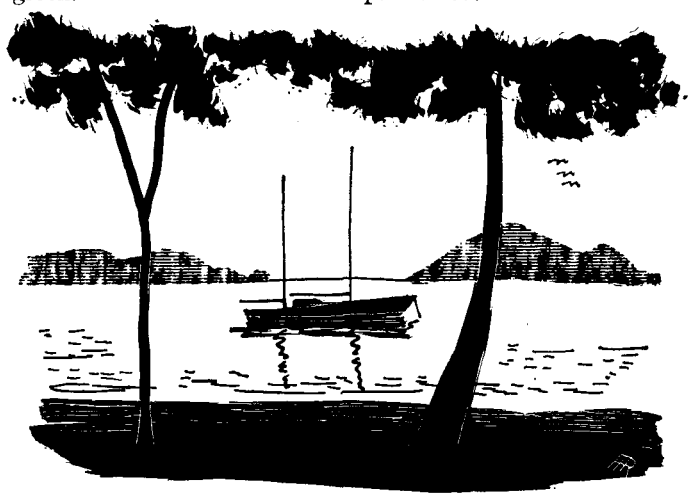
The silent, shuttered windows of the white clapboard houses looked down on us as we moved away from the float. The little town stood on the hill above us, its well-known shapes of dormered-roofs and elm and chestnut trees showing forth in the pearly new light, all smoky-green and white. As the morning light grew, the sky changed color, and the water, which had seemed black underneath us, caught the beauty of the sun-reflected sky, giving back the same dazzling blue, shot with cool currents of darker green.

Father rowed effortlessly, even with five of us in the boat. (Dip, reach back, pull forward against the resisting water, glide *Annie G.*, and the oars came up from the water, the drops glistening all along the edge. One flashing moment, then Father bent forward, and the oars dipped again.) We felt a sense of power at disturbing the vast depths with our movement. Across the channel, we could just see the undulating dunes which were our goal. Before the sun rose they looked pale gray, but soon they would shine so white as to hurt our eyes.

We passed the yacht club float. Not a soul was about. In the middle of the channel, where the tide came through in a great, irresistible rush, Father had a rough go with the oars. We wished to go one way, the outgoing tide demanded that we roar along with it, out, out to the far sea where there was no horizon and no warm, protecting town set on a jewel-green hill. We could see the water racing through the cut in the causeway, foaming white and boiling; unable to contain itself for that unseen, powerful hand which pulled it this way and then that way, day in and day out, for as long as the cycle of years would last.

Once past this point, we merely coasted until Father beached the boat on the sand, and we all jumped out to help pull it far up toward the dunes. The tide was almost out now; it would not be long before it returned, covering all this part of the beach with water. We knew that we had to work fast because the clamming was only possible at low tide, and was at its best right now, while the tide was still receding.

Now our world shrank from all the sea and sky that the eye could hold to a microscopic bit of dark, wet sand pierced by a tiny hole indicating the hidden presence of a clam. Clams were not far below the surface. We never ceased to wonder at their stupidity in revealing themselves this way. How awful to be so dumb as a clam! Up and down the long stretch of glistening sand we went, excitedly comparing numbers as the pails filled.



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Then, suddenly conscious of the sun on the backs of our necks, we heard Father calling attention to the fact that the tide had turned and was now sending curling waves over our toes as we walked. Wearily, we carried our buckets up the beach to the cool shadow of an overhanging dune where Mother sat with the picnic basket. It was a *Wind in the Willows* feast—coldgrapescoldplums coldlemonadesweetfrostedrollshard boiledeggslettuceandtomatosandwiches brownies. . . . "Stop, stop!" cried Father, imitating the Mole, as we watched the good things being brought forth, our mouths watering.

The beach extended into a long finger of sand which would be completely covered at high tide. There was a sharp odor in our nostrils of the stiff, sour grass that clung so doggedly to the tops of the dunes. Gulls (gray-bodied on a dull day, creamy-white in the sun, pewter and silver in the rain) wheeled above our heads, screaming at each other in rage, perching impudently on the rims of our pails. The lobstermen, who had been up that morning long before we had stumbled out into the glistening dark, were returning from the daily job of emptying their traps and re-baiting them. The gulls gave us advance warning, and then we heard the faint put-put of the motorboats far out on the water.

Across the channel, we could see the shape of the yacht club, the bright-colored blobs of boats at anchor, the houses climbing the hills. It was funny to look at everything backwards. It didn't seem to be the same town at all. Dimly, we could make out the road that wound in front of our house. But it was a different road seen from here; a thin line in the side of the hill, leading to nothing. A lovely, imaginary town rose shimmering across the water. In the other direction, the satin sea stretched away toward the thin line of the horizon; blue and gold and topaz. Mother extended her arm.

"England is straight across that way." I pictured Westminster Abbey as I had seen it in my geography book. It was too wonderful to think on.

Sand and sea, and the cry of the gulls hovering over the full clam pails. Drowsy warmth, the benediction of the sun and salt-sharp air; the *Annie G.* waiting to be pulled back into her domain and carry us home. Home to the cool, shadowy rooms, and the comfort of the big walnut beds. It was at least an eternity since we had been roused from those beds to go clamming in one of Mr. Hodgkins's boats.

"Earth might be fair, and all men glad and wise. . . ." All things were possible in those summertimes.

—Mary Wallace.

Mrs. Mary Wallace is a housewife and freelance writer who lives in McLean, Virginia.

Purcell in Missouri

Kansas City, Mo.

In 1695, when Purcell died at the age of thirty-six, a London newspaper called him "one of the most celebrated Masters of the Science of Musick in the Kingdom and scarce inferior to any in Europe." That his reputation has survived him was again proven in this unlikely locale in late May, when the city's Performing Arts Foundation celebrated the genius of Henry Purcell in a tripart program. First came a commissioned work by Virgil Thomson (which was "a tribute to an earlier England"), then a ballet to music from *The Faerie Queen* masque, and finally Purcell's miniature masterpiece and only opera *Dido and Aeneas*.

Kansas City's Performing Arts Foundation, though only a year old, attracted wide attention last spring with its initial production—Handel's *Julius Caesar*. It obviously has the funds, interest, and civic pride to think big and act on a grand scale. It also had the good judgment to engage as producer Lawrence Kelly, a man of vision and sensibility—who has brought the whole idea of the Foundation to rich fruition.

For *Dido*, Kelly chose Oliver Smith to create the classic, columned set; Peter Hall to design the graceful costumes; Jean Rosenthal to light the opera; and Ellis Rabb to direct it. With a strong cast at its disposal, the quartet provided a memorable moment of theater. It was memorable first and foremost because of the musicality and integration of each element of movement, design, and lighting. This added up to total theater, ensemble opera at its most admirable.

Perhaps the most impressive of the quartet was Mr. Rabb, for a stage director who thinks musically is always a rarity. He created imaginative groupings for the chorus, and his handling of the principals was particularly alive and flowing. To cite only one brilliant instance, Mr. Rabb staged Belinda's "Pursue thy conquest love" by having Belinda dart about the perplexed Dido, with her hands pushing outward as though by sorcery willing the Queen into the arms of Aeneas. Much was explained by evolving the character of Belinda as a busybody matchmaker.

The only reservation I would choose to register about the production was the handling of the final scene after the lament. Even though the Dart score recapitulates the final chorus in orchestra alone, I am not sure that it is in the best musical and dramatic interests of the opera to do so. It is only distracting to prolong the end while the chorus places small flickering candles about the corpse of the Queen.

Ruza Pospinov appeared as Dido, and her full, dark voice and noble bearing were deeply moving. There is a presence to this young singer that is as cherishable as it is rare. I could not imagine a more virile and handsome Aeneas than Robert Kerns or a more menacing witch than Betty Allen. Both sang superbly. The cast was completed by Patricia Brooks (Belinda), Norma Lynn, (Second Lady), Rosa Rimoch and Rita De Carlo (Witches) and Stanley Kolk (Sailor). The excellent choreography was by Rhoda Levine. Purcellian expert Thurston Dart provided the inventive continuo part, and conductor Nicola Rescigno provided as fine a musical realization as Mr. Rabb did dramatically.

For *The Faerie Queen* ballet, Mr. Rescigno drew an overture, the chorus "Hail, Great Parent," parts of the sinfonia in act four, and the "Nightingale" interlude in act two from Purcell's masque. A note by choreographer Marina Svetlova insisted that the work was *not* a ballet about Elizabeth I and Essex, while designer Peter Hall's magnificent costumes and set insisted that it was. If we are to believe Mr. Hall, then the ballet existed in too short a time span to fulfil the dramatic idea. If we are to believe Miss Svetlova, then we had an overproduced but lyrical *pas de deux*,

(*Continued on page* 53)

Dame Margot Fonteyn and Attilio Labis in *The Faerie Queen*.

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Good Intentions

NO DOUBT Mark Robson, who is a very serious film-maker, undertook *Lost Command* with the best intentions. Working from Jean Lartéguy's novel, *The Centurions,* he had opportunities to comment not only upon the French in Indochina and Algeria, and the nature of the nationalistic drives for independence in those countries, but even more important, to search out the psychologies of individual soldiers caught up in a fight that few of them could feel was really their own.

Unfortunately, Nelson Gidding's sprawling screenplay seems constantly to be thrashing in half a dozen directions, with the result that the film's sympathies are as confused as its politics. One gathers that its intentions are, vaguely, to say something about the futility of war: In the final shot, one of the protagonists, Alain Delon, resigned from the service, flashes a wry smile as Algerian youths letter "Independence" upon the barracks walls where, inside, his battalion is being decorated for valorous action against the enemy. But it is difficult to make an anti-war film whose heroes are all combat officers.

No matter what the issues, no matter how idealistic or morally reprehensible the cause for which they fight, the mere act of standing up to an enemy requires a kind of courage that one can only admire. When, as in *Lost Command,* Anthony Quinn provides his men with resourceful and inspiring leadership, he automatically becomes an estimable figure. He does not question the principles he is fighting for, and, the film implies, neither should we. He is just a simple peasant making good in an army whose officers, hitherto, had all been aristocrats —so bully for him. If some of the men in his command commit atrocities in Algeria, it is merely their natural reaction to the slaughter of their comrades, not official policy. And if Delon beats Claudia Cardinale, his pride demands it.

On the other hand, for reasons neatly skirted by the script, George Segal, after valorously serving with Quinn in Indochina, deserts to become a leader of the Algerian rebels and is soon every bit as ruthless as his former commander. Perhaps, ultimately, what Robson hoped to demonstrate was the corruptive, dehumanizing nature of warfare in general. Certainly, his film abounds with cold-blooded shootings, knifings, and bombings on both sides. If such was his intent, however, it was altogether blunted by his absorption with the heroics of his grizzled central character, Anthony Quinn. And if it was not, one wonders why this fuzzy and diffuse picture was produced in the first place.

* * *

FANS OF *The Carpetbaggers,* if such there be, may be elated to hear that yet another film—*Nevada Smith*—has derived from the book. But they will be disappointed to learn that, apart from being based upon one of the characters who appeared originally in Harold Robbins's overpopulated garbage heap, *Nevada Smith* has nothing in common with the earlier film save a few name similarities. Indeed, screenwriter John Michael Hayes, drawing on some background material from the book, has fashioned what is substantially an original and absorbing Western based on the classic theme of pursuit and revenge.

As a young man, Smith discovers that his parents have been tortured to death by three gold-hungry gunslingers, whereupon he vows to track them down. In the process, of course, the boy must learn to become a gunfighter himself, and to endure Homeric discomforts on the long trail that leads through squalid frontier towns, a Louisiana chain gang, and rugged mountain passes. Revenge is sweet, but also bloody; and eventually even Smith tires of the game, plugging his ultimate victim in both legs instead of dispatching him altogether.

Steve McQueen, as Smith, manages not only to make convincing this belated conversion to a better way of life, but to lend color and credibility—even likeability—to what is essentially a one-dimensional character. Karl Malden, Arthur Kennedy, and Martin Landau make a trio of killers who all too clearly deserve their untimely ends. And if Janet Margolin and Suzanne Pleshette seem wasted in their tiny roles as romantic interludes along Smith's single-purpose way, it is because director Henry Hathaway has rightly chosen to accentuate his story rather than the virility of his star.

* * *

PRESUMABLY, when Paramount signed the TV comedy team of Marty Allen and Steve Rossi to a well-publicized seven-year contract, there was some thought that they might replace the departed Jerry Lewis. *The Last of the Secret Agents?* reveals Rossi as a hard-pushing, heavy-handed, roly-poly comic, unerringly vulgar in a script that demands a certain deftness of playing; while Allen is merely a stiff, good-looking foil who sings occasionally. Either they, or Paramount, will have to do better.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"Are you sure? I thought you were supposed to come before Anne of Cleves."

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The Unofficial Winner

THE RECENT VOTING for the New York Drama Critics Circle Award for the Best Play of the 1965-1966 season was the most chaotic on record. A rule change stipulated that if no play received a majority of votes on the first ballot the Circle would vote again, with each member naming his first, second, and third choices. Each first choice would receive three points, each second choice two points, and each third choice one point. One play, it was hoped would receive a plurality and could be declared the winner.

On the first ballot, four plays polled three votes each, and the Circle moved into a second ballot. However, because some members handed in ballots marked 1, 2, and 3, meaning their order of preference, and others used 1, 2, and 3 to mean points, there was confusion about the tabulation, and the ballot was scrapped in favor of a subsequent voting in which the members were advised that the figures next to their selections should be followed by the word "points." These were then counted, with the result that *The Marat/Sade* won the award by the slim margin of one point over *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* At this juncture, some critics suggested a runoff ballot between the two, but to no avail. Indeed the chart of the voting (below) shows that a runoff would have given *Marat/Sade* an eight to six margin, with one preference undetermined.

However, two members who were eligible to vote, Whitney Bolton and John McClain, were absent. And these two critics later revealed to the *Saturday Review* what their votes would have been. Of course, these can have no bearing on the award, but it is interesting to note that had they voted, *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* would have received a plurality on the first ballot, and would also have won a more decisive victory over *The Marat/Sade* than the latter did over it in the actual voting.

Since the practical function of a Drama Critics Circle Award is to help a worthy play run longer than it otherwise could, it always seems a bit of a waste when the award goes to a play that has already closed. Furthermore, the Harry and Margery G. Kahn Foundation has generously subsidized a $1,000 prize for the playwright whose work has won. But the critic must try not to let these factors interfere with his esthetic judgment. Rather, he should honestly state his preference.

Even then the critic finds himself torn between literary merit and playability; between a poorly produced better play and an effectively produced lesser one; between two works so different in form that they cannot be fairly compared. Certainly *The Marat/Sade* and *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* are such widely different works. *The Marat/Sade* has a very large outline and contains a number of profound insights into the eternal struggle between those who search for meaning within and without, and although the text doesn't resolve the question, it furnished Peter Brook and the Royal Shakespeare Company with ma-

(*Continued on page* 81)

Drama Critics' Voting, 1966

	First Choice, Play (3 pts.)	*Second Choice, Play (2 pts.)*	*Third Choice, Play (1 pt.)*	*Musical*
JOHN CHAPMAN *N.Y. Daily News*	Royal Hunt	Philadelphia	Marat/Sade	Abstained
ETHEL COLBY *Journal of Commerce*	Philadelphia	Marat/Sade	Lion	La Mancha
RICHARD COOKE *Wall St. Journal*	Inadmissible	Philadelphia	Goat	La Mancha
JACK GAVER *U.P.I.*	Royal Hunt	Philadelphia	Marat/Sade	La Mancha
RICHARD GILMAN *Newsweek*	Sjt. Musgrave	Marat/Sade	Inadmissible	Mad Show
WILLIAM GLOVER *A.P.*	Philadelphia	Sloane	Royal Hunt	La Mancha
MARTIN GOTTFRIED *Women's Wear Daily*	Sloane	Marat/Sade	Horse	Marat/Sade
HENRY HEWES *Saturday Review*	Inadmissible	Royal Hunt	Marat/Sade	La Mancha
STANLEY KAUFFMANN *N.Y. Times*	Caucasian	Altona	Marat/Sade	Superman
TED KALEM *Time*	Inadmissible	Marat/Sade	Philadelphia	Mame
WALTER KERR *N.Y. Herald-Tribune*	Philadelphia	Inadmissible	Goat	Abstained
EMORY LEWIS *Cue*	Marat/Sade	Day & Happy	Royal Hunt	La Mancha
JOHN MCCARTEN *New Yorker*	Royal Hunt	Philadelphia	Abstained	Mame
WARD MOREHOUSE *Newhouse Papers*	Mark Twain	You Can't	Chinatown Charlie	Mame
NORMAN NADEL *N.Y. World-Telegram*	Marat/Sade	Royal Hunt	Philadelphia	La Mancha
RICHARD WATTS, JR. *N.Y. Post*	Marat/Sade	Royal Hunt	Philadelphia	La Mancha
Preferences of Critics Not Present				
WHITNEY BOLTON *Morning Telegraph*	Philadelphia	Royal Hunt	Marat/Sade	La Mancha
JOHN MCCLAIN *N.Y. Journal-American*	Philadelphia	Royal Hunt	Inadmissible	La Mancha

Official totals. Best Play: *The Marat/Sade,* 21 points; *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* 20 points; *The Royal Hunt of the Sun,* 17 points; *Inadmissible Evidence,* 12 points; *Entertaining Mr. Sloane,* 5 points; *The Caucasian Chalk Circle, Mark Twain Tonight, Serjeant Musgrave's Dance,* 3 points each; *The Condemned of Altona, Happy Ending & Day of Absence, Hogan's Goat, You Can't Take It With You,* 2 points each; *The Journey of the Fifth Horse, The Lion in Winter,* 1 point each, and *Chinatown Charlie* (Owen Davis's 1907 play which did not reach Broadway), 1 point. Best Musical: *Man of La Mancha,* 8 points; *Mame,* 3 points; *The Mad Show, The Marat/Sade, Superman,* 1 point each. A special citation was voted to *Mark Twain Tonight.*

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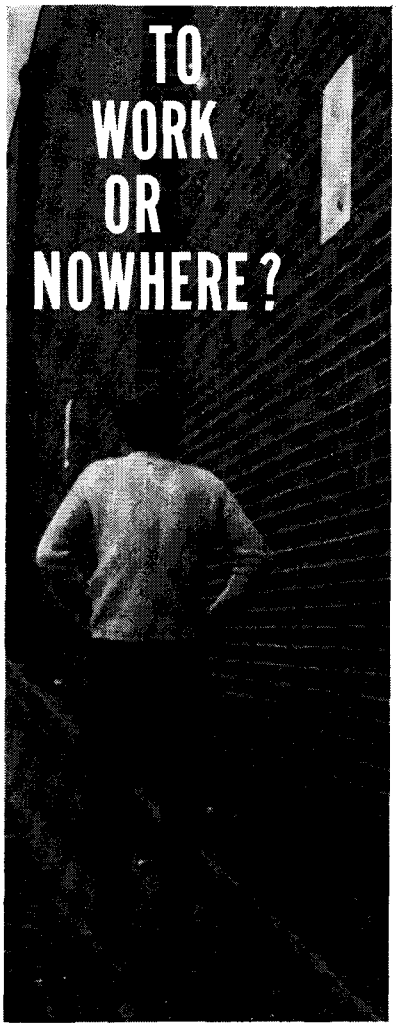
WHERE IS HE GOING?



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YOUTH OPPORTUNITY CAMPAIGN 1966

Turgenev

Continued from page 25

noiseless flight of the gondolas, in the absence of harsh city sounds.

There was an element of nonrealization in the lifelong attraction for Turgenev of Pauline Viardot, the Spanish operatic singer who was married to a Frenchman. From the day when he met her in St. Petersburg in 1843 until his death forty years later she was the most important person in his life; she nursed him in the agonizing pain of his last illness and he died in her house. But there seems to have been no physical consummation of this infatuation with a woman who was homely in features, although a brilliant artist and a highly gifted and intelligent human being. As a result of an early affair with another woman, the novelist had an illegitimate daughter, whom Mme. Viardot brought up in her household and married off, in French fashion. Turgenev remained on cordial terms with Viardot, whose death closely preceded his own.

Turgenev came of an old and distinguished Russian family, originally of Tartar stock, and was born in a "nobleman's nest," still preserved as a museum in the country south of Moscow. His father died while he was still a child; his mother was tyrannical, capricious, and possessive. However, he received the best available Russian education at the University of Moscow, followed by years of foreign study at Berlin, where he drank the well-springs of the then popular Hegelianism.

His mother was an efficient manager and on her death Turgenev inherited considerable property in cash, land, and serfs. As a *barin*, or feudal lord, he was a failure; he was too easygoing and kindhearted for such a role, and always had a bad conscience about serfdom. Indeed, one of his first collections of stories, *Sportsmen's Sketches*, has been compared with *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in that it helped to prepare Russian public opinion for the abolition of serfdom by the reforming Czar Alexander II in 1861. Here the resemblance ends, for Turgenev was always a literary artist, never the preacher or propagandist.

Turgenev enjoyed friendlier relations with French, British, and Italian authors than with his most famous Russian contemporaries, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Profound differences of temperament between the worldly, skeptical Turgenev and Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, with their passionate spiritual commitments, largely account for periods of coolness which, in the case of Dostoevsky, proved permanent.

Dostoevsky, who envied Turgenev's comparative affluence and established reputation, and who also could not get over his inability for some years to repay a loan from Turgenev which he characteristically had squandered at the gaming tables, presents a malicious caricature in the figure of Karmazinov in *The Possessed*. As in most caricatures, there is a substratum of truth. Like Karmazinov, Turgenev was a successful author, a mild hypochondriac, an epicurean man of the world who was concerned for comfort and enjoyed the mild tranquility of a German resort after the turmoil of Russia. And he did have a habit of saying "farewell" to his readers, and then producing more novels and stories.

But the attempt to depict him as mean and petty is quite unfair. Especially in the last years of his life, in Paris, he helped indigent Russian writers with everything from money to literary ideas. And it was with some justice that he called Dostoevsky "the most vicious Christian I have ever known."

With Tolstoy the alienation was not permanent, and Turgenev's last letter was addressed to Tolstoy—whom he salutes as "the great writer of the Russian land"—pleading with him to return to literature, which he had abandoned for moralistic musings. Turgenev himself

was a great writer of the Russian land and a bridge between the newly burgeoning culture of Russia and the older literary traditions of the West.

Although Turgenev during his lifetime was not always judged sympathetically by the radical younger generation in his native land, there was a tremendous demonstration when his remains were brought to their last resting place in Russia. And his literary creations and personality are the common heritage of his own countrymen and of the civilized world. He loved his native country. But he loved justice and liberty more.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. The prioress Eglentyne (*Canterbury Tales*). 2. Silvia (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*). 3. Lucy (*She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways*). 4. Julia (*Upon Julia's Clothes*). 5. Pippa (*Pippa Passes*). 6. Rose (*Rose Aylmer*). 7. Maud (*Maud*). 8. Lenore (*The Raven*). 9. Celia (*To Celia* or *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes*). 10. Belinda (*The Rape of the Lock*). 11. Madeline (*The Eve of St. Agnes*). 12. Ellen (*The Lady of the Lake*).

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Letters

Continued from page 27

vindicate it. This, of course, is precisely the point made by David Schoenbrun in his review of Dr. Bernard B. Fall's latest book, *Viet-Nam Witness* 1953-66 [*SR*, May 28].

HOWARD N. MEYER.

Rockville Center, N.Y.

ELMO ROPER states that he is worried about "uninformed public opinion" in connection with government policy (and polls). I would like to add that I am worried about the same matter in connection with the voting privilege. The will of the majority has led to such immoralities as the continuation of the Wallaces in Alabama, blatantly sidestepping the intent of the laws of that state; Proposition 14 (fair housing) and the outlawing of pay TV here in California, both recently upset by the high courts; and, looking backward, Prohibition, and how many other eventualities?

ALBERT W. MASON.

Pasadena, Calif.

Leaders' Profiles

I HAVE JUST FINISHED the article, "U Thant: The Early Years," by June Bingham [*SR*, May 28], and enjoyed it thoroughly. We all know something about Abraham Lincoln, John Kennedy, and Charles de Gaulle. But more articles on some of the world figures about whom we know so little would be appreciated.

JOSEPH A. ZODL.

Little Ferry, N.J.

Hawaii Is Southernmost

THE APRIL 30TH ISSUE of your magazine reached me yesterday. After reading the lighter pages, I attacked the Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1673. To my astonishment, I found that the word for the definition, "Southernmost of the U.S. National Parks," was "Everglades."

It seems evident that information has not reached Madison Avenue that Hawaii is one of the states of the U.S.A., and that the entire state of Hawaii is south of the southernmost part of Florida. There are two national parks in the state, the most southern being Hawaii Volcanos, on the Island of Hawaii. The other is Haleakala, on the Island of Maui.

M. W. REID.

Wailuku, Maui, Hawaii.

Vietnam and Freedom

BLESSINGS on N.C. for his editorial, "The Trouble Beyond Vietnam" [*SR*, May 21]. It reminds me of what Mark Twain said concerning the outbreak of the Spanish-American War: "It is a worthy thing to fight for one's freedom; it is another sight finer to fight for another man's. And I think this is the first time it has been done." In my opinion possibly the Vietnam War is the second time "it has been done."

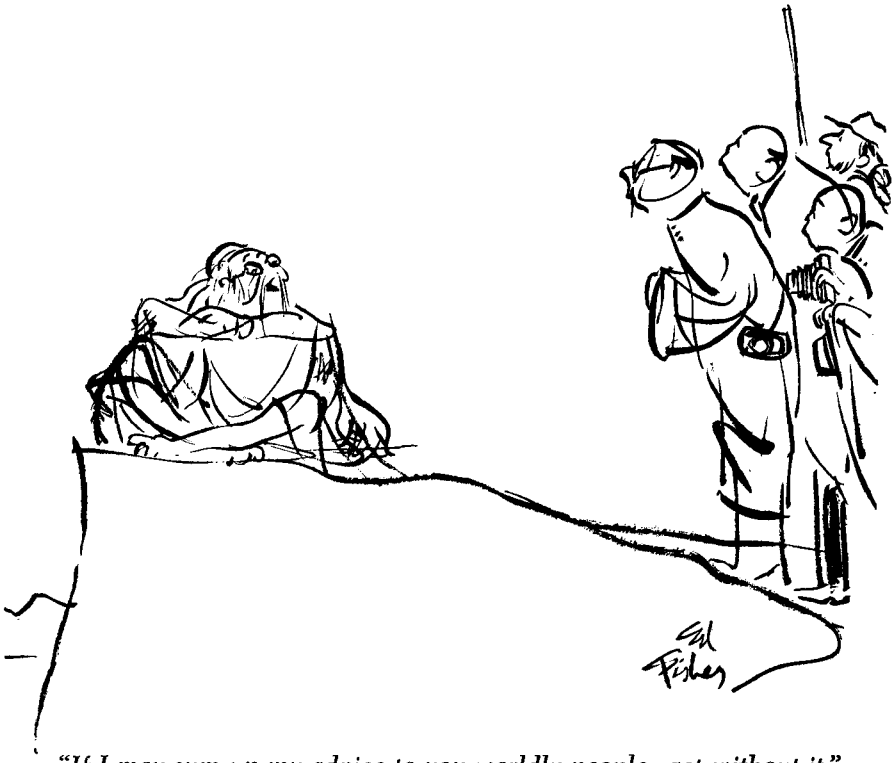
ERIC BESSELMAN,
Student,
University of Houston.

Houston, Texas.

THE GREAT FALLACY of the current "debate" on Vietnam is the belief that the United States is drifting, not knowing where it is going. It knows exactly where it is going. If things work out as planned, we will amazingly get all the things we say we do not want—bases on the Chinese perimeter, an ally in the government we have saved, and an inevitable control over that government in the buying and selling of goods and the labor of people.

CLYDE MARTIN.

Chelmsford, Mass.

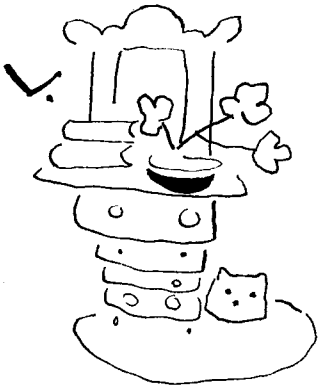


"If I may sum up my advice to you worldly people—get without it."

Purcell

Continued from page 49

whose shapes and designs were smooth and appealing but served little dramatic purpose. There is such potential to the basic idea that the work should be expanded. If the eighteen-odd minutes of the present ballet were doubled, it would



seem that the choreographer would have greater range of movement, and at the same time the story would gain in profile.

The two dancers were Dame Margot Fonteyn and Attilio Labis. The qualities of tenderness and penetration so familiar in Fonteyn's dancing were in full bloom here, and Labis proved a sympathetic partner. The chorus, in elaborate Elizabethan costumes behind a scrim to the rear of the stage, sang with enormous polish (all were local Kansas City people). Mr. Hall's color schemes created a stage picture that resembled a glowing, sixteenth-century Dutch oil—all brown, gold and ochre. Miss Rosenthal again created miracles of lighting. The orchestra (members of the Kansas City Philharmonic) seemed less at ease here than in *Dido*, and perhaps this might have been due to the slowness of a number of the sections, particularly during Fonteyn's solo after the exit of Essex.

The opening Thomson *Fantasy* figured on the program, no doubt, more because of his professional standing and the fact that he is a native of Kansas City than because of his ability to evoke the spirit of Purcell. If anything, the naturalness and spontaneity of Purcell's music is in opposition to the more sophisticated and often waspish Thomson style. In trying to bend his own language "in homage to an earlier England," Thomson created a self-conscious work, one far less sure-footed than devotees of his music had a right to expect. The work is in four movements: "Fanfare for a Victory at Sea," "The Unfaithful Shepherd: His Complaint," "Royal Hunt of the Faerie Queen," and "The Court's Pavane." As far as I could tell, Rescigno gave the sixteen-minute work its full due. —JOHN ARDOIN.

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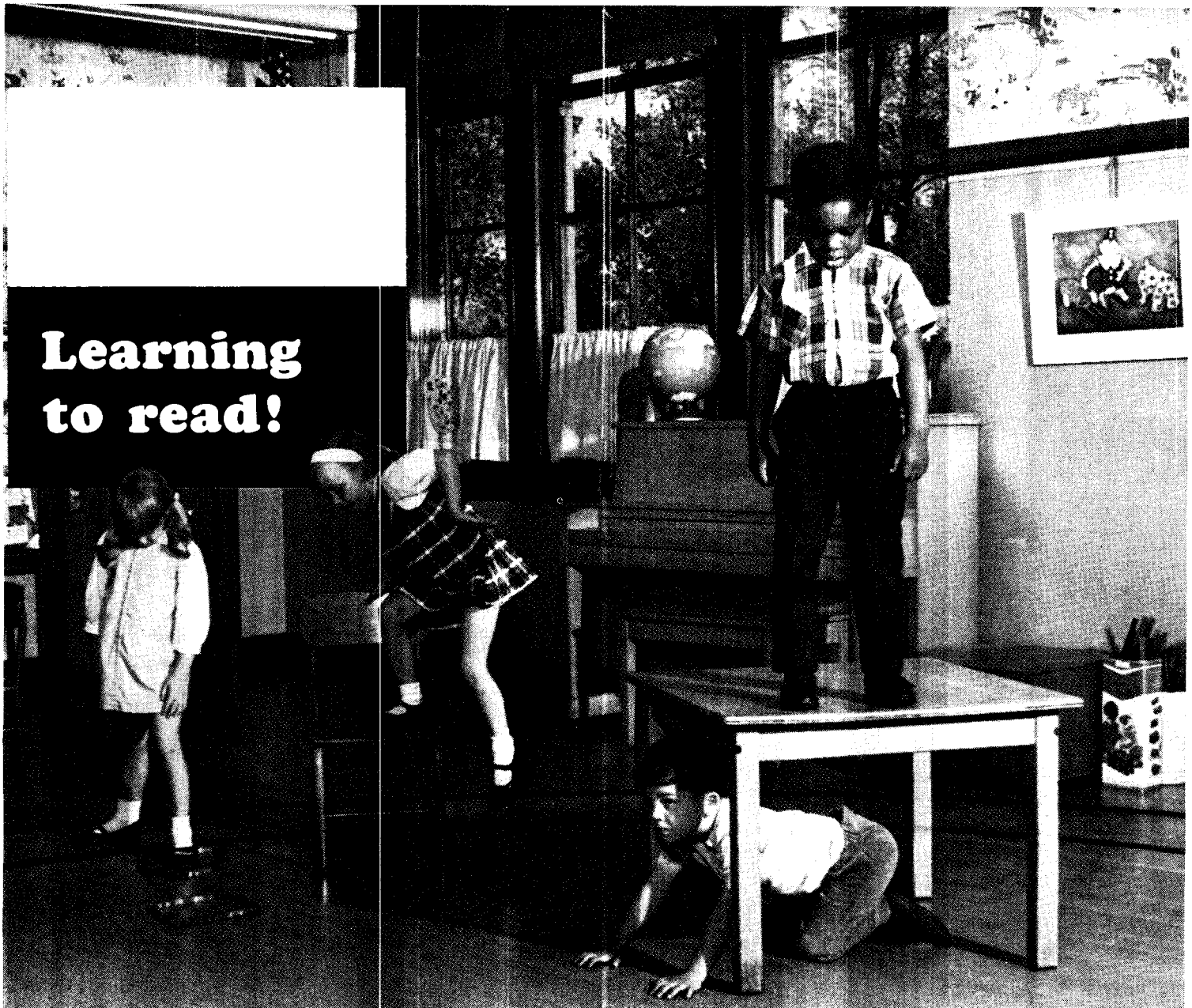

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Editor-at-Large: PAUL WOODRING

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

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Who Are the Great Teachers?

JOURNALISTS looking for outstanding teachers to applaud at graduation time are prone to look in great universities for either cantankerous characters whose description makes for colorful writing or distinguished professors whose reputation rests upon published scholarship. This procedure bypasses many of the great teachers who have chosen to remain in small undergraduate colleges where teaching is most respected. Though there are many of them, the problem is to find them for they are known only to students and alumni.

The April issue of the Wooster Alumni Bulletin gives five pages to such a teacher, Dr. Aileen Dunham, who is retiring this month after teaching history at the College of Wooster for forty-two years. A former student, Katherine Van Eerde, who is now herself a professor of history says of Miss Dunham, "No single article can attempt to epitomize what she has meant to generations of Woosterians or to commemorate how she lives in their memories. The layer upon layer of knowledge constructed by a lifetime of reading and thinking; the dramatic presentation of her vivid insights into the past and present; and, finally and simply, her integrity, a rare commodity in today's or any day's world—these elements are available for all her students. In addition there are for many of us the personal and affectionate contacts through which a great teacher probably makes his most significant contribution to the lives he touches."

Like all great teachers of the humanistic studies, Miss Dunham was concerned with values as well as facts. Dr. Van Eerde says, "No course was devoid of moral judgments when taught by Miss Dunham, who always remembered, as she dissected Robespierre, Napoleon, Hitler, and Cromwell, that power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Her strictures on Rousseau's conduct (distinguished from his ideas) remain clear in my mind today, as does her analysis of the strength and weakness of two scholarly men of affairs, Erasmus and Voltaire."

Professor Dunham's most famous course, "History of the World since 1870," was remembered by thousands of students simply as "World War." Here history came alive because the course dealt with events that were occurring as Miss Dunham spoke. After Munich she told her class that while Mr. Chamberlain might claim to be bringing "peace with honor" back to England she would prophesy that it would turn out to be "war with dishonor." " 'World War' for those of us enrolled in those grim years," says her student, "had a realistic as well as a historical ring. Arguments and alliances on campuses then were not less fierce, though considerably less publicized, than the student agitations today. As some of us listened long into the night to radio accounts of Nazi conquests in Denmark, Norway, the Low Countries and finally France, and as we followed the Battle of Britain, we saw opening the final act of the story we were analyzing so intensively day by day. None of us who studied with Miss Dunham throughout that year could be unaware of her convictions, hammered out through thought, tested by experience, and held to against massive opposition."

It took courage to teach contemporary history in the isolationist Middle

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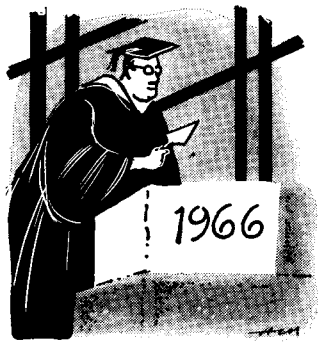
West when World War II was looming on the horizon. Professor Dunham was attacked in the campus newspaper as a warmonger and a British agent. Posters were displayed on the campus urging her to take a leave of absence for the duration. Summoned before a student club to defend her stand that, in the face of the Nazi menace, freedom might be more precious than peace, the students voted her mistaken and declared that there was no real threat to the United States. That was just one week before Pearl Harbor. If Miss Dunham's competence as a teacher of history had been rated by her students in the fall of 1941, her isolationist and pacifistic students might have given her a low score—a possibility that raises serious questions about the validity of immediate ratings of professors by students. But former students, able to take a longer view, seem unanimous in their agreement that she is a great teacher.

Students in small colleges often reveal their own status-seeking propensities by

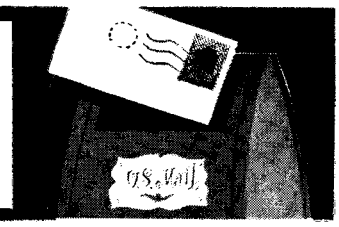


asking their favorite teachers why they stay in such a college—why they do not hie themselves off to famous universities. Miss Dunham heard the question often. Her answer was firm: "I am one who believes in small colleges. I do not like the anonymity of great universities—which I have experienced at first hand. Essentially, I love to teach, and the primary function of the Wooster faculty has always been teaching. Always a great reader (my normal consumption of volumes of history is about eighty a year) I much prefer what I like to call the 'Big View' to the minute research involved in writing monographs, and after all somebody must coordinate the monographs."

Almost every small college, however obscure, has one or more professors who do for their students what Miss Dunham did at Wooster. Some rarely publish but devote all their intellectual energies to teaching and preparing to teach. Some are unknown beyond their own campuses. But these are the truly great teachers for it is they who bring their students to intellectual maturity.

—PW.

Letters to the Editor



Boston's Irish Schools

As a product of the Boston school system and a graduate of Boston Latin School, I applaud Peter Schrag's searching and wholly accurate account of "Boston: Education's Last Hurrah" [*SR*, May 21]. Allow me to supplement his general picture with a few specific observations. As of 1960, the Latin School offered *no* social science in sophomore and junior years and no biological science at all! (I believe the latter is still true today, while the former was corrected only recently.) Instead, most students took English, French, Latin, math, and a "choice" between German and Greek. The school's primary function was to force the student to keep busy for a few hours daily; whether or not he was *thinking* seemed to be of no concern to anybody. I am given to understand that there has been some progress in the six years since I graduated, but in light of the catching-up that is required it has been painfully slow.

The overwhelming endorsement given to Mrs. Hicks and the other agents of retrogression on the Boston School Committee is an indication that the inferior educational system of Boston is all that its taxpayers deserve. But can the same be said of their children?

Howard G. Foster,
Graduate Student,
Cornell University.

Ithaca, N.Y.

Before my retirement in 1959 I was a high school teacher in Boston. (Catholic, Boston College—happily, yes! Irish—no!) When I entered the system in 1921 it was staffed mostly by what the writer designates as "strict Yankee schoolmasters who maintained traditions of quality and order." Many of these men I recall as scholarly gentlemen and excellent educators of receptive, amenable students. I should inform Mr. Schrag also that there was among those teachers a perceptible infusion of Ichabod Cranes who today could neither pass the more exacting entrance examinations nor cope with the frustrating problems resulting from the invasion of the unteachables and unreachables pouring into Boston from areas far more remote than South Boston and Charlestown.

Again, to call Mrs. Hicks the "leading defender of the neighborhood schools" might seem to belittle the work of families of every racial origin in every part of Boston who have persistently striven to bring up their children to be good neighbors (in the New Testament sense of the word) rather than IBM cards in some chimerical One World.

The ordinary Bostonian on whom—as on the Boston School System—"the spirit of John Dewey has made few inroads," still wants his children to grow up to become decent, clean, friendly, prosperous, intelligent adults and will continue to support "Boston's Head Mother" in her fight to maintain a just, workable, flexible status quo—if Mr. Schrag will overlook my use of that dirty expression.

William J. Gross.

West Roxbury, Mass.

A Voice for High School Students

I very much enjoyed the article by David Gladstone, "High School Students Have No Voice" [*SR*, May 21]. Being a high school senior myself, I find that his statements are quite true.

When we students try to raise a voice in the chaos of our education, we are silenced by intimidation and punishments.

Andres Lazlo.

Milwaukee, Wisc.

Mr. Gladstone's astute observations are not only those of one intelligent, mature student but also those of a high percentage of college-bound high school students. In my experience as a young teacher in a medium-sized (1,000), remote Maryland high school, I found students often rebellious over both the matter and the manner of instruction.

It is a gross mistake for educators (who have been taught by educators) to believe that today's teen-agers are blind to laziness and ignorance, for they frequently have well founded opinions that merit attention. It is silly to hamper their thinking when thinking is the goal of education. Education will become professional by maintaining only mentally capable, skilled teachers who can welcome criticism. America can then produce educated young people.

James Willard.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

For Daniel Gladstone and all others who see a lack of communication between students and school heads, I would like to call attention to the California Association of Student Councils. CASC represents 85 per cent of the California students and one part of it advises the State Board of Education. We have presented propositions concerning sex education, driver education, school taxes, and teacher qualifications. The Governor, and board of education consider us "the Voice of the Students," and listen and act on our proposals, as they consider us mature enough to take action on education.

John Riley,
President,
California Association
of Student Councils.

Santa Rosa, Calif.

How to Stop Cheating

Virginius Dabney's analysis, "Cheating Can Be Stopped" [*SR*, May 21] was factually interesting but he overlooked some important sociological determinants of cheating.

There will probably always be some

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deviant personality who will want to capitalize on illegitimate means of attaining societal goals, but conceivably cheating as a social phenomenon can be reduced either by withdrawing the incentives to cheat or else by eliminating the opportunities to cheat.

The incentive to cheat is probably due to the lack of correspondence between the value we place on affluence or "success" and the institutionalized means by which we may attain affluence. If we want less cheating, then our culture must either reduce its emphasis on goals—success, affluence, etc.—or else increase the number of legitimate paths toward success.

By eliminating the number of opportunities to cheat I have in mind the elimination of objective examination situations where the student has an opportunity to look over someone else's shoulder. The student and the instructor must ultimately face the fact that grading cannot possibly be more objective than subjectivism: the instructor inevitably rewards those students who have best learned what the instructor himself considers important.

WILLIAM DORISS,
Lehigh University.

Bethlehem, Pa.

IN ADDITION to honor codes, etc. as presented by Virginius Dabney, one might also consider additional approaches to the control of cheating. Much of the problem stems from inordinate stress placed upon the objective examination as the sole determinant of the learner's knowledge. Professors should attempt to find ways to evaluate student progress which embrace a number of techniques: term papers, weekly written assignments, research projects, class participation, etc.

Two exam methods that have been relatively successful in my classes are the open quizzes and team-work. The open-book quiz is fairly well known. Perhaps not so common is the use of this form as the standard norm, with all exams being given in this manner. The effect of this approach is that the professor must prepare objective items that measure understanding, application, or relation. Fact items are rather useless.

Permitting students to work on an exam with one or two colleagues has yielded interesting results. The class average increases a little, but one obtains about the same range of scores as formerly.

JAMES G. COOPER,
University of New Mexico.

Albuquerque, N.M.

VIRGINIUS DABNEY deals with a very minor segment of a nationwide problem. Yes, perhaps cheating can be stopped at a select school such as Haverford with a background of strong scholarship, Quaker integrity, and student aversion to the "rat race." Perhaps it can be stopped in a small town with one or two high schools. But can it be stopped in a large city where the pressures of a "how to succeed" society, anxiety-ridden parents, and a draft board-to-Vietnam express confront today's students?

How would Mr. Dabney view these examples: Parents who complained because their daughters refused to cheat on examinations and therefore received lower grades than their classmates; principals who urged faculties to grade higher "because it is so difficult for our children to get into college"; high school seniors who preferred a teacher who teaches them little, but is an "easy marker" to one who teaches them much, but is a "hard marker."

It's a big problem extending from kindergarten to medical school. Mr. Dabney has only touched the surface.

EUGENE WEXLER.

Bronx, N.Y.

More on Dyslexia

YOU ARE RIGHT in the article "New Hope for Non-Readers" [*SR*, Apr. 16]: dyslexia *is* a solvable problem. Since public awareness of the plight of these children lags far behind our still incomplete scientific knowledge, such articles as yours do great service.

Fortunately, few dyslexic individuals have all the symptoms you describe. The patterns seem almost infinitely varied, even while they fall within the Johns Hopkins Conference definition you quote ("a genetic, neurological dysfunction, uncomplicated by other factors"). For instance, while a child's auditory associations may be distorted, often they are not, and it is his normal, sometimes precocious, spoken language that makes his failure in reading especially incomprehensible to his elders.

It is cause for rejoicing when a new school enters the lists with effective weapons in behalf of children with specific language disabilities. It joins a still too small but nonetheless long established group of such schools, some of which have had classroom, as well as tutoring, programs for over thirty years. (Ethical Culture Schools in New York; Sidwell Friends in Washington; Francis W. Parker in Chicago; Rectory in Pomfret, Connecticut are among them.) Newer recruits, including whole public school systems like Renton, Washington, with several thousand children, can help the McGlannan School people feel less alone.

To the U. S. and Canadian centers of interest, and those you mentioned in Western Europe and Moscow, one could add others where fine work is being done, such as those in Prague, Warsaw, Bucharest, Australia and New Zealand, Latin America, and I am told, Japan. The dimensions of the problem are still far greater than the resources for its solution, but things are moving!

MARGARET B. RAWSON,
President,
The Orton Society, Inc.

Frederick, Md.

Correction

THE ARTICLE, "A Living Laboratory of Human Relations" by Bill Francois [*SR*, May 21] was very well executed. There is, however, a discrepancy which I would like to point out: Morris Harvey College, while privately owned, is no longer church-supported. I quote from the most recent college catalogue: ". . . Morris Harvey College was operated by the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church until August 1, 1942. . . ." Since that time, Morris Harvey College has been an independent college.

ROSELYN L. FREEDMAN,
Morris Harvey College.

Charleston, W. Va.

"I had no idea that anti-American feeling was so rampant here."

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—Wide World.

Boston: Operation Exodus — "In many metropolitan centers parents and teachers are seeking ways to overcome the barrier of the city limit as it determines who shall go to what school."

Some Children the Schools Have Never Served

By ROBERT COLES, *Research Psychiatrist to the Harvard University Health Services and Consultant to the Southern Regional Council.*

FOR MORE than five years I have been studying American children attending school under stressful but by no means uncommon conditions. Though I have primarily been interested in how children manage change, I have also watched for the capacity of our schools to accommodate themselves to those same changes. In the South my work has been with children attending desegregated schools for the first time. In the North I have come to know children who ride in busses in order to find, miles away from their homes, less crowded schools. In both North and South I have followed migrant farm children. Finally, in several states of Appalachia I have seen children attending school in one-room buildings still without electricity.

Though these children come from various racial, geographic, and cultural backgrounds they share at least one fate. They are poor in relation to the rest of the nation, and their schooling is likely to be or to have been faulty. While there is nothing very new in that observation, there is indeed something new in the fact that widespread attention and concern is being given such children and their families.

We now take an interest in our poor citizens for many reasons, but surely one among them is that we find it hard to ignore *anyone* in a nation increasingly drawn together by television, plane travel, and toll roads. To meet the demands of increased mobility, better communication, and the shift in centers of population, our entire political system has been slowly reforming itself. But in too many cases, reform has not kept pace with change.

Of course, there is no virtue simply in tearing down established political sovereignties and replacing them with others that solve one set of problems only to create another. The real issue is whether the political and social institutions we have can be made to work better. In this regard one urgent problem is the flexibility—or lack of it—in our school districts. We need to look very closely at exactly what purposes they aim to accomplish and how successfully, in fact, they are doing so.

My work has given me a glimpse into the emotional and educational problems of many American children. Repeatedly I have heard answers to some of those problems voiced by any number of people—from parents and teachers to doctors and social scientists—only to find them declared out of the question—they would undermine the authority of our local school system. For instance, I have described at length, in these pages and elsewhere, the very special educational difficulties faced by hundreds of thousands of migrant children. By definition they are on the move. If they go to school at all—and by no means can it be assumed that they do—a number of school systems will have jurisdiction over them. In the autumn they may attend classes in New York State; in the winter Florida is their home; and in the late spring they may quite possibly be living in the Carolinas. Rarely is any effort made to coordinate whatever learning they get. Our school systems are open to residents of the towns and cities that run them, period. Even for those who move within a state—say once every few years—there are losses and gains so far as the change of schools is concerned. The states try to establish minimum standards, but their control is limited. In the case of migrants, whatever help a given state may offer the child has to be weighed against the several states he will live in each year,

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some of them quite indifferent to his presence.

Clearly, then, the health and education of such children demand more than any single school district can provide. Records—from immunization to academic performance—have to be exchanged and compared. What is taught and how should be adapted to the habits and needs of these boys and girls. As one migrant mother put it to me:

> Every time I come into a town, and take my kids to the school, they treat me as if I am dirt. The principal says I'm not going to live there, so there's nothing they can do to teach my kids. They should have a principal for people like us, and he could have schools for us, where they expect us to come and go. I know it's hard when you're "on the road," but that's our work, and I still think you can teach a boy something important every day he's in school, even if it's not too many he spends in the same school. Maybe if they telephoned one another, the principals, we could tell them where we're going. But they don't want to. They each of them wants to mind their own business. If we did like that, no one would have food to eat. We'd just say we can't pick crops in New York, because we live in Florida. Wouldn't that be a mess?

In the Appalachian states people live almost the exact opposite kind of life. There each home may well not be a castle, but it is a world unto itself. One of the very few ways such families come to know one another is through their children's schooling. The one-room school is in itself no virtue, but it does serve to draw together in a logical and disarming fashion people terribly apart from, and suspicious of, one another.

TO THE outsider, on the other hand, the large regional schools that are replacing so many of the local, one-room schools seem the answer at last to the isolation and educational primitivism that afflicts mountain youth. No longer are children compelled to sit huddled around old stoves, dependent upon outside light alone. No longer are they permitted the old, casual attitude toward study; attendance more voluntary than anything else; books used and re-used to the point of torn, defaced exhaustion; the atmosphere alternately grim and frolicsome but rarely serious. Now the boys and girls can be seen coming from wide areas—bussing is certainly no controversial matter in Appalachia. The old school houses can be seen standing, one by one being left to themselves. Often they do their last job in the service of fantasies spun by children who want to hide from one another, play makebelieve or pretend, and thus realize by magic one or another form of inner reality. It is an honorable and useful way for buildings to die.

I have seen the impressive accomplishments of regional, countryside schools, and am certainly not arguing against them. Yet, in many cases I think the strengthening of the small, local school equally necessary. It is a strange irony that finds the most fixedly settled people in many respects the most dispersed, each from all others. One of many obstacles to progress in Appalachia is its people's long-standing tradition of fierce individualism. It took the independence and courage of such people to penetrate the mountains. Now it will take the cooperative spirit of communities to improve the region's harsh, mean living.

When I was working in the South I spent time in North Carolina and Tennessee, particularly in rural, mountainside towns. I talked with teachers and children in both one-room and regional schools. One teacher—he taught guidance and English composition—was a particularly forceful informant:

> We need both kinds of schools. Some want to tear down all the little schoolhouses. They say they're narrowing and isolated. They're ashamed of them. They want big buildings with an auditorium and a gym; and the more language labs, the better they think it is for the children. I teach here, and we're one of the best of the regional schools. I'm glad we've done this; it's our main hope, as a matter of fact, to attract industry and improve the education of our people. But I'm still for those small schools, too. They call them "feeder" schools here; you're not supposed to talk about "one-room" schools.
>
> The trouble is that we need to improve local community spirit, not disperse it, or "regionalize" it. A lot of our towns are failing because the people don't want to have anything to do with one another. They won't pull together, organize themselves effectively, so they can get things done—whether it's sidewalks, sewage disposal, or putting electricity into the school. The churches help a bit, but they fight with one another, too. Sometimes the one potential place where they can get together is the schoolhouse; and if we can get them interested in improving *that*, we can help them help themselves by coming together—which is the first step and the one they're so reluctant or afraid to take.
>
> Instead, well-meaning people from outside say let's break up the old-fashioned ways of these people. They want to improve things for them, and so they think the thing to do is build regional schools, so that the families will be drawn out of the hollows and down from the hills into the big schools. The trouble is it often doesn't work. The communities are even more left to themselves. The kids are drawn out, true; but they go back home, too, and meanwhile there's no binding of the local people together around something they consider *theirs*, something *they* want to work for and build together. The regional school for some of them is like the army or the big cities to the North. It takes their kids away and they return. Meanwhile there's no real social or community change.
>
> I think we ought to build up those little schools, not tear them down, then maybe high schools can be regional. It's not so much that we need to *break down* our district schools and turn them all into regional ones; it's that we need to breathe *life* into them. In the past a lot of them have been corrupt and practically owned by one family or another. We have to change that, not necessarily destroy the schools.

Recently in Boston I have been observing yet another instance of school children caught up in difficult social change. Like most Northern cities Boston has a Negro ghetto with its share of hopelessly out-of-date buildings filled to overflow with children from poor homes. One six-year-old girl put it all very concisely for me when I asked her what kind of work her father did: "We're all on relief, so that's what my daddy does." That girl, along with several hundred others is now being bussed across the city to predominantly white schools. Her mother and many others like her have had enough:

> We are tired of neighborhood schools, if they mean keeping us out of everything but ourselves and the rats. They say you should keep your child near you, so he can walk to school and be safe. That's the biggest laugh I've ever heard. It may strike those people out in the districts with mansions and palaces as right, but to us it's like asking

Appalachian boy — "I have seen the impressive accomplishments of regional schools, yet I think the strengthening of the small, local school equally necessary."

—Max Tharpe (Monkmeyer).

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a beggar to stay away from the food store and stick with the garbage can. They say in the history books that the people who made this country great used to live in cabins and walk miles to school. Well, that's the way it's going to be with us. We're already living in the cabins, except they're all piled up on top of one another. Now our children are going to go miles to school, so they can get the break they need.

Although in my experience the white children whose de facto segregated schools are thus integrated make a generally easy adjustment to Negro children, their parents are likely to be less flexible. "Who wants them here? Why don't they stay in their own districts? That's what districts are for, to tell everyone where he lives and where he belongs and where he should be in school."

SUCH people feel threatened; they believe a deluge of ignorance and poverty will come upon them, even as they themselves are struggling hard to stay ahead of both. For them school district lines are thus virtual dams; seen as protective, they are felt to be even more—lifesaving. In the suburbs, however, quite another situation holds true. There the victorious have pitched tent—in this case rather elegantly. Having fought and won, they are all too often beginning to look around and ask themselves: "What use the triumph?" Many of them not only do not fear the poor or the racially exiled, they look to them as people whose needs will in ironic truth give meaning to the desolate abundance of suburbia.

In the greater Boston area—and in many other metropolitan centers—suburban parents, and teachers as well, are seeking ways to overcome the barrier of the city limit, in this case as it determines who shall go to what school. Recently I found a suburban housewife at a meeting being held in a slum by a group of parents determined to bus their children to better schools. I knew that I was there to observe; I soon found out that she was there to suggest action. She began tentatively, but soon was quite firm:

I'm sorry to take up your time, but a lot of us in our town feel that the struggle for equality is as much our concern as yours. We want our children to know your children; and by that I mean not once a week for an awkward glass of milk, but together in school, every day. We don't know how to do this, but we're trying to find out. It seems to us that if towns like ours want to offer our schools to children who want them and need them, there must be a way to do it. Just because you come under the authority of the city of Boston doesn't mean that our town and Boston can't work out some arrangement.

In point of fact the people in that ghetto district feel only remotely and distantly represented by "their" school officials. When we hear about the value of "local autonomy" we must remember that while such autonomy may have once existed all over this country, and may still exist in some rural areas, for most Americans their city government is as distant and often as impersonal or unresponsive as the federal government. As a matter of fact here is what one youth said at a rally to raise money for his own transportation across the city: "The government in Washington, they listen to us, and the people outside in the towns they do; but not in our own city. That's democracy in reverse, or something."

COMMON to such diverse people as migrant children, mountain children, urban slum children, and comfortable suburban children is the political problem of our school districts. Exactly how unyielding and self-contained ought our local school systems be? I repeat: I am by no means suggesting that we replace a local form of organization with a larger one, regional or national, and consider the problem solved. The problems of the people I have mentioned are not only educational; and even the educational problems are not susceptible merely to organizational changes, no matter how necessary they may be. Still, we are seeing a number of our institutions face the challenges they both deserve and need. The purposes of the federal budget, the jury system, our method of apportionment are all being modified. It may well be that the political and administrative authority of our local school systems also needs attention. With financial aid and the help of educators, hard-pressed local and state officials could be brought together, their problems shared and divided more sensibly. An official in one city stated the issue rather graphically to me:

Here we are on this side of the fence with poor people going to bad schools. We don't even have the money, even if we had the will, to make some of those schools what they should be. Then on the other side of the fence you have all those good schools and well-to-do people. They want to take a lot of our children in. They say they're interested in them, and want to help. But we say no—you can't do that. We have jurisdiction over these people. They pay taxes here. (Of course they don't pay taxes to anyone; they're too poor.) I can't believe that a nation that can figure out how to get to other planets can't solve a problem like this.

Is it not time to keep our school systems in pace with the general growth of this nation toward intactness, toward an increased concern with all of its people? Millions of American children still find both their rights and their needs ignored – to some extent because our school systems have yet to free themselves of a host of arbitrary bureaucratic and anachronistic rules and "traditions." Do we really want a kind of "freedom" that requires insularity for its preservation and allows a surfeit to some while others nearby lack so very much?

—*Robert Coles.*

Migrant family — "Clearly the health and education of such children demand more than any single school district can provide."

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—J. Cron (Monkmeyer).

CIVIL LIBERTIES FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

By GENE R. HAWES, *author of "The New American Guide to Colleges" and "Educational Testing for the Millions," and consultant to Columbia University Press.*

A REVOLUTION in defining and institutionalizing the civil liberties of college students seems to have come about quietly in the last twenty years, and significant extensions of these freedoms are being explored not so quietly today.

This surmise lends a new perspective to last year's widely publicized outbreaks at the University of California at Berkeley, as well as to continued political action by students across the land on issues such as civil rights and Vietnam.

Substantial recognition of the revolution and the emergence of a major step or two beyond were reflected in recent months when two organizations of wide influence issued official declarations on student liberties. The first was the American Civil Liberties Union, which last spring released a pamphlet of recommended principles on "Academic Freedom and Civil Liberties of Students in Colleges and Universities." The second was the American Association of University Professors, which presented its "Statement on the Academic Freedom of Students" in this winter's issue of the quarterly *AAUP Bulletin.*

The nature of the revolution that seems to have taken place was spelled out in the Civil Liberties Union pamphlet, which repeated views previously set forth in the first edition in 1961. Though differently phrased and organized, the independent AAUP statement expressed much the same view on almost all points.

New passages in the 1965 ACLU pamphlet recognized advances in defense of student rights off campus, for which support is now developing among colleges. Passages in the AAUP's statement, not paralleled in the ACLU document, urged extension of students rights to freedom of thought in the classroom.

Neither statement, incidentally, sanctioned giving the student body a vote in the evaluation and promotion of faculty members, which students at a few colleges have begun to claim as a right. On the other hand, neither statement expressed the least reservation to having students voice their views in responsible ways on anything at all, including faculty members.

There are a dozen major liberties that colleges generally appear to grant students today. These are outlined in the accompanying box on page 62. Both the ACLU and the AAUP statements stress, however, that each student right entails a corresponding obligation for its responsible exercise, and both make many further detailed explanations.

Backing up the ACLU's recommendations are not only the organization's weighty moral support but the legal actions it mounts to advance the principles to which it is dedicated. Behind the AAUP recommendations are both the influence of an organization which has, in the past, effectively censured colleges, for violating faculty academic freedom, and a current move by the AAUP to have other national organizations confer on developing a more widely upheld version of its statement on student rights. The ACLU statement was drafted by a committee headed by Professor Robert Bierstedt, chairman of the anthropology department at New York University, while the AAUP statement was worked out by a committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Philip Monypenny, political science professor at the University of Illinois.

In the ACLU's judgment, two basic beliefs underlie the freedoms it espouses for students. First, students will most likely mature as citizens if they are able to exercise the rights and responsibilities of adult citizens while in college. Second, a college that wants respect for practicing open-minded inquiry in its teaching

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and research defeats this purpose if it denies free inquiry outside the classroom.

"The college's policy *vis-à-vis* its students goes to the heart of the condition necessary for adequate personal growth," the ACLU's statement declares, "and thus determines whether an institution of higher education turns out merely graduates or the indispensable human material for a continuing democracy."

In a similar vein, the AAUP justifies the freedoms it recommends for students by reasoning that "free inquiry and expression are essential attributes of the community of scholars," and that "the responsibility to secure and to respect general conditions conducive to the freedom to learn is shared by all members of the academic community."

Though colleges now widely concur in these fundamental views, the body of freedoms built upon them is fairly new to many American colleges. Isolated instances of student political action have cropped up throughout their long history —for example, Alexander Hamilton wrote revolutionary pamphlets while a student at King's College (now Columbia) in New York, chartered by George II of Britain. But such rare exceptions had negligible effect on the overwhelming pattern, in which generation after generation of college students—until well into this century—acted like restrained young gentlemen, and colleges acted like firm-handed patriarchs who knew best.

Then, in the words of the late Professor Irwin Edman, the "student discipline" problem "arose in a novel form and with an unprecedented fury during the Thirties," the years of the Great Depression. Current student freedoms began to be codified with demands for them in the Thirties, and gradually developed among a preponderance of colleges through the veteran influx of the late Forties and the McCarthyite era of the Fifties.

To say that a revolution in student civil liberties seems won today should certainly not be taken to imply that all of the recognized freedoms are in force at all strong colleges and universities. It means, rather, that these freedoms are substantially in force at institutions that exert a dominant influence in higher education and especially on public opinion about America's collegiate scene.

As an apparent result, student academic freedom incidents around the country in the last few years seem to have tended generally to help enlarge student rights on many campuses.

A recent editor of the student newspaper at the University of Oregon had been asked to resign after a column in which he had criticized fraternities, for example, but he did not comply and was still allowed to graduate.

The editor of the newspaper *Crimson and White* at the University of Alabama in 1962-63 received threats but no reprisals for advocating desegregation of the university.

Three years ago, students at Frostburg State College in Maryland paraded through the town with signs such as: "Wanted – Conformists and provincial thinkers—no original thinkers need apply," in protest against the dismissal of four English teachers for lecturing on Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. Some of the students who were disciplined for the affront appealed to the Maryland Board of College Trustees; subsequently, the college's president went on indefinite leave, the teachers were reinstated, and the moves against the students were dropped.

Last spring, nine students were reinstated at Alabama State College in Montgomery, which was founded for Negroes, after being suspended for cam-

Twelve Freedoms for Students

Recommendations of the ACLU and the AAUP

1) Freedom of expression. Students and student organizations: "should be free to discuss, pass resolutions, distribute leaflets, circulate petitions, and take other lawful action respecting any matter which directly or indirectly concerns or affects them." (ACLU) They "should be free to examine and to discuss all questions of interest to them, and to express opinions publicly or privately." (AAUP)

2) Freedom of the press. "All student publications—college newspapers, literary and humor magazines, academic periodicals and yearbooks – should enjoy full freedom of the press." Any board supervising student publications "should be composed of at least a majority of students. . . . neither a faculty member nor an administrator should exercise veto power over what should be printed." (ACLU) "The student press should be free of censorship and advance approval of copy, and its editors and managers should be free to develop their own editorial policies and news coverage." (AAUP)

3) Freedom of association. "Students should be free to organize and join associations for educational, political, social, religious or cultural purposes. . . . affiliation with any extramural association. . . , so long as it is an open affiliation, should not of itself bar a group from recognition." (ACLU) "Students should be free to organize and join associations to promote their common interests. . . . Affiliation with an extramural organization should not of itself affect recognition of a student organization." (AAUP)

4) Freedom to choose speakers and topics. "Students should be accorded the right to assemble, to select speakers and to discuss issues of their choice. . . . Permission should not be withheld because the speaker is a controversial figure." (ACLU) "Students should be allowed to invite and to hear any person of their own choosing. While the orderly scheduling of facilities may require the observance of routine procedures before a guest speaker is invited to appear on campus, institutional control of campus facilities should never be used as a device of censorship." (AAUP)

5) Freedom to protest. "Student organizations and individual students should be allowed, and no special permission should be required, to distribute pamphlets, except in classrooms and study halls, or collect names for petitions concerning either campus or off-campus issues. Orderly demonstrations on campus should not be prohibited." (ACLU) Students should "be free to support causes by any orderly means which do not disrupt the regular and essential operation of the institution." (AAUP)

6) Freedom from discrimination. "Just as the college should not discriminate on grounds of race, religion, color or national origin in its admission policies, so should it not permit discrimination in any area of student life, such as housing on or off the campus, athletics, fraternities, social clubs." (ACLU) "While sectarian institutions may give admission preference to students of their own persuasion, such a preference should be clearly and publicly stated. College facilities and services should be open to all students, and institutions should use their influence to secure equal access for all students to public facilities in the local community." (AAUP)

7) Freedom from disciplinary action without due process. "No student should be expelled or suffer major disciplinary action for any offense, other than failure to meet the required academic standards, without having been advised explicitly of the charges against him, which at his request should be in writing. He should be free to seek the counsel . . . of his choice. . . . he may ask for a hearing . . . by a faculty-student [or] faculty committee. . . . [he] should be allowed to call witnesses . . . and cross-examine

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pus demonstrations. The reinstatement agreement, which obviated further legal action under way for a federal court order, gave students freedom to select speakers for campus activities, recognized student rights to hold peaceful demonstrations, and provided for freeing student newspapers from faculty control.

In the midst of tense civil rights demonstrations in 1963, Syracuse University revoked its prior order that any student taken into custody by city or campus police would be placed on automatic disciplinary probation.

More recently, the students at the University of New Hampshire joined with the president, trustees, and faculty to defeat an attempt by the State Legislature to make it illegal for "subversive" speakers to appear on campus.

And New York State's highest court not long ago upheld the fight for free choice of speakers by ruling that an admitted Communist must be allowed to address students at the University of Buffalo campus of the State University of New York.

Advances beyond the freedoms which incidents like these indicate to be generally established are also recommended in the ACLU and AAUP statements. The new extensions urged go deeper within the college and farther afield from it. One, appropriately set forth by the AAUP, bears on the inmost integrity of college teaching. Students should be "free to take reasoned exception to the data or views offered" in any of their courses, the statement maintains, and should also be protected "against prejudiced or capricious academic evaluation." Students at the same time must master the content of the course and meet its minimum performance standards academically.

Gifted professors have long honored these subtle principles, but such canons have never before been offered as ethical standards for the whole profession. They stem, in the statement's view, from the professor's obligation "in the classroom and in conference" to "encourage free discussion, inquiry and expression."

In turn, the ACLU recommends extension of student liberties by calling on colleges to help students who fall afoul of the law in the course of political protests made anywhere off campus. "When students run into police difficulties off the campus," it declares, "in connection with what they regard as their political rights . . . the college authorities should take every practical step to assure themselves that such students are protected in their full legal rights."

This recommendation by the ACLU for the colleges to seek and furnish bail, to keep police from abusing arrested students, and to make appeals when nec-

(*Continued on page 77*)

those who appear against him. . . . a final appeal to the board of trustees should be allowed." (ACLU) "In developing responsible student conduct, disciplinary proceedings play a role substantially secondary to counseling, guidance, admonition, and example. In the exceptional circumstances when these preferred means fail to resolve problems of student conduct, proper procedural safeguards should be observed to protect the student from the unfair imposition of serious penalties." and should include, among many features, a hearing in which "the burden of proof should rest upon the officials bringing the charge."(AAUP)

8) Freedom from arbitrary regulation of conduct. "Regulations governing the conduct of students should be enacted by a committee composed of students, administrators, and faculty members if desired." (ACLU) "The student body should have clearly defined means to participate in the formulation and application of regulations affecting student affairs." (AAUP)

9) Freedom to use rights as a private citizen. "In their nonacademic life, private or public, students should be free from college control. On the other hand, the college should not be held responsible for the nonacademic activities of its individual students." (ACLU) "As citizens, students should enjoy the same freedom of speech, peaceful assembly, and right of petition that other citizens enjoy. Faculty members and administrative officials should insure that institutional powers are not employed to inhibit . . . their off-campus activities and their exercise of the rights of citizenship." (AAUP)

10) Freedom from improper disclosure. "When interrogated directly [or indirectly] by prospective employers of any kind . . ., a teacher can safely answer questions which he finds clearly concerned with the student's competence and fitness for the job. . . . But, questions relating to the student's loyalty and patriotism, his political or religious or moral or social beliefs and attitudes, his general outlook, his private life, may if answered jeopardize the teacher-student relation." (ACLU) "Information about student views, beliefs, and political associations which professors acquire in the course of their work as instructors, advisers, and counselors should be considered confidential. Protection against improper disclosure is a serious professional obligation." (AAUP)

11) Freedom from off-campus denial of rights. "When students run into police difficulties off the campus in connection with what they regard as their political rights—as, for example, taking part in sit-ins, picket lines, demonstrations, riding on freedom buses—the college authorities should take every practical step to assure themselves that such students are protected in their full legal rights . . . [such as] fair trials in a court of law . . . speedy trials . . . that they are not abused by the police . . . that bail be sought and furnished . . . that appeals be taken when necessary." (ACLU) "Activities of students may upon occasion result in violation of law. In such cases, institutional officials should apprise students of their legal rights and may offer other assistance." (AAUP)

12) Freedom of thought in the classroom. "Students are responsible for learning thoroughly the content of any course of study, but they should be free to take reasoned exception to the data or views offered, and to reserve judgment about matters of opinion. . . . Students are responsible for maintaining standards of academic performance established by their professors, but they should have protection through orderly procedures against prejudiced or capricious academic evaluation." (AAUP)

—From: *Academic Freedom and Civil Liberties of Students in Colleges and Universities,* American Civil Liberties Union (156 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010), rev. ed., March, 1965, 20 pp.; and

"Statement on the Academic Freedom of Students," *AAUP Bulletin,* Vol. 51, No. 5 (Winter, 1965), American Association of University Professors (1785 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036), pp. 447-449.

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Schools Make News

The college admissions crush is easing—at least for a few years. The cutthroat competition to get in the "college of your choice" has relaxed, and this year's high school seniors are reaping the benefits of the birth-rate decline that followed the postwar baby boom.

In fact, in May the Student Admissions Center reported a minimum of 125,000 vacancies across the country. To be sure, these places are not at Harvard, Yale, or the other prestige colleges. But many excellent, though less well known, institutions are still looking for qualified students to fill their quotas. More than half of these are in the North-central and Southern states, the more remote areas of the country where the proportion of college facilities is greatest in relation to the population.

The full report of the center, giving a college-by-college breakdown, is available to high school guidance counselors and administrators only ($12; write: D.A.T.A., Inc., 32 Lincoln Avenue, Orange, N. J.). A summary, listing the number of vacancies in each state without the breakdown, is free to anyone on request, provided a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Last year at the same time, the Center, whose aim is to help match students seeking colleges with colleges seeking students, reported only 50,000 vacancies. The sudden increase is due mainly to the drop in the number of high school seniors. (Population statistics indicate the decline will continue another two years or so, when the number of college-age students will start back up again.) But a second important factor is the rapid expansion of college facilities. Small colleges have grown; universities have opened new campuses; new colleges have cropped up everywhere; and the number of two-year colleges has virtually exploded.

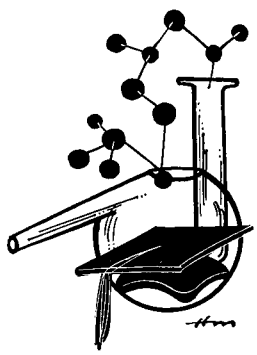
Most affected by the sudden let-up in the admissions crush are the small private colleges that have not yet acquired a national reputation. Many of these are in the Midwest; their academic standards are high but so, necessarily, are their fees. Students who have the qualifications sought by these colleges frequently prefer a low-cost public institution. The private institutions, then, are in some danger of either losing enrollment (and hence needed revenue) or having to lower admissions standards and thereby lose their ratings as high-quality institutions. Many are now actively pursuing qualified students—through the high schools directly and through organizations like the Student Admissions Center.

A new slant in women's education met with high success at Vassar this year. An interdepartmental course called "The River" lifted students from their hygenic campus and set them down on the gently winding, polluted Hudson. An all-day excursion on that abused natural resource climaxed a semester's "case study of man's relation to his environment in the mid-Hudson valley."

The course was taught by fourteen members of the natural and social sciences, history, religion, philosophy, and art faculties, who brought their specialized knowledge to bear on a common problem: the protection and development of the Hudson Valley resources for the increased well-being of its inhabitants. After investigating the geological environment and historical development of the area, the Vassar girls plunged into the problems of land and water use, hydraulic power, expressways, pollution, scenic preservation, the esthetics of urban design, and the politics of urban renewal.

"The River" grew out of President Alan Simpson's interest in environmental studies. "We need a new wisdom to match our technology if we are to escape total destruction," he says. "But we are only beginning to discover that if the number one problem is how to keep world peace, the number two problem is how to build a civilized environment fit to live, work and play in."

The course is a hit with the student who seeks a relationship between classroom learning and the world outside. But Vassar officials feel it is especially appropriate to women's education. "It is active women's groups all over the country," says Janet Dunkelbarger, director of the Vassar news office, "who have put their backs into community and area problems."



While the mid-Hudson area is the immediate subject of the experimental course, the approach employed, the methods of inquiry, and many of the findings will be relevant to the study of other river valleys. Thus a student can apply the principles in whatever region she lives.

When education is inadequate at one level, the transition to the next is difficult, sometimes impossible. Many able students from disadvantaged backgrounds are lost between high school and college, or between undergraduate and graduate school, because their preparation just wasn't good enough.

Often their talents can be saved and developed by a little extra instruction and encouragement. Programs to help lift high school students over the hurdle to college are being encouraged across the country by the Office of Education's "Upward Bound" project. Now Haverford College is pioneering at the next level, the move from college to graduate or professional school.

The program called "Broadening Opportunities" offers scholarship aid for a post-baccalaureate year of study at Haverford or one of six or seven other select liberal arts colleges. Most of the recipients will be graduates of predominately Negro colleges in the Southeast, whose ability is unusual but whose preparation has not enabled them to meet the competition of a good graduate school.

"In some cases," said Dr. William E. Cadbury, Jr., director of the program, "the deficiency may result from inadequate preparation as such, especially in the grammar school, while in others it may be the result of inappropriate or delayed career choices, due to the lack of competent advice and guidance." A career in science or medicine especially, Dr. Cadbury emphasized, depends heavily on good early preparation.

During the post-baccalaureate years, the students will take regular courses at the college where they are enrolled, including seminars and project or research courses. Besides the regular school year, a summer session will be offered at Haverford for those who need it.

Much of the Broadening Opportunities program is financed by a $450,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. It will be used primarily for young people planning a career in college teaching. The hope is that many of the students will return later to their alma maters and contribute to the improvement of those institutions.

Further sums from other foundations and corporations are sought for aspiring chemists, physicists, engineers, biologists, mathematicians, and pre-medical students.

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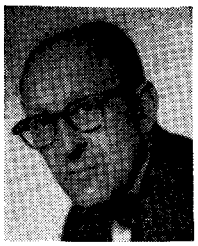

Abraham H. Lass

PERSONAL OPINION

The Joy Has Gone Out of Learning

On this page, each month, an educator, writer, or critic of education is given an opportunity to express his views freely on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed by the author may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By ABRAHAM H. LASS, *Principal of the Abraham Lincoln High School in Brooklyn, co-author of "The College Student's Handbook," and author of the syndicated column "College and You."*

NOT TOO LONG AGO, getting from high school to college was a fairly normal process. The college-bound student knew that he would get into college if he presented a creditable academic and extra-curricular record and a reasonably warm and laudatory letter of recommendation from his principal or counselor. His high school years could be and were years to remember with some poignancy and delight.

Today's college-bound students are different. A shadow has fallen over the golden years of their adolescence. They are hag-ridden by uncertainties, frustrations, and fears; plagued by questions that neither they, their advisers, nor parents can answer.

For a disturbingly large number of students, the joy has gone out of learning. High school for them is no longer a place to open the mind and heart, to experience for the first time the wonders of science, the excitements of art, literature, and music. High school has become a grim preparation for college—something to be endured—just as, for the college student, college has become a stepping stone to graduate school and, in all too many instances, graduate school a stepping stone to a non-teaching career liberally laced with research, grants, and travel.

The relative scarcity of facilities and money for all qualified students who want to go to college, coupled with the enormous increase in the numbers of status-oriented students who seek admission to the prestige colleges, have distorted the values of the entire educational process. Grades are pursued obsessively for their own sake. High school cheating has increased alarmingly, and has reached into the colleges and beyond.

Student motivation is tainted with a new kind of gamesmanship—advance placement, honor courses, books read before students are ready for them, independent study, special projects, extra-curricular activities undertaken frankly (and often cynically) to impress the college admissions office, because "it will look good on the record." Coaching courses and cram books abound, along with other devices designed to "beat" the College Board, ACT, and other college entrance examinations.

There is too little thinking about *why* a student should go to college, or even *if;* the emphasis is simply on *where.* It is a mischievous and destructive myth that everyone must go to college (preferably a four-year liberal arts college), that all wisdom and decency reposes with the college educated.

Among college-bound and college students, there has been a large increase in cases of emotional disturbance, traceable directly to the curricular pressures generated by the high schools and intensified by the colleges. Added to these are pressures from the home and from the students themselves, who are encouraged—and sometimes driven—to achieve beyond their limits.

The environment of the campus offers them little relief or comfort. Orientation to college—which ought to be the heart of the freshman year—is, in most instances, a superficial, casual, one-shot affair that really does very little to confront the college freshman with the true scope and nature of the new life he has embarked upon. College teaching, by and large, is scandalously indifferent. Rarely prepared to teach or taught how to teach, the college instructor has commonly assumed toward his students a "come and get it" attitude.

The charge of "impersonalness" of the college administration and instructional staff will not be put down easily. If it does not wholly account for the Berkeley incidents, it plays a role in the final reckoning. Over 50 per cent of our college students are dropouts. More than 300,000 college students are transferring every year—an army of academic nomads constantly on the move. These are signs of deep discontents and dislocations somewhere.

There is ample reason for being disturbed about things as they are. But they don't have to be this way. There are positive things that can be done to insure for the college-bound student four unforgettable high school years devoted to learning and growing up relatively free of the cares and uncertainties that darken his days and drive him into desperate and destructive stratagems.

Here's what all high schools can and should do for their college-bound students:

► Give them better, more realistic preparation for the challenges and rigors of the free, responsible college life.

► Pamper them less, spoon-feed them less. Instead, teach them how to study, how to manage their personal, social, intellectual, academic lives.

► Give them the kind of guidance that will provide them with reliable, full, and objective information about the colleges—what they are like, what they offer, and what it takes to get into them and stay there.

The colleges have inescapable obligations, too. They won't be able to sleep easy unless and until they:

► Provide a full clear, unequivocal statement of admissions standards and procedures.

► Provide an honest, intelligible statement of what their programs are really like—something more than the inflated hopeful prose of the college catalogue.

► Provide more specific, understandable information about what the college is really like, the kind of students who attend, the intellectual pace and expectations, the college climate and atmosphere.

► Make teaching the central obligation of the entire staff. See to it that everyone learns how to teach—and teaches what he knows so that students will want to learn.

► Provide systematic, comprehensive guidance services administered by qualified personnel.

► Give the student a feeling that the college really cares what is happening to him—all of him—not merely his grades.

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TEACH THEM THE ARTS OF FREEDOM

—George W. Gardner.

"Cultural enrichment is that which prompts the child to expand his view of reality; it promotes his spirit of wonder."

By LAWRENCE C. HOWARD, *Director of the Institute of Human Relations, The University of Wisconsin.*

TOO LITTLE of the education of the disadvantaged has either the content or the spirit of the humanities. Since the disadvantaged are those who are limited, and the humanities are concerned with liberating man—this void is hard to understand. Part of the problem may be that "disadvantage" has been viewed too narrowly as a deficiency of the child, and education not enough as the enlargement of freedom. This brief review of its nature, history, and current focus suggests the humanities should have a central role in the education of the disadvantaged. And since the humanities are the arts of freedom, such a shift may well permit the disadvantaged to help in the re-education of America.

Much is now being written about the concept of "disadvantage" to describe problems confronting the child, or rather certain children. Yeshiva University in New York has a center, using semi-automatic data processing techniques, called IRCD (Information Retrieval Center on the Disadvantaged). The center's director, Professor Edmund W. Gordon, wrote in a recent *IRCD Bulletin* about "disadvantage" when approached as the child's problem.

"Disadvantage," he indicated, is rooted in the condition of poverty and discrimination in which the child grows up. He is in an American subculture, that of poverty or low status, which has inadequately prepared him to function in the middle-class world of employment and suburban living or, in our frame of reference, for functioning effectively in the educational system. Youngsters are "disadvantaged" in the sense that the preparation they receive is inadequate for successful competition in the larger society.

This kind of "child disadvantage" has been described in great detail by Bloom, Davis, and Hess in their new volume, *Compensatory Education for the Culturally Deprived.* They trace what it means to have poverty and discrimination nagging at you; what a limited diet, inadequate clothing, and shelter can mean in terms of a poor start in life; how these can affect the child during the prenatal period. They note the deficits of early childhood in this setting in inadequate perceptual and linguistic stimulation and in a poverty of experience. When such children reach the first grade, school for them is an unfamiliar and frustrating experience. There is inadequate counseling and an absence of appropriate models. They fall behind in grade, especially in reading skills. By adolescence they are the dropouts; they display a decline in IQ rating over time. The education experience simply does not take, and ahead are social problems. This picture of the disadvantaged child has prompted the conclusion that he needs compensatory education, started early and continued relentlessly, and more enlightened programs to focus upon cognitive development, that is, helping him learn how to learn.

The child is said to have a cumulative deficit that he must overcome: he's nonverbal, has a limited attention span, poor time perspective, limited response to all stimuli; he is the product of a broken home, reared under a matriarchy, is inadequately guided by adults; few things belong to him, he's under-motivated, and has a negative self-image. This is the conception of the disadvantaged child.

There is a divergent view. It states that disadvantage is a societal problem, a critical flaw in democratic America. The existence of poverty, rather than a problem of the poor, is seen as a weakness in our economic system – much the same as depressions used to be viewed. Persisting discrimination, especially against the Negro, reveals America's underdeveloped morality. Gunnar Myrdal has called this the American dilemma: mouthing words of high ideals and Christian precepts, but acting in relentless patterns of prejudice toward Negroes. "Disadvantage" then becomes the problem of the "advantaged." It reflects the middle-class preoccupation with the material, and insensitivity to the human, the strong taking advantage of the weak, the power structure corrupted by its own power. Archibald MacLeish, commenting about disadvantaged America more recently, said, "There is vulgarity everywhere. There are pockets of ignorance and hatred—not only in the Deep South. Our relations with each other lack richness and tenderness." The very existence of ostracized subcultures reinforces this view, points up our historic insensitivity to certain groups—not just the Negro and the poor—the Indian, Mexican, and Filipino as well.

Those who stress disadvantaged America reject the economic deprivation thesis. While they agree limited income is important, they tend to emphasize the powerlessness of the poor, how they are socially invisible in the eyes of those more affluent. Compared with himself, the Negro economically is better off today than he was ten years ago. Yet Thomas Pettigrew has shown that disadvantage has grown steadily more acute. Relative, not absolute, poverty and isolation are the rub. Similar in relative positions are the continuing conditions of the disadvantaged when compared to the ever-increasing promises of amelioration: antipoverty programs, civil rights reforms, urban renewal projects. Only by comparisons can one know his own inferior position.

With so little known about the poor,

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and even less about their intellectual development, the cumulative deficit thesis is also questioned. The void is exposed by terms like "cultural deprivation" and descriptions of disadvantage couched in absent middle-class values. Ralph Ellison has also denied the relevance of the Americanization of immigrants or Jewish experience with discrimination as models for understanding the "disadvantaged." In a debate with Irving Howe, he remarked, "Things don't look like that from the black skin looking out."

To be disadvantaged, concludes this view, is to feel the pain of being labeled disadvantaged. It is defenselessness against compensatory programs hastily assembled by those whose true objective is to preserve white neighborhood schools. It is being ministered *at* by social workers who stigmatize "the clients" and, in fact, increase dependency. When ignoring the moral failures in our history, we demand that the disadvantaged overcome their background by rejecting home and family, the disadvantaged protest, "I cannot so easily put aside my identity."

Discrimination is common ground to both views of "disadvantage." Those who emphasize America's flaw point less to overt bars and more to subtle acts that come from "doing things as usual." The words "de facto segregation" have grown up to describe societal discrimination in housing, jobs, and schools. While not supported by laws, their effect is equally deadly. In this connection the compensatory approach in schools can provide no real solution. Schools remain white-controlled and segregation continues to expand. It thus comes as no surprise that civil rights demonstrations are active where compensatory programs are in greatest prominence. The drive for integration is not a drive to enter white schools, but one to broaden the cultural base of all schools for educational objectives. It is also to make them truly public. Quality education, if our goal is a free society, is not achievable for anyone—Negro or white—without the integration of our schools.

When some are barred and others intolerant, mankind as a whole is the loser. It is this understanding that should turn our attention to the humanities rather than to the more prevalent psychological emphasis which seeks to get the child "undeprived" before he gets any "learning." The humanities embrace all learning and skills which accelerate man in his becoming what he can be. It is because the humanities are fundamentally concerned with the human condition and its betterment that they have such high relevance both to a group stigmatized as "culturally deprived" and to a society with pervasive patterns of inhumane behavior.

The humanities, in a sense, have always been concerned with man's disadvantages. Originally they included the *trivium* on words (grammar, logic, and rhetoric), and the *quadrivium* of things (geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and music). The content has changed since classical times, with secularism, science, and the study of society—but all along a basic unity remains: concern with what men can do, and knowledge to reach those goals. It is understandable that the disadvantaged themselves dwell too much on limitations to be overcome, on the legal-social barriers, and too little on the fruits that will accrue to all when man's wholeness is achieved. It is harder to account for the American Council of Learned Societies' failure to mention the "disadvantaged" in the *Report of the Commission on the Humanities* (1964).

THE quest to free man, the historical concern of the humanities, is no less the focus today. The forms this takes, according to Richard P. McKeeon, are those of increasing man's discovery power, refining his ability to use the past, and bringing men to act when knowledge and power are at hand. Thus, in a sense, the concern with the humanities today remains as with the Greeks: the proper human uses of relevant words and things.

The first item, as in Shaw's *Pygmalion*, is better use of words. The art of utterance, the ability to communicate thought with power and fluency, is one of the fundamental needs of the disadvantaged. Behind the words must be experience, the basis of communication. Appreciation of structure and design, comprehensiveness of view, of insight, and of system, come hard without experience. Nor can one be assured these several arts will develop simply by exposure blessed by middle class or social power. It is being read to as a preschooler, having books in the house, the trip to the museum, that are required. Cultural enrichment is that which prompts the child to expand his view of reality; it promotes his spirit of wonder. Thomas Merton writes inside a monastery, Schweitzer in a jungle. It is not things or places so much as systematic discouragement that dries up one's experience.

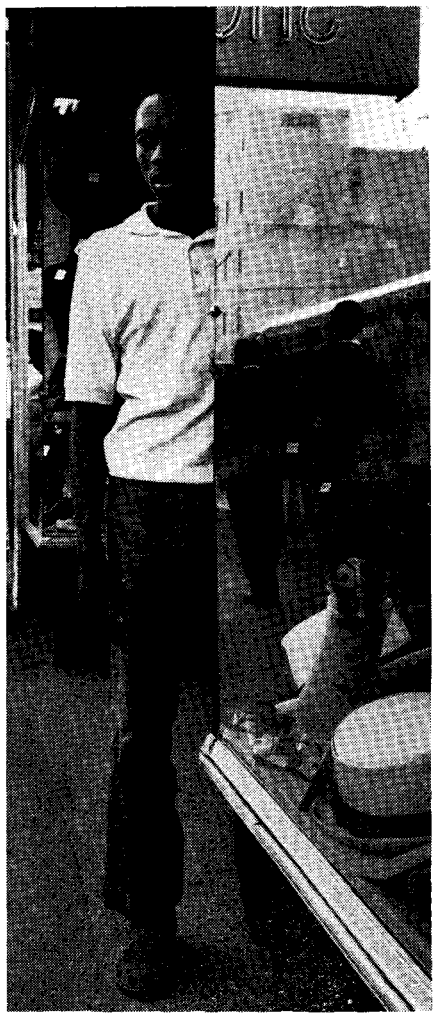
Words grounded in experience illuminate values. And here, too, is relevance, for the disadvantaged are often told to change their values or else to go and get some. The humanities' approach would require that these demands, these moral judgments, rest in understanding. The first step is to weigh the various perspectives on reality including those of the poor and ostracized. No war on poverty, mindful of the humanities, would have delayed so long before including the poor. Judgments of others, in short, should follow, not precede, inquiry. The task of the humanities, and, one would think, of all good education, is to strive to understand what understanding is. Socrates, for one, believed that knowledge of the good would leave man pursuing nothing else.

Values formulated in words and expressed in action are not enough. There must be style, if one would remain true to the humanities. The esthetic dimension is communication so efficient and action so purposeful that elegance is radiated. The discordances have been removed. Is not the unlovely way the disadvantaged are seen much of the problem? To be known as disadvantaged blocks out much of anything else. The label "problem" increases social separation and may itself justify the mistreatment the disadvantaged receive.

This cursory look at the humanities prompts one to ask what has greater relevance for the education of the disadvantaged. How has it happened that schools of education and social work, rather than those of the liberal arts, have dominated this field?

Even for those still emphasizing the

(*Continued on page* 79)



—*Roberts (Monkmeyer).*

"When some are barred and others intolerant, mankind as a whole is the loser."

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IDEA:

Prescription For Change

At the National High School Youth Conference on Education — "IDEA brought two students from each state to the nation's capital to discuss the education they are getting."

By TOM KASER, *Education Editor of the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

ONE OF THE GREATEST needs in education today is some means for wide dissemination of knowledge about promising, proven, educational innovations in the nation's schools. Too often reports of research studies that develop and test new practices and techniques are gathering dust on library shelves. Many potentially useful practices never gain wide acceptance in the classroom, and even those with the greatest contribution to make often have to wait a generation or more before their impact is felt. To meet this challenge of change in the classroom, plans for a new education-action project, the Institute for the Development of Educational Activities (IDEA), were recently completed and announced last month.

IDEA is a project of the Charles F. Kettering Foundation, which has been supporting research and education in the natural sciences since 1927. Like most foundations, Kettering has been a grant-making one and has not involved itself directly in the operation and administration of the programs it supports. However, when it turned its primary interest to general education, about two years ago, a foundation trustee urged the organization's officers to "bring us something besides these grants, something we can get our teeth into and identify with."

What emerged was a project that is organized and operated by the foundation itself, to develop and test new ideas and to work actively for their widespread acceptance in the schools.

Here is how IDEA will work.

New concepts for the improvement of elementary or secondary education will be gathered by the IDEA staff or conceived by the staff of IDEA's Division of Research and Development, headed by Dr. John I. Goodlad, Professor of Education and Director of the University Elementary School at UCLA. Each concept will be subjected to basic feasibility research to determine whether it can be tested in the controlled educational environment of UCLA's University Elementary School.

IF the concept survives this basic test, Goodlad and his staff will be faced with the larger question of whether it can be introduced effectively into schools in general. Would it work in overcrowded classrooms? Would it work equally well among students from vastly different school districts? Could it be inserted into the curriculum easily? To answer these and other questions about a given concept, Goodlad and his staff have established a League of Cooperating Schools, composed of twenty schools, each in a different school district in southern California. The schools also represent virtually all population groups, kinds of school buildings, and types of educational problems found anywhere in the United States.

What this amounts to is a vast laboratory for educational research. Under a tripartite agreement involving UCLA, IDEA, and the cooperating school districts, it is hoped that educational change will be injected systematically under reasonably controlled conditions. In joining the League, a cooperating school district agrees to designate for three years one school that will be used for innovation and research. The district and the school itself must be willing to "deviate where desirable and feasible" from general school-district policies, and it must provide released time for the principal and staff when it is necessary for them to participate in League activities.

UCLA's responsibilities in the alliance will include, among other things, the recruitment of short- and long-term consultants for projects undertaken by League schools; the conducting of seminars, institutes, and conferences contributing to the implementation of League activities; the support of selected (UCLA) doctoral students who will have specific research and development responsibilities as they continue their graduate studies; and the establishment of communication with pilot schools in other areas.

The general purpose of the League of Cooperating Schools, then, is to study not only innovative approaches to education but also the effectiveness of innovations in school practices. By linking twenty school districts together in the League, a wave created in one school could very well rock a boat in the school of another district.

Once the new concept has survived the League of Cooperating Schools, it will leave Goodlad's jurisdiction and move into IDEA's Innovation and Dissemination Division, headed by Eugene R. Howard, former principal of Ridgewood High School, Norridge, Illinois. Here, the new educational idea will be put into practice within a consortium of "demonstration schools" organized by Howard for IDEA. This will be a crucial stage in the innovation process because it will attempt to carry on where most

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efforts stop. The demonstration schools will attempt to bridge the gap that has traditionally separated research and innovation from actual practice in the schools.

IDEA will recruit twelve schools for such demonstration purposes by this September, and twenty-four by September 1967. The Institute is now arranging for each demonstration school to hire a program director and a research director to guarantee the effective insertion of the idea of change into the day-to-day curriculum.

The program director will be responsible for the overall effort and for explicating the new concept to visiting observers—hopefully, educators from other schools. The research director will share this "sales" responsibility, but his primary duty will be to work with the staff of his school and assist with the evaluation and implementation of new practices. The research director at each demonstration school will also be a "scout" for new ideas in education; he will keep in touch with Goodlad and other university-based education scholars.

IDEA anticipates problems related to what is generally known as "resistance to change." To overcome these problems, it will sponsor summer workshops not only for the program and research directors, but also for selected demonstration school teachers. The workshops will draw upon such sources as Goodlad, his researchers, and other spokesmen for educational innovation to explain detailed applications of a given concept.

The demonstration schools will be only half of the Innovation and Dissemination Division's effort to bridge the gap between the "university people" and the "school people" in the promotion of proven ideas. The other half of its job will be to establish a corps of consultants, consisting of top practicing educators and university professors, who will be available to travel to any school in the country and help solve specific innovation problems. About 400 such consultants will eventually be on the roster.

The need for consultants was pointed up recently when a school in the Rocky Mountains area encountered difficulties in switching from graded to nongraded. IDEA responded by sending to the school some Colorado teachers knowledgeable about nongraded education.

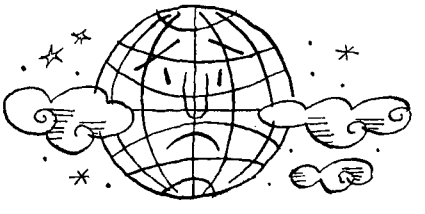
The finishing touches of IDEA's massive innovation effort will be applied by one other division within the Institute, the Division of Informational Services, headed by Florida's well known educator, Dr. B. Frank Brown, principal of the nongraded Melbourne High School. So far, Brown has been the most visible of IDEA's consultant-officers, largely because he has been responsible for organizing the Institute's first public activities.

The first project was the National High School Youth Conference on Education, held in Washington, D.C., February 23-26. IDEA brought two students from each state to the nation's capital to discuss what they do and don't like about the education they are getting. The conference, which cost IDEA about $48,000, was the first national parley for the consumers of education—the students themselves. Its significance was underscored in an address given to the student delegates by U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II:

"Everyone gets a hearing – that is, everyone except for the most important group in education. I mean you and your millions of fellow students in classrooms all over the country. Up until quite recently, no one bothered to consult the consumers of the product being turned out by our schools and institutions of higher education. I hope this conference represents a recognition that students ought to have a voice in shaping their education, and that it will be the first of many platforms from which you can state your views."

DURING the conference, the students expressed their opinions on such topics as grades, homework, "the ideal teacher," the teaching of reading, the school library, grouping, motivation, sex education, and guidance counselors. Their ideas, a surprisingly large proportion of which were constructive, were recorded verbatim by court reporters. Concepts gleaned from the conference will be outlined in a forthcoming book, written by Brown. Other summaries are now being distributed by IDEA to the nation's scholars and educators.

Even before the youth conference was held, Brown had begun working on IDEA's second public activity, four week-long summer institutes for about 400 school administrators. The institutes, to be held concurrently in different parts of the country, are designed to introduce new practices to men who can put them into effect. Each participant will be briefed on new, quality-centered, and academically sound innovations in education. It is hoped that, since he understands the research and application of a given innovation, each participant will take the idea back home and put it into practice. IDEA plans to keep in constant touch with each participant, periodically receiving feedback from him on his problems and progress.



The summer institutes will be patterned after the highly successful Gordon Research Conferences for scientists; they will be held concurrently July 1-7 at Amherst College (Massachusetts), Carleton College (Minnesota), Colorado College, and Claremont College (California).

Two other early IDEA projects are also under Brown's jurisdiction: (1) a documentary color film that shows what some schools in the country are doing with educational innovations, and (2) a survey of what the American public expects from education. The film, called *Make a Mighty Reach,* will be released this summer for nationwide distribution among educators and public groups interested in education. The survey, being conducted by the firm of Kettering trustee Dr. George H. Gallup, aims to detect the American public's attitude toward innovation in the schools.

This year, IDEA will spend $1,200,000 for the research, design, development, dissemination, and promotion of new materials, methodologies, and services for public school administrators and teachers. What this represents is the first direct involvement of a modern philanthropic foundation in educational innovation and dissemination.

That involvement is admittedly based on certain predilections – for example, that education must be tailored to the individual (instead of the group), that students do have a stake in their education, that the directive superior-subordinate relationship between teachers and students must be de-emphasized, that education must deal with "why" in addition to "what."

Most of all, IDEA is dedicated to action—specifically, breaking the resistance to change that has for years retarded the innovation and use of new educational ideas.

"You people must expect to change your occupational skills and your way of living several times during your life span," E. H. Vause, IDEA's executive director, told the students who attended the National High School Youth Conference on Education last February. "Yet most schools have not kept pace with our changing society. The same philosophical attitudes toward students persist, the same teaching methodology is in evidence almost everywhere, many teachers continue to be trained in obsolete practices, and even much of the so-called 'new' curricular materials have been designed to be used in conventional ways."

"The tragedy in all this is that it need not be so. We really do know how to educate people better, and IDEA will try very hard to get schools to adopt new educational developments that have been properly evaluated and found to be improvements."

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SOMETHING MORE

By DAVID MALLERY, *Director of Studies for the National Association of Independent Schools and author of the recent "Beyond All Those Books."*

A FEW YEARS AGO an eleventh-grade boy who was enrolled in a school that was exploding with all the latest curricular experiments and delighting its most ambitious parents and teachers with massive (and preposterous) homework assignments, said to me: "I do the homework to get the grades and get into college, and I try to live it up as a teen-ager, and all this takes a lot of time. But a lot of us think that maybe there must be something more."

In the last few months I have come to understand better what he was saying, because I have been meeting students who are up to their ears in a kind of "something more" which counts for a lot to them. That is some kind of community service which offers relationships and experiences beyond all those honors sections and enrichment assignments, beyond all the outside reading and early-morning meetings, and projects and activities. Interestingly enough, the secondary school students involved in tutoring a child with a non-school or anti-school background, in giving swimming lessons to a blind boy, in taking part in emergency flood relief—are in schools that bow to none in their academic credentials. These young people, supposedly more imprisoned than ever in the hysteria of "excellence" and college admissions, are reaching beyond the increasingly narrow and intense meanings of "solid education."

"We study with the kids, we read to them, work with numbers, draw, paste, and paint. The main point is that for each of us there is this one child who knows that someone else is really interested in him." This comment, from a junior at Philadelphia's Germantown Friends School, makes the central point that nearly all the student tutors I have met anywhere stress. Work camps, one-shot service projects, and volunteer days have a place, but the tutoring counts most because it's a regular encounter of two individuals who know each other, each one valuing the interest of the other. A senior girl, a leader at the same school, said of the tutoring work, "Some of our students passed out leaflets and carried signs near the polls about the Mississippi poll tax. But the main interest is not that kind of thing. Not that the students don't *care*. But tutoring involves your mind as well as your emotions. It's more solid than a parade."

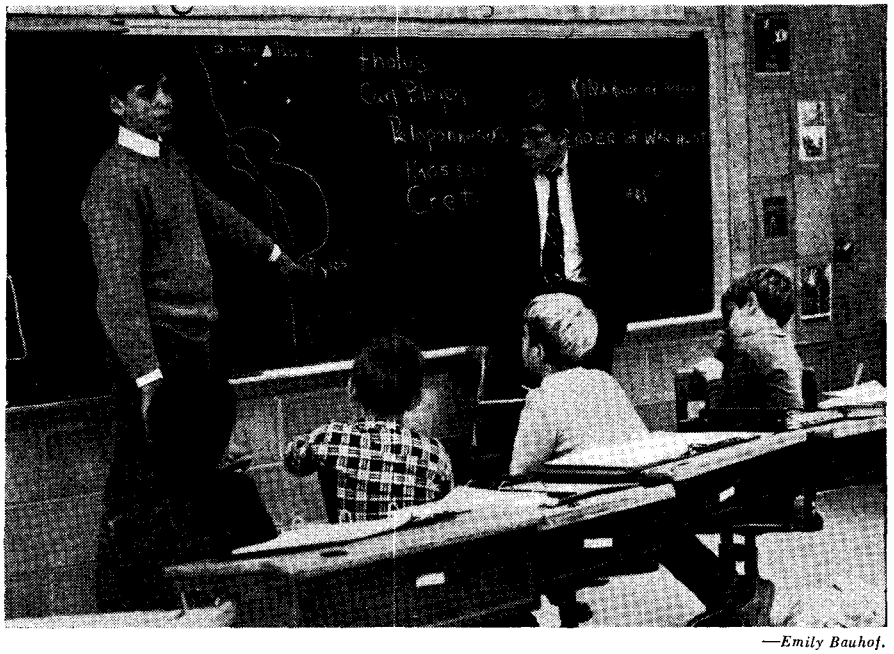
Most of the tutors are those who seem to be involved in a wide variety of activities already. But three of the most enthusiastic and imaginative were senior boys who had taken little part in the school's special enthusiasms. One was spotted by a teacher for this work and two friends joined him. Their idea of the value of their experience sounds surprising at first. "We want *to get an education*," one said. "Fifty per cent of our education is certainly outside of school. You can leave school feeling 'What have I learned?' You have an experience like we have every week or twice a week with these kids and—well—you *know* you've learned something." A girl who tutored a second-grade girl in a nearby school also spoke for the "something more": "You can't *read* about things all the time and never experience them. I know something in a different way from the way I know it in a book, when I'm holding the hand of my seven-year-old at the Warner School. I know it in a way I've never known *anything*. That may sound a little dramatic but that's the way it is."

Junior high students are in the tutoring program, too, at Germantown Friends, particularly eighth graders. Yet one of the most perceptive tutors I met was a seventh-grade girl, working at a nearby church, who was tutoring a fourth-grade boy whose twin brother was being tutored, on a different day, by the girl's mother. Surely not the least of this girl's experience was having a subject for a genuine exchange with her mother, other than homework or hairdos or curfews.

The experience benefits the tutors, but what about those tutored? To find out, I talked with social workers, settlement house leaders, ministers, and teachers who saw tutoring programs from the viewpoint of the community rather than of the school. One minister said, "Most of these boys feel inadequate and are self-conscious about being clumsy in school. They somehow start moving ahead when they're working with a boy their own age or a little older. They're by themselves. There's no shame in front of their peers—and there's none of the embarrassment and feeling of remoteness they might have with a teacher."

He was talking about what was happening to some of the boys he had recommended for a Saturday tutoring program run by students of the Horace Mann School in New York City. A social worker pointed out that even the trip to the school is an experience for these children. "Some of our boys have a real fear of leaving their neighborhood. We have several meetings at the house with the boys to prepare them for the change—even to planning how they will operate on the subway. These boys are used to going to their school and their church and Macy's. That's about it."

What also struck me as most signifi-



—*Emily Bauhof.*

Germantown Friends School—"These young people are reaching beyond the increasingly narrow and intense meanings of 'solid education.' "

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cant was the authority with which the head tutor, a Horace Mann senior, managed the program and its problems. There was Pablo, a young Puerto Rican who was dragged to the school by a friend who said, "George, here's Pablo. He doesn't know any English." With a quick phone call, George produced a sixteen-year-old tutor who had studied Spanish and lived a few months in Mexico. Pablo was doing fine five months later.

Then there was Al, who arrived the first Saturday and saw with clear dismay that his math tutor was shorter and thinner and younger-looking than he was. George's solution: "I switched things around so Al got our star heavyweight wrestler for a tutor. The wrestler's math wasn't brilliant, but it was good enough, and Al could work with him with real respect."

Tutoring is the most discussed but not the only expression of the new concern in some schools. A whole range of service experiences, long a tradition (and an actual graduation requirement) in New York's Ethical Culture Schools, includes creating a welcoming atmosphere for people moving into urban renewal projects who could, otherwise, feel simply shifted and shunted from an old development to a new one.

In some schools even the Sainted Schedule is cracking here and there. The fissures may be small, but they are significant. The Wilbraham (Massachusetts) Academy already has a time-off program in which students take advantage of service opportunities in the community; and Phillips Exeter Academy will soon be working out a similar quarter-off program. While the summer offers many opportunities for service, there are so many students who want them that there are often not enough positions to go around. A term out in the fall, winter, or spring, not only makes community service more accessible to more students, but it sets the service experience up as a regular part of the school program.

Similar in spirit was last spring's one-month, full-time "internship program" at the Maumee Valley Country Day School in Toledo, Ohio. Thirty-seven seniors completed graduation requirements and examinations on April 30, and then went straight to work in hospital laboratories, a public welfare department, a YMCA, several local settlement houses, day nurseries, Red Cross chapters, local housing authorities, a teamsters union, the office of the county commissioner and the office of the city manager, institutions for retarded children, and child welfare boards.

I haven't heard any more articulate enthusiasm for these opportunities than in a memorable hour with a handful of students at Philadelphia's Friends' Select School. The students talked with intense excitement about teaching blind, deaf, and retarded children to swim at the Y; working with the branch office of the Democratic or Republican Committee; weekly service as a hospital volunteer; working as a messenger, photographer, and scooter-rider for the local newspaper; serving with Young Friends organizations and projects; attending conferences on religion, civil rights, ethics, brotherhood, United Nations, world affairs; taking part in school and community tutoring projects and recreation programs; apprenticeship in hospital laboratories; teaching in Sunday Schools; secretarial work for SNCC; exchange visiting with Freedom Schools in the South; a kind of training-apprentice work with visiting nurses for a local hospital's out-patient service. These students were not interested in doing these things only in the summer and, as one said, "spending the winter in some kind of academic hibernation."

B. F. Herzog.

Milton Academy Girls' School—"The tutoring counts most because it's a regular encounter of two individuals who know each other, each one valuing the interest of the other."

And it was one of these students who made the most effective plea I have heard for the value of this kind of "something more" in our schools and communities: "Every time you get into some kind of service that helps somebody, it takes away the feeling teen-agers all seem to have about being too young to cope with the world, or about the world being so messed up that we'll never be able to cope with it. When I do this work, I figure if I can cope with a little of the world's trouble, I'll feel less helpless about all the rest of the world's troubles."

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ACADEMIC COMMON MARKET

A class in first-year Chinese at CIC's Far Eastern Language Institute, Indiana University.

By STANLEY F. SALWAK, *Director, The Committee on Institutional Cooperation.*

THE BIG TEN Midwestern universities—fierce competitors on the football field on fall Saturday afternoons and academically the rest of the year—have entered into a new academic alliance. The Committee on Institutional Cooperation (CIC) was formed by the presidents of the Big Ten (Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Michigan State, Minnesota, Northwestern, Ohio State, Purdue, and Wisconsin) in 1958, and later joined by the University of Chicago, a former member, to consider and investigate possibilities of formal inter-institutional cooperation in academic areas. *Time* magazine has called the result of those tentative beginnings "the world's biggest academic common market."

There is no question that these eleven universities have for a long time constituted a potent force in American higher education. Their total enrollment is well over 200,000, and they possess tremendous resources of faculty and physical facilities. Their output of advanced graduate and professional students is out of all proportion to their percentage of total university enrollments in America today. Almost one-third of all doctoral degrees granted within the past ten years were earned at these eleven universities. In agriculture the percentage was 43.6. It was 50.3 in business and commerce, 31.7 in engineering, 33.2 in biological science, more than 51 in medicine, and 63 in pharmacy. Yet the eleven CIC universities constitute only about 6 per cent of the national total of institutions granting doctoral degrees.

But with all of this academic abundance, there is always a hovering danger—complacency. This was, in fact, one of the compelling reasons for the decision of the Midwestern eleven to embark on a new and vitalizing educational activity—voluntary cooperation.

Like all universities, these institutions were up against problems unheard of a decade ago: multiplying enrollments, a revolution in technology and the accompanying need for costly new facilities, and the growing inadequacy of customary sources of income to cover new services. In addition, it was no secret that Midwestern universities resented the Ivy League patronizing assumptions that the Big Ten institutions were merely degree mills, excelling chiefly in athletics, and that there was little worthwhile in American higher education between the Eastern seaboard and Berkeley.

The CIC "common market" was the response to these challenges. And yet it was recognized that cooperation would not be an easy course. There was, first of all, the question of organization. Was the group to be organized by compulsory interstate compact? The idea of compulsion sat badly with proud, independent institutions. What about coordination by the federal government? Such a move was (and is still, in other instances) possible, but there were valid objections to concentration of a subnational, regional power at the federal level.

The CIC answer was a non-compulsory, regional solution: voluntary cooperation—and thereby a genuine innovation in higher education. The freedom of any one institution to remain outside a particular action program provides not only flexibility, but strength. The CIC framework sustains no damage from the failure of one or more universities to cooperate in a given area. Majority action does not bind the totality. And with no legal aids or restrictions, institutional autonomy is not an issue.

The organization of the CIC is simple. An administrative official from each member university is the CIC representative; the staff duties are handled by two professional educators; and the "work" is done by faculty members. Through funds awarded by the Carnegie Corporation, the CIC gives small sums of money, called "seed grants," to inter-university faculty groups interested in exploring joint program possibilities. The seed grants are unpretentious in amount, usually covering such modest costs of a meeting as hotel, food, and transportation expenses. But their catalyzing function is large indeed. Clearly, cooperation cannot begin unless people meet. And if they lack the means to do so, whatever may have inclined them to cooperative effort remains, in the other sense of the word, academic.

But such awards were almost nonexistent in American higher education before the CIC began granting them. The CIC has thus opened up a channel for faculty members to communicate ideas. The effectiveness of the policy is reflected in the number of functioning programs—currently more than forty—that can be traced to the initial awarding of a seed grant.

THE difficulties of cooperation among eleven independent and distinctively different universities—two of which are private (Chicago and Northwestern) and nine of which are publicly assisted—should not be minimized. And there have, to be sure, been failures, setbacks, and disappointments. The practice of cooperation lags far behind its acceptance in theory. It is sometimes difficult for universities with different requirements, standards, and even basic philosophies, which traditionally have taken pride in self-sufficiency, to admit that

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they might benefit from cooperation. After one particularly gruelling session, one participant was heard to say, "I sometimes wonder if our universities aren't involved in this project to find out how they may better compete than cooperate."

But there is encouragement to be derived from the number of times that faculty members and administrators from the eleven universities have set aside their individual and institutional self-interests to produce remarkable academic achievements.

What are some of these programs?

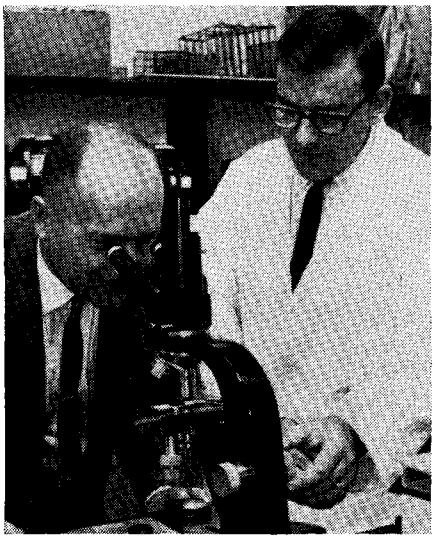
A PARTICULARLY good example is the new approach to the graduate training of biometeorologists (specialists studying the effects of weather on man, animals, and plants), initiated by a seed grant awarded by the CIC in 1963 to an inter-institutional faculty committee. Developed on an interdisciplinary basis, the program permits doctoral students in such fields as meteorology, zoology, geography, physiology, and medicine to extend their studies on a selective basis at several of the cooperative institutions. The students are thus able not only to work with distinguished faculties but also to use special facilities representing a total capital investment of many millions of dollars.

The highly praised Far Eastern Language Institutes constitute another area in which a seed grant has helped to transform an original investment of faculty initiative into major academic gains in a field that has suffered undue neglect, to the detriment of the world of scholarship and the national interest. Following the cooperative pattern, the Institutes were held at The University of Michigan in 1963, at Indiana University in 1964, at The Ohio State University in 1965, and have been scheduled for the University of Minnesota in 1966. The Institutes provide a pool of professors in Japanese and Chinese languages who conduct intensive training sessions on both the elementary and advanced levels for the growing numbers of students interested in the Oriental field. Thus, more than 150 students from approximately fifty institutions in the United States, Canada, and England were attracted to last year's Institutes. Faculty members have also used this opportunity to study teaching procedures and to develop new and much-needed instructional materials. Again, the cooperative arrangement has worked particularly well because the pooling of faculty resources from several universities has resulted in an uncommon fund of outstanding teacher-scholars. It should be mentioned, too, if only incidentally, that another factor making the Institutes a smooth cooperative undertaking is the policy of allowing students from the CIC schools to pay whichever tuition is *lower*, that of the home or the host institution.

Certain broader problems in the field of languages have been attacked by the liberal arts deans of the CIC institutions. Working with information and advice provided by faculty language committees, the deans have set themselves the task of formulating a systematic approach to language instruction that would take into account the nation's needs for language specialists in relation to the commitments and resources of each university. The deans have thus surveyed the current offerings of the eleven institutions and compared the results against national language needs, particularly as reflected in the listing of twenty-six "critical" languages in the National Defense Education Act. A concerted effort is now being directed toward a cooperative arrangement under which each CIC university will concentrate on developing special strengths in one or more of the critical areas while continuing to offer full-range instructional programs in many languages.

An inter-university committee of geographers has been working toward programs which are to include centers of excellence in various aspects of geography, and the exploration of ways in which the departments can jointly undertake research projects too large for the limited staff of individual institutions. Several cooperative activities in field training are already under way, including a geography field camp jointly sponsored by several member universities and a CIC faculty field seminar.

While seed grants are not sown indiscriminately, they have been applied wherever there has been some promise of healthy and useful growth. Thus, in addition to the projects cited above, other faculty groups have been investigating the possibility of cooperative programs and curricular improvements in such diverse fields as geology, psychology, sociology, linguistics, oceanography, prehistoric human ecology, college biology teaching, instruction in the social sciences, and Latin American studies.



A traveling scholar from the University of Michigan, Waldeman Albertin is studying entomology under Dr. Ronald Giese (right) at Purdue.

One unusually successful venture has been the "Traveling Scholar" program. During 1964-65, the second year of operation, qualified graduate students in more than forty-one different disciplines —including political science, anthropology, veterinary medicine, physics, and mechanical engineering—took short-term work at other CIC universities. The students took advantage of member institutions' special strengths — course offerings, research opportunities, unique laboratories or library facilities — and were subjected to a bare minimum of red tape.

Under this program, traveling scholars register, pay fees, and receive credit at their home institutions. But students from all eleven universities may use such special institutes as Michigan's Survey Research Center or Illinois's Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations, or study at institutions having such outstanding academicians as Iowa's James A. Van Allen in physics and astronomy, Wisconsin's Merle Curti in history, and Minnesota's Walter Heller in economics. One university's special strengths are extended to qualified students from all the CIC universities.

These are some of the programs that are adding to the excellence of education offered by CIC universities. But increasingly, the CIC is fulfilling the role of servant—to academia, to the Midwest, and to the nation.

As a spokesman for the academic profession, the CIC universities did something about the related problems of late fellowship awards to professors and the universal practice of late "faculty raiding." Many foundations and government agencies notify faculty award-winners so late in the year as to cause considerable hardship to both recipients and their departments. It was felt that fellowships announced a year prior to the effective date would have real merit for the awarding agencies as well as for the universities because the faculty member could give sufficient "advance warning" of departure. Similarly, late notification that staff members are leaving for new positions makes planning for the coming year difficult for their former departments. The CIC provided financial support for a meeting of foundation representatives, government agency spokesmen, and institutional officials to consider the establishment of earlier deadlines for the announcing of fellowship awards.

(*Continued on page* 78)

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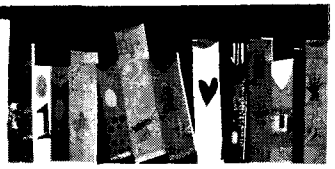
the Editor's Bookshelf



The Necessary Revolution in American Education, *by Francis Keppel (Harper & Row, 201 pp., $5.95),* is an assessment and interpretation of the problems of education in 1966, written for laymen and educators. As Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, U.S. Commissioner of Education, and Assistant Secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, Keppel has always been on the side of innovation, new approaches to teacher education, and a growing national involvement in education. During the years of critical attack on education in the Fifties he was never a vulnerable target because he refused to defend the status quo. Consequently, he was in position to become both a charter member of the newer Establishment that has been taking over in the Federal Government and some of the major graduate schools of education, and a leader of the new reform movement of the Sixties. This reform movement—"The Necessary Revolution"—is off and running but Keppel is convinced that it has not yet gone nearly far enough. The purpose of his book is to speed it up and give it direction.

Keppel comments on three revolutions in American education. The aim of the first was to provide education for all rather than for the select few. That revolution has been almost won. Today almost every American child goes to school, nearly all have an opportunity for secondary education, and more go to college than in any other nation. The second revolution resulted from a demand for equality of educational opportunity without regard to race, class, or economic level. Though this revolution has made progress, the barriers to equality still are formidable. Keppel devotes the first half of his book to such inequalities of opportunity and to the tragic loss of talent resulting from them. "When soil was eroded by flood or drought," he says, "when timberland was destroyed and not replaced, the nation learned to deplore the waste of natural resources and moved to action with conservation programs, but only recently has the nation discovered that some of the most precious of its natural resources—human beings—have been neglected for generations."

The next revolution, says Keppel, must be one of *quality* in the education available. He agrees with John Gardner that excellence is no less imporant than equality and that the two are not incompatible. He gives attention to the need for further improvement in teacher education, curricula, and the instruments of learning, including books, and in research and development. He observes that educational research and reform have been disrupted and hobbled by two antithetical traits of American educators: a distaste for innovation on the one hand and an exaggerated craving for fashionable ideas on the other.

In a final chapter Keppel calls for a new kind of leadership in education. He offers a critical commentary on the leadership of the past four decades and points to a need for educators who will go beyond school management and exert social and moral leadership in the larger community. This is an appropriate role because ". . . the basis of education is a general consciousness of the values which govern human life. Leadership's task is to state these values and interpret them." And he adds, "The necessary revolution in American education cannot come about as a matter of course. The fact that it is necessary by no means makes it inevitable. It will take farseeing and hardheaded leadership."

An appendix includes messages on education to the Congress of the United States by Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Though he does not say so, it seems reasonable to suppose that Keppel, who was U.S. Commissioner of Education when these messages were delivered, had a hand in writing them. And though the federal legislation for the improvement of education that has been enacted in recent years could not have gone through Congress without the strong support of the President, Keppel, as a vigorous, effective, and knowledgeable Commissioner, clearly deserves a substantial part of the credit.

Trustees in Higher Education: Their Functions and Coordinations, *by Gerald P. Burns (Independent College Funds of America, Inc., 194 pp. $4.95),* is not a book about education. It deals rather with the governmental structure of colleges and universities as it has been in the past, is now, and as Burns thinks it ought to be. He emphasizes the fact that higher education is "big business." Harvard's endowment (book value) now exceeds $1 billion. The operations budget of the University of California is about $700,000,000, and the physical plant of New York University is valued in excess of $100,000,000. From these impressive figures Burns reasons that trustees or regents (presumably because they are often businessmen) should have "complete responsibility" in dealing with financial affairs and the physical plant.

The danger in this proposal is that financial and building policy determines academic policy. When a board decides to build a gymnasium instead of a classroom or laboratory building, or when it decides to emphasize one departmental budget over another, it is deciding what kind of an institution the college or university will be and what kind of instruction shall be offered. This fact does not seem to trouble Mr. Burns, who believes that final decisions about what shall be taught should also be made by the board. He would let the faculty express opinions now and then. He says, "Faculty should have a strong *voice*, not a strong *vote*, in the determination of academic policy."

Though he urges cooperation and says "the board and the faculty should develop for each other a large measure of admiration and respect," there is no doubt in Burns's mind as to what the power structure of a university ought to

"Education is indeed the dullest of subjects and I intend to say as little about it as I can," opined Jacques Barzun in his *Teacher in America.* If we had believed him we would never have undertaken the task of editing a monthly supplement on education, but many writers have agreed and consequently have looked for greener pastures. Teachers, when setting out to write either novels or nonfiction, have been prone to turn their backs on their own experiences and have failed to explore the infinite variety of human experiences to be found in the classroom.

Bel Kaufman is a happy exception. Four years ago she sent us a delightful selection of fragments which we published under the title, "From a Teacher's Wastebasket." Encouraged by the response of readers, Miss Kaufman expanded the selection into a book which, under the title *Up the Down Staircase,* promptly hit the best-seller list and stayed there for over a year. Sales, including the paperback edition, are approaching the 2,000,000 mark and Warner Brothers is said to have paid $400,000 for film rights. Not bad for the dullest of subjects. Or is it possible that Mr. Barzun was mistaken? —P.W.

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be. The board is on top and the faculty down below. This interpretation is not likely to reconcile conflicts between faculties and governing boards, because the great majority of professors are convinced that *academic* policy should be entirely or very largely in the hands of academic people—and that the faculty should also play a substantial role in planning buildings and in deciding how the available funds should be deployed.

Obviously compromises are necessary because the power structure of an institution of higher education is extraordinarily complex—it includes the student body and alumni as well as the board, administration, and faculty and it is influenced by tradition, accrediting agencies, and many professional and governmental agencies. Policy comes into being as a result of all these conflicting forces. The legalistic view that the board makes policy, the administration carries it out, while the faculty accepts the role of employees, does not fit either the traditions or the contemporary facts in higher education.

—PAUL WOODRING.

Identifying the Excellent

An Assessment of Quality in Graduate Education, *by Allan M. Cartter (American Council on Education, 1785 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; 131 pp.; paper, $3), is a comparative study of graduate departments in twenty-nine academic disciplines at 106 universities. The reviewer is Vice President for Academic Affairs at Boston University, and editor of the book "Graduate Education Today."*

By EVERETT WALTERS

THE EVER-HUMAN GAME of "who's best" is always fascinating, especially in this era of heightened prestige consciousness. The ranking of universities and colleges is no exception —especially with anxious students and their parents. In recent years there has been a steady stream of published ratings. Some have been based on superficial questionnaires devised by enterprising newspaper writers. Others have resulted from reports on the amount of government contracts or the number of Woodrow Wilson and American Council of Learned Societies Fellows at certain universities. In undergraduate education some colleges have achieved high ratings because they turn down so many applicants.

The recently published study of the American Council on Education, *An Assessment of Quality in Graduate Education,* throws an authoritative document into this rating game, although it must immediately be noted that this study relates only to the assessment of twenty-nine academic disciplines in the 106 universities that currently produce 90 per cent of the doctorates in the United States. There is no attempt, for example, to rate undergraduate colleges or the professional schools of law, medicine, dentistry, business, or nursing. Omitted, too, are the areas of education, agriculture, and the fine arts. Thus, this is an appraisal of one important segment of graduate education. It is unfortunate that newspapers have already splashed headlines that the University of California at Berkeley can claim that "it is the best balanced distinguished university in the country."

The *Assessment,* prepared by Allan M. Cartter, former vice president of the Council and newly appointed Chancellor of New York University, reports the "informed opinion" of more than 4,000 faculty members, deans, and other administrators on graduate education. Begun in 1964, the study follows the same technique established by Raymond Hughes in his two studies made in 1925 and 1934 and another by Hayward Keniston in 1957, but includes judgments from a far greater number of knowledgeable persons and involves many more institutions. Indeed, this study incorporates the most recent sophisticated techniques in sampling and takes into account almost every possibility of bias and prejudice. Cognizant of the fact that academic reputations of institutions, good or bad, are often "frozen," the Council has already announced that a follow-up study will be made within five years. Presidents and graduate deans of the 106 universities have been given confidential detailed reports on their departments.

The Cartter study, for as such it will be known, tabulates the opinions of informed respondents on the quality of the graduate faculty in the designated departments and also the effectiveness of the doctoral program at the 106 graduate schools. Included in the respondents were department chairmen, distinguished senior scholars, and knowledgeable junior scholars who had completed their formal doctoral work not more than ten years earlier. Other informed persons also were asked to render judgments. Rated quality of faculty and rated effectiveness of programs are given in rank order, and the top twenty departments, rated by quality of faculty, are listed along with the top fifteen departments in the 1957 Keniston study and the top fifteen departments in the 1925 Hughes study. This comparative table provides intriguing opportunity for study and speculation. Several observations are easily made: most of the giants of 1925 and 1957 remain in top position although there are numerous newcomers. There is a juggling for top position by Harvard, California (Berkeley), Yale, Wisconsin, Michigan, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Chicago, Pennsylvania, and Stanford; the newcomers include University of California at Los Angeles, California Institute of Technology, Cornell, Duke, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Illinois, Northwestern, Indiana, Michigan State, North Carolina, Texas, Minnesota, Brown, Rice, Washington (Seattle), and Washington (St. Louis). Departments in several large graduate schools which appeared in the Hughes and Keniston surveys have failed to achieve status in the top twenty of the Cartter report; their fall from grace provides excellent opportunity for analysis.

Fortunately, this assessment affords

Top Graduate Departments in Five Major Fields

Humanities	*Social Sciences*	*Biological Sciences*	*Physical Sciences*	*Engineering*
Harvard	Harvard	Harvard	Harvard	M.I.T.
California, Berkeley	California, Berkeley	California, Berkeley	California, Berkeley	California, Berkeley
Yale	Chicago	Rockefeller Institute	Cal. Tech.	Stanford
Princeton	Yale	Cal. Tech.	M.I.T.	Cal. Tech.
Columbia	Princeton	Stanford	Princeton	Illinois
Michigan	Wisconsin	Michigan	Stanford	
	Columbia	Wisconsin	Chicago	
	Michigan	Illinois	Illinois	
	Stanford	Yale	Columbia	

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recognition of departments which, while not among the top twenty, have achieved considerable stature in the eyes of the respondents; thus, they do not merit the "distinguished" or "strong" designations but are given "good" or "adequate plus" ratings. A number of institutions that would not receive over-all assessment as having "distinguished" graduate schools have achieved distinction in certain fields. For example, "eminence" was accorded mathematics at New York University, German at Texas, chemical engineering at Delaware, and anthropology at Arizona.

The leading universities, with "distinguished" graduate departments in five major academic areas, are listed in descending order in the report (see box page 75).

The University of California in Berkeley surpasses Harvard in this rating only because the West Coast giant ranked higher in its engineering departments; actually, in the other four categories Harvard outranked California. Stanford placed third (distinguished in four areas). After these come Columbia, Illinois, Yale, Princeton, Michigan, and California Institute of Technology (distinguished in three categories); then Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Chicago, and Wisconsin (distinguished in two categories).

These "top" twelve universities are the same listed by Bernard Berelson in his *Graduate Education in the United States* (1960), except that he includes Cornell but not Stanford. Berelson's rating, not mentioned in the Cartter study, included agriculture, business and education in addition to the five areas in the Cartter study.

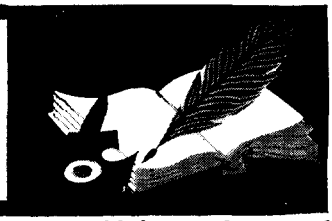
CERTAINLY the exclusiveness of this distinguished group during the past forty years must create some feeling of hopelessness among presidents, trustees, and faculty members at several dozen large universities, especially those labelled as being "on the make." Can they ever achieve distinction or even excellence, as overworked as that word is? Perhaps the most that can be expected during the next decade will be the ranking of "eminence" in special areas.

For those institutions which do aspire to top rating, several major findings of the study should be kept in mind. First, there is direct correlation between high average faculty compensation and high ranking in graduate work. Second, expensive research libraries are a prime requisite for over-all quality. Third, the quantity of publication by faculty members is definitely related to departmental strength and reputation. Although not mentioned in the Cartter study, institutional prestige is unquestionably an important factor. It is an essential ingredient which brings top teachers and researchers, government and foundation grants, and superior graduate students.

To those who will question the wisdom of the Council in publishing a study such as this, the words of Logan Wilson, president of the Council are pertinent: "The findings [of the study] will please some and displease others. In any such discussions, it will be recognized, I trust, that this inquiry was not undertaken to soothe or disturb academic egos." Rather, its purpose, he said, had been to "appraise existing strengths and weaknesses."

For the future this study has important significance. Above all it stresses the overriding need for quality in graduate education both in instruction and in research. Graduate work cannot simply be added on to undergraduate work; specific provision must be made for superior teachers with proven scholarship in research and publications, for research laboratories and libraries, for attractive salaries, for ample leave policies, and for superior graduate students supported with fellowship money and housing. These are the things which must be provided for as the nation's graduate schools look forward to the greatest expansion of all times.

New Books



Portable Workshop for Pre-School Teachers. *By Cornelia Hollander. Doubleday. Ten booklets.* $7.50. Helpful guides for pre-school teachers, volunteers, and teacher aides. Written in non-technical language, guides offer practical suggestions for "getting through" to the children and ideas of how to "make do" with neighborhood resources. A range of pre-school activities from scribbling and fingerpainting to preparation for the world of words is covered.

Careers in College Teaching. *By Robert M. Friedberg and Gene R. Hawes. Henry Z. Walck, Inc.* 109 *pp.* $3.75. An introduction to an academic career, outlining its rewards and opportunities, and acknowledging its disadvantages and frustrations.

Education: An Answer to Poverty. *Community Action Program, Office of Economic Opportunity (Washington, D.C. 20506). 76 pp. No charge.* A collection of ideas for programs for educationally disadvantaged children, to help schools and communities develop projects eligible for federal support. Describes already successful projects and lists agencies to contact for various types of programs.

Television: How to Use It Wisely with Children. *By Josette Frank. The Child Study Association of America (9 East 89th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028). 22 pp. Paper, 25 cents.* Suggestions for parents to help their children get the benefits of television and avoid some of the potential harm.

Guide to American Educational Directories. *Edited by Bernard Klein. McGraw-Hill,* 337 *pp.* $22.50. A centralized sourcebook listing the many valuable directories published in the United States by educational organizations; foundations; research agencies; federal, state, and regional government educational offices and agencies; private companies; and institutions of higher education. Only current directories are included.

Prelude to Negotiations? Conflicts, roles, and conditions as seen in case studies of two New England school systems. *By Roland M. Miller. The New England School Development Council (Longfellow Hall, Appian Way, Cambridge, Mass.). 56 pp. Paper,* $1.50. Two case studies of actual situations involving the recognition of a teachers' bargaining agent and its subsequent dealings with the school board. No value-judgments are made, but alternative methods of dealing with comparable situations are also presented. Intended for board members and superintendents.

About 100 Books: A Gateway to Better Intergroup Understanding. *By Ann G. Wolfe. The American Jewish Committee (Institute of Human Relations, 165 East 56 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022). 43 pp. Paper, 35 cents.* An evaluation of books for young children published since late 1962, which deal with intergroup relations.

Language Programs for the Disadvantaged. The Report of the NCTE Task Force on Teaching English to the Disadvantaged. *National Council of Teachers of English.* 327 *pp.* $2.95. A survey and report on programs across the country on pre-school, elementary, secondary, and adult education levels. Includes evaluation and commentary on the findings of this survey regarding the many social, psychological and linguis-

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tic aspects of teaching the disadvantaged. Also ten general recommendations for the future establishment and operation of such projects and programs are included.

Bibliography of Books for Children. *Association for Childhood Education International (3615 Wisconsin Ave., N.W., Washington D.C. 20016). 131 pp. Paper,* $1.50. An annotated and selected list of books grouped into classes with reference to the interests of children from ages two through twelve.

Guidebook for the Volunteer Reading Teacher. *By Lenore Sleisenger. Teachers College Press (Teachers College, Columbia University). 51 pp. Paper,* $1.25. Defines and describes the role of the volunteer teacher and goes on to suggest specific activities, methods and materials to help a child with reading. Useful for working with both elementary-age and adolescent students. Emphasis is on working with children on an individual basis, but includes suggestions for working with small groups.

Governmental Policy and International Education. *Edited by Stewart Fraser. John Wiley and Sons. 373 pp.* $7.50. Focuses on the specific methods and motives of various national governments which have undertaken educational exchange programs. Includes a chapter by Adlai E. Stevenson on international relations and the United Nations; plus a survey of the history, philosophy, and cultural background of international education.

The Nature and the Study of History. *By Henry Steele Commager. Charles E. Merrill Books. 160 pp. Cloth,* $3.95. *Paper,* $1.75. Discusses history's nature, purposes, goals, and insights, as well as its procedures and problems. Includes many sources for further reading and study.

Summer Studies in Private Independent Schools. *The 1966 Yearbook. Bunting and Lyon, Inc. (Wallingford, Conn.). 234 pp.* $6. Describes programs of summer study in American private schools and camps for boys and girls of elementary and secondary school age. Includes college-level courses in secondary schools and in colleges themselves, foreign travel-study programs, special courses not offered during the regular academic year, school-camp study situations and special cultural activities, in addition to the traditional programs for make-up and review work. It does *not*, however, encompass the special work which some independent schools are doing with underprivileged children.

Civil Liberties

Continued from page 63

essary, has already drawn argument. Some critics contend that, once the college has given the student freedom as a private citizen to protest off campus, it has no subsequent obligation to help him if he gets into trouble. The ACLU rebuts that the college should intervene because of its special responsibility for insuring the student's rights.

Quite aside from the debate, many colleges have long intervened with police when their students had been picked up for such apolitical offenses as brawling or disturbing the peace, and now do this as well after political eruptions. Scores of colleges, according to a recent, unpublished survey by the ACLU, will intervene to see that their students are treated justly if the students are arrested in making off-campus protests for civil rights. These colleges include some in the South.

The revolution in student civil liberties which appears substantially won has moved the colleges from a role of benign suppression of at least expressions of student thought that are embarrassing or offensive to the community, to a role of toleration of the rights of students to speak and to act, on campus and off, with the same freedom as adult private citizens. The further advances now in the making seek to hearten the college to become an active champion not only of the student's rights to full freedom of thought in class, but to freedom of action and protest in the larger community.

These are especially difficult times for a college to step forth as a champion of the latter rights. Small bands of appealingly dedicated, anti-doctrinaire students have turned nihilistic toward the American consensus but relentlessly activist in its latest political techniques; they organize the impoverished, lie down before troop trains, picket induction centers and sit-in at university chancellors' offices. At the same time, the old crusty outspokenness of college presidents seeking to mold public opinion has virtually disappeared from the land because colleges, hard-pressed financially, feel understandably reluctant to estrange any possible donors.

Deans and presidents in the coming years will need special wisdom and courage for two great tasks, it would seem: to win the respect of—to educate, in the best sense—activist students who are shaken and searching; and to lead what the ACLU sees as "the truly independent college," one which will meet public criticism "not by modifying its policy, but by redoubling its efforts to persuade its constituencies that freedom is an important means toward its educational goal."

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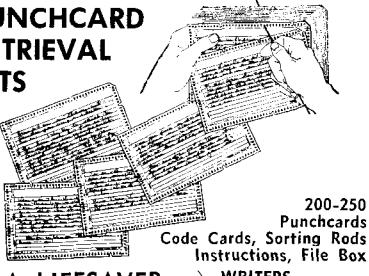

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Academic Market

Continued from page 73

Many foundations and government agencies have since complied. The CIC universities also agreed to a "closed season," May 1 through September 1, on "faculty raiding." The competition regionally and on a nationwide basis for teachers has become more ruthless than that for athletes.

As a regionally oriented organization, the CIC was not in existence very long before it was recognized as a logical instrument for dealing with problems affecting the Midwest at large. An apparently lagging economy, as compared with other areas of the country, stands at the top of the list of such problems. Government leaders in all twelve of the Midwestern states, expressing deep concern about the factors involved in this slower rate of expansion, also voice anxiety over the "brain drain" which is taking highly talented personnel trained in Midwest universities to employment and residence in other parts of the country.

Through faculty initiative, the CIC has established three different groups to study, from various vantage points, the short- and long-range problems of economic growth in the Midwest. The first is a group of business deans exploring the problem of technological change and industrial development. The second is a task force of economists, engineers, and agricultural specialists making a broader study of the Midwest economy. The third group consists of faculty specialists looking into the role of public finance in economic development in the region. Exploring the possible harmonizing of regional, state, and local tax systems, the group is planning to prepare a cooperative series of reports for use by legislators, planners, educators, and others. Topics would include such considerations as interstate cooperation and reciprocal tax agreements, projection of needs and potential new sources of revenue, taxation, and economic development, and other areas in which research, survey, and analysis may prove useful.

Finally, the CIC, with its regional approach to higher education, is an agency which can deal as such with the federal government in a way that one university, or even eleven separate ones, cannot.

When word drifted out of Washington that the CIC seven-state area seemed about to lose a $2,500,000 federal water pollution control laboratory to another region because of interstate and inter-university bickering, the CIC moved rapidly. Top administrators from the various competing universities assembled and made an unprecedented pact that if a CIC institution received the laboratory all would cooperate in making it the strongest facility possible. A wire to the granting agency, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, informed former Secretary Anthony Celebrezze of the change of heart in the Midwest. In January 1963, HEW awarded the prize laboratory to the University of Michigan. Other CIC schools were disappointed, but Michigan's President Harlan Hatcher made some kind of regional history when he praised the CIC and his Big Ten competitors for helping to locate the laboratory at Ann Arbor. At present, a committee of faculty representatives from all eleven CIC universities cooperates with Michigan in the operation of the laboratory—and administrators in other federal agencies are using this episode as a model for negotiations on the sites of other installations.

In June, 1965, the CIC embarked on one of its most far-ranging projects under a contract of $1,183,000 awarded by the Agency for International Development (AID) of the U.S. Department of State. To carry out the provisions of the agreement, a CIC team of experts is analyzing and evaluating agricultural research and education programs being conducted abroad under contract between American institutions and the AID. The study, requested by officials of the AID and the International Rural Development Office of the National Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges, was assigned to the CIC because of its demonstrated ability to commit appropriate institutional resources to a study effort and to coordinate that effort within a tested mode of operation. The special resources called upon in this case are represented in the distinguished work in agriculture carried on by a number of CIC institutions and in the wide knowledge of international programs among their faculties.

The CIC has developed a sense of academic sharing that has probably not existed since a similar spirit fostered the unique intellectual climate of early nineteenth-century Germany. The German universities, while founded and sustained by independent states, provided opportunities for scholars to associate and communicate ideas and techniques. Teachers and students migrated from one university to another, exchanged ideas, and altogether constituted an intellectual leadership perhaps unparalleled in history.

While it may be presumptuous to assert that the CIC universities have recreated that spirit of nineteenth-century German Academe, they do represent a world-wide example of cooperation. Educational groups in Canada, Africa, England, and France have asked the CIC's assistance in forming similar associations. Less developed nations in particular—faced with acute shortages in educational facilities, teaching personnel, and capital—are a "natural" for cooperative ventures. Sir Eric Ashby, Master of Clare College, Cambridge, has said that he "would very much like to see CIC's introduced into the universities of England and Africa."

For its few years of operation, the CIC's balance sheet seems on the credit side. While there have been disappointments and problems still remain, there has been progress, and the full impact of the experiment is still to be felt.

Those who are sold on a voluntary regional agency such as the CIC maintain that its efforts will help to guide states into making orderly plans for building, expanding, and improving their universities for the needs of present and future generations.

"The trick is to make it look like the Archangel Gabriel and also like Catherine De Medici's favorite nephew."

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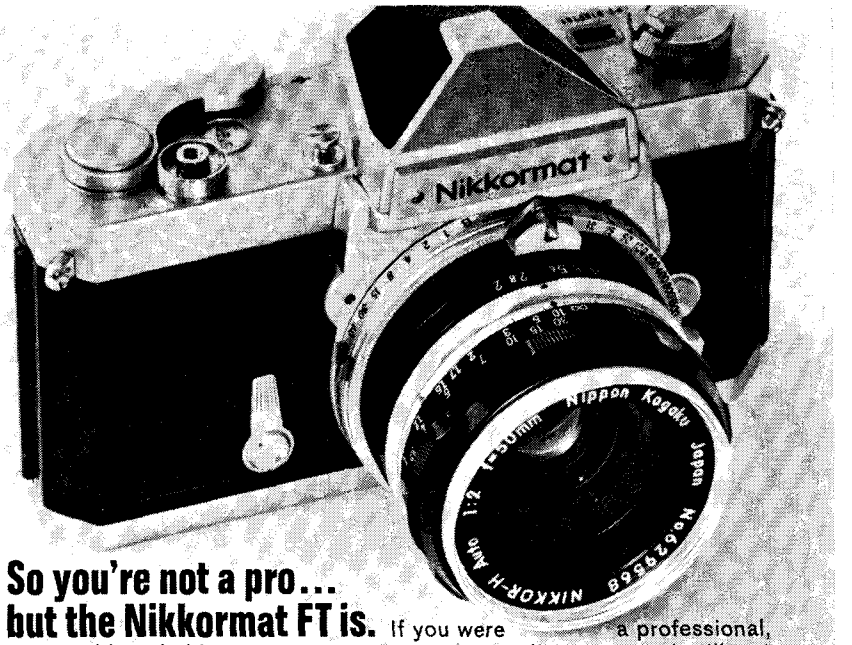
Arts of Freedom

Continued from page 67

child's needs, there is a large place for the humanities in our schools. It is to literature that teachers should turn to overcome the poverty of experience. Are not Grimm, Carroll, Graham, Aesop the basic readers, and the lifeless *Dick and Jane* at best for suggested-reading lists? Would not the deportment task of teachers diminish if students had ample opportunities for acting out? Drama, a transliterated Greek word, means a thing done. To live up to this meaning is more than talking literary forms or discussing characters. The fine and performing arts are personalized expressions of conflicts, aspirations, and fears. The tense of drama is current—the present working itself towards destiny. *Hamlet* is a poet's construct; his reality is in the reader's mind. It is we who are Hamlet. "More than any other art," wrote Arthur Miller, "theater calls for relevance. The play must convince that this is the way it is now in human intercourse." Drama is a tool for understanding. It permits telling others who the actors are, as well as letting actors know a world beyond themselves. Much great drama, too, is familial. For those who see family relationships as crucial there is limitless material in *Antigone*, *Agamemnon*, and virtually all of O'Neill.

Much that is familiar can also be found in poetry, because it is concentrated expression of the human mind in rhythmical language. This should be particularly appropriate for the disadvantaged whose attention spans are said to be short, for those for whom nothing but the existential is of interest. There is even more when poetry is set to music, especially in folk songs, spirituals, the blues, and now the songs of the Civil Rights movement—for they rise out of the disadvantaged themselves.

But more than content, the humanities suggest to teachers attitudes necessary for teaching disadvantaged students. At heart this is belief that freedom is man's proper condition. Carl Rogers's *On Becoming a Person* and Philip Morrison's *Experimenters in the Classroom* draw heavily on this spirit by presenting teaching as the art of liberating the student. De-emphasizing content, they seek not good listeners or good memorizers, but real experimenters, not the empty "why?" but the internalized insight that often comes from manipulation of objects. They see the formulation of questions by students as more important than teacher-supplied answers. Both have high tolerance for the novel. They urge teachers to enter the students' world of feeling and meaning. To see things as the student does requires withholding judgment —the teacher must cultivate openness in



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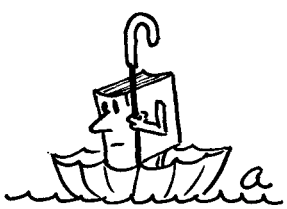
himself to see reality in a new way. The attitude of the teacher then becomes one of warmth, interest, respect, and expectation, because the teacher now is learning with the student. The belief that the disadvantaged child has something of value to offer is precisely that attitude of which he is most deprived!

The teacher who would liberate must see student potential at least in equal measure to statistics suggestive of his limitations. Greater use of the humanities would help produce this balance. It would shift the focus—a little—from the failings of the child versus the middle class to the America that could be. In that new emphasis the teacher would see that the disadvantaged have much to teach America, especially about the nature of freedom. It is true that those who have not had freedom are most preoccupied with it. In America the Negro has been concerned with little else. Those with negative thoughts about the disadvantaged should read Frederick Douglas, Henry McNeal Turner, or W. E. B. DuBois; see Martin Duberman's *In White America;* or sing aloud "We Shall Overcome!" The idea that the disadvantaged bring what America long has needed is not new. Alexis deTocqueville in 1831 visited our prisons and wrote the first reasoned account of democratic government in America. In *De la Democratie en Amerique* he pointed out America's problem as being born free and therefore perhaps not knowing the real value of freedom.

To continue to deprecate the disadvantaged child, his home and culture is to prevent the disadvantaged from giving to America what America most needs. The price of this imposed separation, this social ostracism, even—or especially — when accompanied by impersonal compensatory educational and welfare programs, can only bring the social breakdown that Baldwin predicted and Los Angeles now presents in sample form. The approach of the humanities could perhaps turn us away from discordances of guilt and hatred, and toward the harmony of an integrated society.

To be in the learning enterprise with the disadvantaged is in our time an exciting opportunity. The enlargement of freedom is what education is about. So, educators, drink deep from the humanities, the arts of all—even of disadvantaged—mankind.



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Theater

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terial for a supremely imaginative production. *Philadelphia* is a somewhat smaller play which most inventively states the tragic despair of an Irish lad who foresees successful emigration to America as a necessary but unsatisfactory answer to his dilemma. It, too, is well-performed, and perhaps comes closer to fulfilling the play form than does the oratorio-like *Marat/Sade*.

Thus, while my own preference agrees with the official verdict, I cannot help wondering, might it not be better if the New York Drama Critics Circle considered a way each year to recognize both its first and second choices? It used to be possible to do this by voting for both a Best American Play, and a Best Foreign Play. In most seasons this solves the problem. However, this year the leading contenders were all foreign plays, so one would have had to name *The Marat/Sade* as "the Best Swedish Play," *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* as "the Best Irish Play," and *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* as "the Best British Play."

Would that have helped? Possibly. But this season *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* will have to be content to be named "The unofficial winner of the Drama Critics Circle Award."

THE current revival of *Annie Get Your Gun* manages to come as the pleasantest surprise we've had in some time. What we had expected was a nostalgic evening with Ethel Merman's inimitable voice attached to a number of Irving Berlin songs that have become standards since Miss Merman first sang them in 1946. But neither the star nor the composer was willing to settle for that kind of routine triumph. From the moment she enters as Annie Oakley, the scrubby hillbilly sharpshooter, Miss Merman is all bounce and buoyancy. How the robust comedienne has grown in her mastery of comic technique during the intervening years! Furthermore, her singing seems more dramatic and subtle than it was in the days when she used to overpower her audience. Indeed, she seems to be poking fun at herself when, in answer to the children's request for a good night lullaby she says, "No. Every time I sing you to sleep, I wake you up."

Happily, the musicians, under Franz Allers's direction and with Robert Russell Bennett's orchestrations, don't try to overpower us, either, and this partially offsets the irksome habit audiences have of interrupting music with applause each time they recognize a familiar melody. Of course, when you have up your sleeve songs such as, "There's No Business Like Show Business," "They Say That Falling in Love is Wonderful," "The Girl That I Marry," "I Can Do Anything Better Than You," "I Got the Sun in the Morning," and "Doing What Comes Naturally," you can damn well afford to play softly.

Beyond these, there are two surprises in the score. The first is that the very best lyrics in the show are the ones Mr. Berlin wrote for "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun." ("A man may be hot, but he's not, when he's shot, etc.") And the second is a new song, just turned out by the seventy-eight-year-old composer. Called "Old Fashioned Wedding," it has the same contrapuntal pattern he used in "I Hear Music" (*Call Me Madam*, 1950).

IN this new duet, Bruce Yarnell, who plays the handsome Frank Butler, tries to keep a straight face and sing the merits of a simple ceremony. While he is doing this, Miss Merman capers gleefully about, picturing the most lavish and elegant wedding a girl could imagine. Love quickly falls behind more practical pleasures, the thought of which makes Miss Merman even bolder. She spells out her items in rapid profusion, but always thinking through the details. It is the genius of Berlin that, at a strategic moment in the song he has her sing "love, honor and . . . *not* obey," with Miss Merman digging her elbow into her fiancé to make sure he knows his place. Without skipping a beat she moves on to add further conditions, and her fierce, materialistic ecstasy infects her and us in growing hilarity that culminates in her pounding her fiancé's chest like a birthday child who can't wait for the eagerly anticipated party with all its irrestible goodies. It is that increasingly rare thing, a genuine show-stopper.

These virtues outweigh reservations about many other aspects of the revival. Because of the nature of Lincoln Center's New York State Theater, where the best part of the architecture is experienced during the intermission, the producers understandably find themselves obliged to fill a much too large stage space with picture-postcard spectacle that will somehow compete with the gold paint and ornamentation of the auditorium. This leads to superficial numbers such as a much too long Indian dance. And for some reason all the chorus girls seem to be about five-foot-one. Wouldn't it be wonderful if this otherwise magnificent revival of *Annie Get Your Gun* could be redesigned for a more intimate Broadway musical house and moved there at the end of its limited six-week run? Perhaps then the Drama Critics Circle, which failed to give it a single vote twenty seasons ago (*Carousel* won with eleven over *Lute Song*'s three), might vote it the Best Musical of the 1966-67 season.

—HENRY HEWES.

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(Continued from page 81)

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OFF-WHITE ELEPHANT—Brewster, N.Y. 30 acre estate, 10 room Colonial, barn, pool, cottages. Possibilities galore. Reasonable offers? 212-FL 3-5465.

HISTORIC 18th CENTURY FORMER TAVERN, restored, 8 large rooms, 5 fireplaces, Catskill foothills. Owner sale. $23,000. Brochure. Box T-13.

HOME ON A HILLTOP affords privacy with charming views of village, mountains and golf course. Attractive 5 room home, garage and 1 room summer house on 7 well located acres. $28,500. The Kramer Agency, 232 Main Street, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

NEWTOWN, CONNECTICUT—Easily maintained retirement home. 6 rooms, 2 bedrooms, study with separate entrance, enclosed porch, terrace, 2 fireplaces, good artesian, established plantings, woods. Owners must sell after 25 years' loving care. $30,000. SR Box T-450.

HANCOCK, SOUTHERN N.H. Protected panoramic views. Walking distance to village. Custom built (1954) ranch type home, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Recent soundproofed wing bedroom could be studio or music room. 2½ acres. Town water. Prime condition. $36,500. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N.H. Telephone 603-874-2268.

For Rent

ALL YEAR CABIN, Wyoming mountain ranch. Box 651, Cheyenne.

(Continued on page 84)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 83)

For Rent—Furnished

GUANAJUATO, MEXICO. Country house for rent. 2 baths, all conveniences. August 1966-June 1967. SR Box S-981.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box T-121.

For Summer Rental

HANSBURG ACRES, Walker Valley, N.Y. Rent summer cottages, beautiful wooded elevation, modern facilities, unsurpassed vacation, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours NYC. No colony. Telephone collect 914-647-6850.

"HILL-TOP" HOUSE, CHALET, 150 acres, pond. Chester Inn, Chester, Vermont 05143.

CAPE COD, PROVINCETOWN—Cottages, lovely location, ideal for town and beaches. Write: Box 152, Provincetown.

SERENITY—4 bedrooms, baths, barn-studio. Near lake, golf, riding. $185 month. Nordin, Maplewood, Maine. 617-267-3897.

NEWFOUND LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE—3 houses above lake with waterfront and tennis. Rentals $200 to $400 monthly, June 15th to August 15th. Box T-142.

2 CAPE COD HOUSES, both charming. Larger $1,800 for season, smaller $1,500, mid-June-August 1st. 1¼ hours from cultural opportunities Boston, Cambridge and from Provincetown. Box T-187.

SOUTH BRISTOL, MAINE—Modernized farmhouse with attached housekeeping apartment. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 fireplaces. 4 acres, view, shorefront. July and/or August. $800 month. Joseph Bruce, Box 458, Avon, Connecticut.

CENTRAL VERMONT. New, all electric. 4 bedrooms, 2 living rooms. Private beach, tennis, etc. July and/or August. Box T-456.

SOMERSET HILLS, N.J.—50 minutes commuting New York. Spacious, swimming pool. June 20th-September 1st. $1,800. SR Box T-442.

HOUSE TO SHARE

CHARMING, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Retired professional woman seeks same. Box T-167.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

NEW YORK CITY, 2½ rooms attractively furnished. *Good, quiet neighborhood, 20 minutes Times Square.* July and August. $115 per month plus electricity. Box T-186.

NYC—July-August. Suitable for two. Commodious 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, wide skyline view. Box T-35.

MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE. 3 bedrooms, newly furnished, all appliances. Large landscaped terrace facing Hudson. 212-SU 7-8959.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, NYC. Beautiful air-conditioned duplex. Call 212-675-3287.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

NYC—Cooperative apartment with modern paintings, drawings and prints. Large living room, bedroom, small kitchen. Low maintenance. Beekman Place neighborhood. Principals only. Box T-159.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

UNUSUAL SEMI-SHARE. Responsible female, summer or longer. Charming air-conditioned elevator building, lower Fifth area, NYC. With often-away female occupant. Reasonable. References. Box T-439.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NOVA SCOTIA, 1-3 acre oceanfront retreats on beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Picturesque harbors, magnificent views, fragrant spruce trees and your own private beach. Unusual opportunity for investment or summer homesite—not distant but different! Maritime Enterprises, Ltd., P.O. Box 283, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. *Breathtaking views of ponds and* ocean from secluded 2-6 acre settings. Beautiful beach nearby. NORTH SHORE ESTATE, Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

VERMONT LAND LOVERS: Tree farming is out, speculation in. *If you want part of what remains, write Box* S-399.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10, $15, $25 an acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

ADIRONDACK HOMESITES. 100' lakefront by 400' deep. Boating, fishing, hunting. Clean air and water. Established community. Box N-391.

CAMPS

GHOST TOWN—Great Books readings, mountain climbing, Indians teaching crafts, free piano, painting lessons. 8-16. Box 24, St. John's College, Santa Fe, N.M.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International. democratic, integrated (coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey.

RETIREMENT LIVING

ABOUT TO RETIRE? Enjoy it with maximum freedom, desired privacy in gracious, new, suburban-residential setting. Affordable Life Lease, monthly fee provide meals, services, scheduled health care. J. J. Boomgard, Jr., FRIENDS FELLOWSHIP COMMUNITY, 2030 Chester Boulevard, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States—exclusively for persons over 60! Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good *surroundings, good health care, good transportation.* Near shopping, attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 6-hole golf course, gardens . . . come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Health Care Center . . . nearing completion on the grounds . . providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information write Manager, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

SIX BEDROOMS, PRIVATE BATHS, country home. Excellent food, beautiful mountain views. Open all year. Vacation or retirement. We like Books, Music, Nature and Roquefort cheese. Creative workers or bridge players appreciated. The Chauncey Roberts' Cherry Lane Farm, Fletcher, N.C.

VACATIONS

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

CAREFREE. Your cottage in lakeshore pines. Delicious food, good beds, fireplaces, sailboats, sundecks, sauna, lobster bakes, fishing, water skiing, canoe trips, tennis. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Naples 7, Maine.

ROAD'S END COTTAGES, an Adirondack camp. Lake Pleasant 2, N.Y. On Sacadaga Lake. Fishing, swimming, boating. Deluxe modern housekeeping. Sandy beach, sun deck, games. Suppers served daily. Phone: 6303. Vacancies now, June, August, September.

THE DANA PLACE—completely New England, in the White Mountain National Forest. An informal inn for those who prefer something special in cuisine, atmosphere and people. Exciting mountain climbing on the Presidential Range, leisurely walks, swimming, all-weather tennis courts, golf privileges, music and reading library, afternoon tea and cocktails on The Terrace. Folder available. R. P. Whipple, Innkeeper, Jackson 3, N.H.

VACATIONS

RAVENCREST CHALET—One of the truly fine country inns in the United States. Completely dedicated to a select minority seeking peace and tranquillity, luxurious accommodations, good service, excellent food and a warm informal atmosphere. BROCHURE, Box 1470, Estes Park, Colorado.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, *cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your* needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

WILD LOONS CALL, unique family camp, Indian Lake's unspoiled shores, rustic Adirondackania, 52nd year. Peruse brochure. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y.

INFORMAL FAMILY VACATIONS, erudite clientele, children's haven. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H.

A MOUNTAIN RESORT—Only 90 miles from New York City, Lake Mohonk Mountain House combines the best of two eras—the dignity and serenity of the past, the conveniences and comforts of the present. Fun and relaxation for the entire family, with planned activities, entertainment and all sports. Balconied rooms commanding picturesque views of the Rondout Valley or Mohonk Lake. We serve ice and mixes only. American Plan begins at $21.00. Reduced rates for children. (Smiley Brothers, Proprietors.) For descriptive folder and literature regarding our Mohonk *Holidays, kindly write to Dept. "S", Lake Mohonk Moun*tain House, Mohonk Lake, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561. Telephone: Area Code 914-256-2211.

MAINE'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS. Your private lakeside cottage with fireplace, in a beautiful American Plan resort. Color brochure and rates: The Barker, Rangeley *Lakes, Maine.*

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. American Plan. Weekly. $65.50 to $75. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—West Townshend, Vermont 05359. Quiet country inn. Old magazines. Good food. Folder.

PEACE—REST—REJUVENATION. Intimate, charming old-world "pension." Only five guests. Beautiful hill country. No TV. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

MOUNTAIN RESORT—STOWE—Scenic and unspoiled. Great golf, tennis, swimming, scenic tours, cultural events. For details, brochures or reservations at this delightful vacation spot, write Stowe Area Association, Inc., Box 206R, Stowe, Vermont.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

CELEBRITIES AND PUBLIC FIGURES seeking privacy enjoy "deluxe roughing" in Provincetown's unique waterfront INN at the MEWS. Phone Nicky, 487-1500.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

COLONIAL LONG ISLAND, at Amagansett, The Ocean Dune Apartments offer luxuriously furnished, charming 2- and 4-room seaside suites with kitchenettes, daily maid service, private sun decks, swimming pool, private ocean beach, tennis and golf privileges. Rates and brochures, BO 9-7299 or 516-AM 7-3406.

THE YODLER—Music Festival, golf, heated pool, efficiencies, chalets. Stowe, Vermont.

PICK THE PARADOXICAL PAIR! Two different vacations in one—a plush Miami Beach resort and an exciting cruise to the Bahamas! Write Dept. SR, Box 6725, Miami Beach, Florida.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

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VACATIONS

ISLAND FAMILY ADVENTURE: run away with your parents for a summer of adventure at Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C. While they relax on a 13-mile secluded beach, play tennis or golf on championship courses beside the sea—you can go blue-crabbing, horseback riding along plantation trails, bird-watching, exploring old forts and tabby ruins, hunting for sea turtle tracks and sand dollars, learning to sand sculpt under the supervision of our expert Arts and Crafts Director. Parents stay 6 days, 5 nights in a double room for just $81 each including breakfasts, dinners. Children are only a little extra. Write for brochure. Adventure Inn, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. Call 803-785-3372.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

AUTUMN VACATION? See the Rockies in September. Shining mountains, golden hillsides, sparkling days. Ride, hike, fish, relax at our small secluded mountain ranch. Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

UNIQUE COTTAGE AND CABIN COLONY in deep woods on a sparkling lake near Tanglewood. No highways, no towns, just pure relaxation, fine food, Hi-Fi music, sports, ideal hiking, or unsurpassable loafing: lounging patio, sunbathing floats, lakeview terrace, game room, card room, 1,000 volume library. Probably the place you have been looking for: no dressing up, no juke box, no swank, but plenty of unhurried fun. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

"YOU CAN'T HARDLY GET them any more." Exceptionally fine country inn overlooking village green of picturesque Brandon. Near library. Elevator. Sprinkler. Well appointed, immaculate, comfortable, charming. Fine food, wines, liquors. Cookouts, golf, heated pool, garden, fishing stream, shuffleboard. Scenic and historic drives. Antiques, auctions, memorable. Folder. Brandon Inn, Brandon 6, Vermont.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." July 1st to September 5th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

CHARMING COUNTRY INNS and back roads are included in my free book. Berkshire Traveller, Box SR, Lee, Massachusetts.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, tennis and instructor, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

SAND BEACH FARM, Stonington, Maine. John Marin scenery. Beach private. Food, heavenly. Cool, quiet, comfortable.

PROSPECT HOUSE Hotel-Motel-Golf Club. Reasonable rates! Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's island). GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating, riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $65-$95 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Write: Color Folder, Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. Children under 12- or 24-hour care. Excellent counselors. Planned activities. For adults: canoe trips, sailing, water skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, antique auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE—concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

VACATIONS

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet, informal. No hay fever. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated pool. Golf. Ocean fishing. May 27th to October 9th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

FROM ITS ELEGANTLY APPOINTED GUEST ROOMS to its intimate dining room and lounge, a warm welcome awaits you at the Green Mountains' most distinguished year-round resort club. All sports available as well as famous Marlboro Music Festival. North Branch Club, West Dover, Vermont, 802-464-3319; N.Y., 972-5362.

TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

VACATION PLUS . . . Combine recreation, fellowship with congenial people and stimulating discussions on world issues at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate. Swimming, fishing, boating, folk-dancing, excursions. Generous family-style meals. Room and board $6 to $9 daily. For full information address WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Conway, New Hampshire.

PACK CREEK RANCH—A small, distinctive guest ranch in rugged, spectacular southeastern Utah in the La Sal National Forest and at the gateway to the new Canyonlands National Park. Here you may swim, fish, ride, hunt, go on pack and jeep trips, search for rocks or just loaf. For brochure or reservations write or call Dr. and Mrs. Durwin H. Brownell, P.O. Box 1275, Moab, Utah. Phone 801-253-6801.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Pool and lake swimming, tennis, riding, golf, archery, summer theater, Marlboro Music Festival. And—a restful, rustic view from a cool and quiet terrace. From $70 weekly, American. Family Plans. Rental chalet. Illustrated brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

"SERENITY PERSONIFIED"—Crane Point Lodge, AAA, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y. in the invigorating Adirondacks. Folder, rates upon request. Phone 9591.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowville Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

FOR DELIGHTFUL, TALENTED, creative guests. Folk Dancing. Art Classes. Day Camp. Tennis. Swimming. CHAITS, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

ASPEN, COLORADO—If you're looking for horses, fishing, pool and sauna; good beds, cool nights, campfires—come to Heatherbed Lodge, in the high country. Box 537S.

BLUE HILL INN—Gateway Acadia, Blue Hill Bay and East Penobscot areas. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

TANGLEWOOD THIS SUMMER? Enjoy swimming in a sparkling clear lake. Excellent tennis. Holiday Inn on Laurel Lake, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

THIS SUMMER Go Painting in Blue Ridge Mountains. Excellent food. Top instruction drawing, painting by George Solonevich, internationally known. Classes never larger than 12 with two instructors. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Summer in France, July 1st to August 9th. For information: 25 rue Saint Didier, Paris 16, France.

TRAVEL

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21XT Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

STAY IN EUROPE'S CASTLES! Revised, enlarged '66 guidebook describes nearly 300 castle-hotels, 13 countries, 144 photos. Fascinating. Rates, descriptions. $2.50. Robert P. Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

SPECIAL INTEREST TOURS. Archaeology, Art, Birdwatching, Bible Study, Castles, Fishing, Gardens, Golf, Music, Photography, Safari, Study and 40 other subjects. Catalogue from Spectours, 48 East 43rd Street, New York 10017.

THIS AD + $7.00 daily entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient theater and everything; 350 rooms, all with bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double, add $3.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS 1966: We investigate the natural history of Europe, Africa and the world. Principal objective bird observation, although a full ecological picture is sought. Iceland July 2nd, two weeks. Africa: Circuit of the continent, west, south and east, July 30th, four weeks plus optional additional time in East Africa. South America: Four consecutive three-week tours in the fall (their spring) circling the continent, including Tierra del Fuego and Amazon Valley. Also two-week North American tours: Florida January 1967; five different routes in Mexico. Series of tours in Melanesia, Australia, New Zealand, autumn 1967. Come along! We seek out back-country routes, try for an experience-in-depth of the natural scene and the people. (Not recommended if you're strong for night life.) Crowder Nature Tours, Box 1760-C, Washington, D.C. 20013.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES—6 memorable days carefree, exhilarating sailing on Schooners MATTIE and MERCANTILE. $99, June and September. $119, July and August. For free folder write Capt. Jim Nisbet, P.O. Box 617D, Camden, Maine. Phone Area 207-236-2938.

BOOKED FOR BRITAIN? Don't just arrive without knowing how to make the best use of your visit. Personal Host Tours Ltd., 44 Earls Court Road, London, W.8.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting, crafts, Spanish; writing, history; MFA program. Theater, field-trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE ANTIGUA*, You may wish to subscribe to the newsletter especially for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in investment opportunities, industrial development, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues airmailed anywhere. $10. (*An-TEE-ga). Caribbean Report, 509 Fifth Avenue, Suite 700, New York 10017.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696, Camden 7, Maine.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic Schooner, "Stephen Taber." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Stephen Taber Cruises, Box 561, Camden 7, Maine.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1680

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. City suffering specially, in the great Conemaugh Disaster, 1889.	84 192 75 122 176 52 67 80 143
B. What Southerners call the battles of Bull Run (1861, 1862).	77 112 87 130 9 177 103 131
C. Little fish which we value for their rich and peculiar flavor.	11 15 160 2 132 63 137 174 23
D. Specially pertaining to the Schoolmen and divines of the Middle Ages.	60 165 40 186 42 82 148 16 27 97
E. General hospitality (2 wds.)	161 25 62 8 173 53 195 119 142
F. New York's memento of Cleopatra whose twin is on Thames Embankment, London.	36 41 189 159 183 3
G. Cape Cod resort whose second industry is the native cranberry.	92 59 71 123 104 1 20 145 54 47
H. Radically seated (in).	98 78 24 128 114 13
I. Ancient "country" aphorism, ending with the words *twice shy* (2 wds.)	90 5 141 107 100 30 149 21 178 12
J. A sort of tornado occurring dramatically over great expanses of ocean or lake.	58 182 144 55 156 191 70 37 110 33
K. Soporiferous.	169 32 133 88 140 157 181 19
L. One of the chief best-selling writers of today.	50 14 31 117 45 61 127 111
M. Lacking normal reasoning powers.	76 102 125 135 29 72 48

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Amer. ornithologist, on staff of Smithsonian, Nat'l Museum, etc. (1850-1929).	17 43 57 113 121 155 201
O. The way to somewhere.	65 120 151 200 51
P. Extempore.	109 116 136 194 56 179 187
Q. Virginia-born woman novelist and playwright, who married a Russian Prince (1863-1945).	89 4 163 154 96
R. Person who might be called a robber except that he does his work secretly.	180 81 99 10 79
S. U.S. river navigable for nearly a thousand miles.	168 153 199 185
T. Bring a sailing vessel into the wind, so that she moves only by drift (2 wds.)	86 64 197 73 129 39 115
U. Heighten even extreme energy, force; strengthen.	118 188 105 175 198 28 18 38 93
V. Former Prussian gov't district, now about one half in Poland.	91 152 95 83 172 164 139
W. Dentalgia.	134 35 85 66 106 49 108 46 7
X. Remembering; having thoughts about; prefiguring.	167 94 74 124 147 34 171 184
Y. Speak with a full, loud, or affected voice.	196 150 146 6 26
Z. Made to lie smooth; rivaled.	158 126 101 162 22 68
Z¹. Render less pliant or flexible.	190 166 170 193 44 69 138

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 G	2 C	3 F		4 Q	5 I	6 Y	7 W	8 E	9 B	10 R		11 C
12 I	13 H			14 L	15 C	16 D	17 N	18 U	19 K	20 G	21 I	22 Z		23 C	24 H	25 E	26 Y	27 D
28 U	29 M	30 I	31 L	32 K	33 J	34 X	35 W	36 F		37 J	38 U		39 T	40 D	41 F		42 D	
43 N	44 Z¹	45 L		46 W	47 G		48 M	49 W	50 L	51 O		52 A	53 E		54 G	55 J	56 P	
57 N		58 J	59 G	60 D		61 L	62 E	63 C	64 T	65 O		66 W	67 A		68 Z	69 Z¹	70 J	
71 G	72 M	73 T	74 X		75 A	76 M	77 B		78 H	79 R		80 A	81 R	82 D	83 V		84 A	
85 W	86 T	87 B		88 K	89 Q	90 I	91 V	92 G	93 U		94 X	95 V	96 Q	97 D	98 H	99 R	100 I	
101 Z	102 M		103 B	104 G		105 U	106 W	107 I		108 W	109 P	110 J	111 L	112 B	113 N	114 H		
115 T	116 P		117 L	118 U	119 E		120 O	121 N	122 A		123 G	124 X	125 M	126 Z	127 L	128 H	129 T	
	130 B		131 B	132 C	133 K	134 W		135 M	136 P		137 C	138 Z¹	139 V	140 K	141 I	142 E	143 A	
144 J		145 G	146 Y	147 X		148 D	149 I	150 Y	151 O	152 V	153 S	154 Q	155 N	156 J	157 K	158 Z	159 F	
	160 C	161 E	162 Z	163 Q	164 V	165 D	166 Z¹	167 X	168 S	169 K		170 Z¹	171 X		172 V	173 E	174 C	
	175 U	176 A	177 B	178 I	179 P	180 R	181 K	182 J	183 F		184 X	185 S	186 D	187 P	188 U	189 F	190 Z¹	
191 J		192 A	193 Z¹		194 P	195 E	196 Y	197 T	198 U	199 S	200 O	201 N						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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Would you believe it? This ponderosa pine tree farm was logged just a few months ago.

Fox kits play in over-aged tree felled by high winds many years ago.

We never cut a pine tree here until it's been marked ready for harvest by a trained forester. And he always leaves enough younger trees still standing to seed another crop. This way you'll always find trees of all ages growing in these open park-like stands.

The Douglas fir, on the other hand, grows best in stands where all the trees are about the same age. So when we harvest there, we leave open areas where young seedlings can get plenty of sun.

Although the harvest method differs by region and tree species, the end result is the same. Responsible, scientific forest management is your assurance that there will always be trees on these privately owned, tax-paying tree farms. Trees for lumber, plywood, pulp, paper and packaging. Trees, too, to protect the watersheds, shelter wildlife and beautify recreation areas.

To find out more about how tree farming perpetuates America's forests, write us at Box A-29, Tacoma, Washington 98401, for our free booklet, "From Tree Farm To You."

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